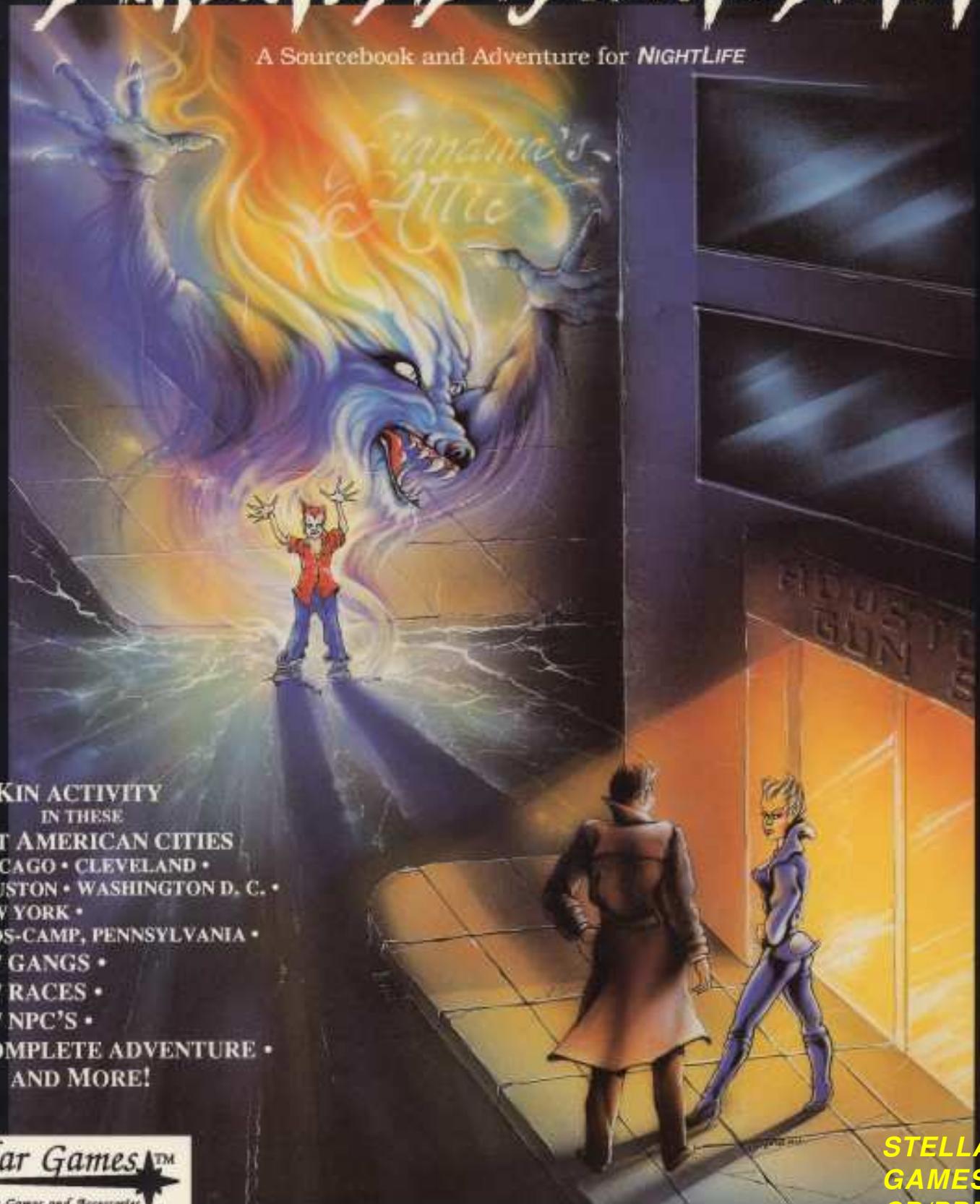


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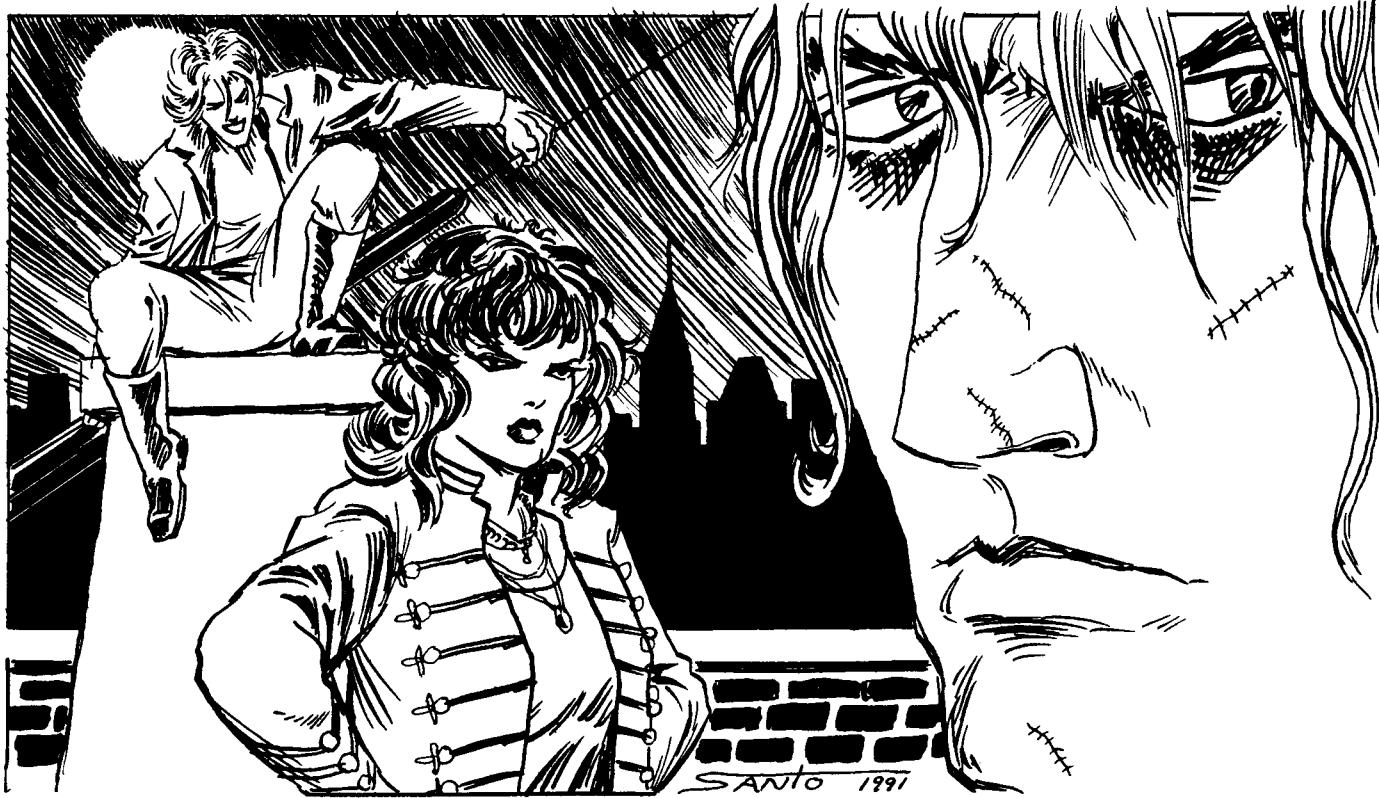
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INTRODUCTION



Tyler and Samantha were walking hand in hand. No one gave the mismatched pair a second glance. In Lower Manhattan, pairs more odd in appearance than a man in a normal suit with a punk in black leather were common.

They had deliberately not chosen any path, but had ended up wandering in the direction of BG & R'n'B. Normally, the throb and thunder of the club echoed off the walls of the street. Not tonight, though, they discovered, as they turned the last corner along that route.

An ambulance was pulled up in front of the club's doors. Several police cars were also in evidence, as well as a police van, back doors open and ready for visitors.

Flashing red and blue lights painted the crowd's faces into masks as they watched a pair of interns carry out a body bag. It was zipped tight, and the way they carried it suggested that whatever was inside wasn't all in one piece.

Several policemen came out, herding a half-dozen men and women. Their faces were all slack with ecstasy; their clothes all soaked with blood.

"C'mon, I see someone I wanna talk to." Samantha walked over to a chubby policeman with a thin fringe of hair sticking out from under his cap.

"Hiya, Curly. Who's the morter in the bag?"

The policeman held up a blood-soaked wallet. "Hi, Samantha. You know a Rug name of Charles Dolman?"

She nodded. "Yeah, went by the handle of Hairball. That him?"

Curly nodded. "In about a dozen chunks." He inclined his head towards the people being loaded into the back of the van.

"Those Herds? They look like they're skying."

"They are. But they still ripped a Rug apart."

"What do you think they're on?"

Curly looked at her gravely. "I don't really know, but I think we're all going to find out. Soon."

USING THIS BOOK

America AfterDark is a sourcebook for the NightLife role-playing game. NightLife itself is set primarily in New York City. This book expands on that milieu, going into greater depth on New York, while also giving details on several other metropolitan areas around the United States.

Some of the cities examined in this book are Washington D.C., Cleveland, Chicago and Houston. There is also a chapter devoted to the fictional city of Olds-Camp, Pennsylvania, to give Players a taste of how the Kin function in small town America.

ATMOSPHERE

As can be imagined of locations so varied, the atmosphere of each town is different. Being in busy, cement-laden New York is a far different experience than being in the seemingly lazy expanses of Houston. Houston is equally different from the blue collar environment of Cleveland.

Included are hints for playing each city according to its own particular atmosphere. They will be printed in a short City Planner's section in each chapter of this book.

GENERAL INFORMATION

This is, as the name suggests, general information you will need to know about the cities in the NightLife Universe. Information on history, population, etc., is covered here.

NEW YORK NECROPOLIS



New York, New York,
it's a hell of a town,
It'll grab you by the soul
and take it on down!

The Thrash Puppies, *Big, Bad Town*

Population: 8,127,900

Ah, New York. The sights, the sounds, the smells. The world capitol of excitement, the city that never sleeps. The nicknames are almost as limitless as the possibilities of the city.

There is no place on Earth quite like New York City, and people there will swear that there is no place like it in the entire universe. They may be right.

New York City, also known as the Big Apple or NYC, has been called the capital of the world, and with good reason. There are more nationalities living in New York than any other place on the globe, more to do, and until later at night.

Many clubs do not open until late in the evening, and NYC's liquor laws allow them to stay open until 4:00 a.m. most nights. It is a city that never sleeps, and ideally suited for people who don't like to be active during the day, Kin or otherwise.

Even after reading this more complete description of New York, it might still be a good idea to check the bibliography at the back of this book for specifics. The following pages will contain as detailed a description of the physical atmosphere of New York as there is room for, but it will still be incomplete. Volumes have been written on the subject of New York City.

HISTORY

It is common folklore that Peter Minuit bought the island that would become the core of New York from the Manhatta Indians for twenty-four dollars worth of trinkets. What Minuit didn't know at the time was that the Indians

didn't even own the island. The most famous bargain in history was a swindle! This happened in 1624 and it set up the tone for New York's history: that anything could be bought for the right price, regardless of whether it was for sale or not. Those first Dutch settlers grouped on either side of the Hudson River and on the northern tip of Long Island. New Amsterdam was off to a respectable start by the mid-1650's.

In the war between Holland and England in 1664, it was captured from the Dutch without a single shot. New Amsterdam became New York and has remained so ever since.

It was during the 1730's that the first important Kin began to appear in New York: a beautiful redhead calling herself Vanessa Banyon opened a brothel on the East Side. Two hundred and sixty years later, WO Babylon, now posing as one of her own descendants, is still operating out of the same residence and running the same business.

During this period, Kin who had formerly led strictly wilderness existences became enamored with the thriving metropolis spreading out before their eyes. The first Inuits, Nakani, and Magadons moved in during this period. The crowding already prevalent in the town made their predations easy to hide.

For several months in 1789, New York was the nation's capitol before Washington was founded. The years following this, between 1825 and 1860 saw a huge increase in New York's population. Typical of the boisterousness of New York, this expansion happened too fast, creating the slums that plague the city to this day.

The years following the Civil War saw an influx of thousands of immigrants from Europe. In 1879, the English steamer brought a man who called himself Edward G. Goth to Manhattan's shores. Once off the ship, he realized he had found the home he had been hunting for since the crucifixion. By this time, New York's Kin population was almost three hundred.

The 1820's brought a spate of violence against the Herd (as the Kin had already been calling Humanity for

decades) that disturbed the Elder Kin living in New York. Golgotha called for a high council between the most influential members of the various races. The result of this council was the Commune, followed shortly by the formation of the Complex. Almost a century would pass before the 1908 summit that brought about the official tenets of the Kin.

In 1925, some radically anti-Human Kin gangs that rejected the fairly peaceful lifestyles delineated by the tenets began grouping themselves together under the banner Red Moonrise. They have never had the effect that the Morningstar Corporation achieved. In 1929, the Corporation helped bring about the Stock Market Crash that caused both the Depression and untold amounts of misery.

In 1945, with the proliferation of skyscrapers, came an event that doomsayers had been predicting all along. Manhattan was socked in with a heavy fog. A bomber, bound for New Jersey, collided with the Empire State Building at the 79th floor. Thirteen would die in the tragedy.

The 1990's brought great changes to Eastern Europe. Economic upheavals, coupled with reduced restrictions on emigration from behind the Iron Curtain, caused an influx of immigrants from Poland, Russia, and Yugoslavia. This influx aggravated the overpopulation and unemployment already rampant in NYC.

In response to the immigration wave, the city administration ordered that street signs and other markers be replaced with multilingual signs and international symbol markers. This process has been going on for years, mainly because certain elements in the city resent the immigrants. Multilingual signs are defaced and destroyed on a regular basis, adding more confusion to the city's streets.

Violence against the immigrants quickly became a daily occurrence. This culminated on March, 16, 1996 with the bloody Yorkville Riot that claimed almost 120 lives and prompted the Mayor to move from Gracie Mansion to Morningside Heights.

The environmental movement of the Nineties received some of its first martyrs in 1993. Members of Clean New York Now!, an environmental group, were protesting the building of a toxic chemical storage site near Coney Island. In the violence that ensued, one of the drums was ruptured, inundating both police and protesters. Since 1994, seventeen of those exposed have died of a degenerative disease that resists identification. For those people, it was not the end. The race of the Sludge had been born.

THE HOMELESS

The homeless population of NYC has soared to new heights in recent years. Many of the newly homeless ventured here from Eastern Europe seeking a better life, only to find the doors of opportunity locked against them. The problem is even more aggravated because few can speak more than a few words of English. No one wants to hire such a liability.

Some of these Homeless huddle in the inadequate shelters, or in spurs off the subway system. Some have even gone deeper, into the ancient and forgotten maintenance tunnels under the city. For the rest, sleeping in a box or on a sewer grating is a common fate. The winter of '95 took a toll of almost 700 vagrants. The City administration has yet to accomplish anything in its fight against homelessness, and some cynics aren't even sure that they are trying to do anything.

The Kin, on the other hand, find the excess of humanity a boon of available food and cover.

CRIME

The crime rate in New York has also risen to a new high during the nineties. More and more youths turn to crime and gangs to survive. Prostitution and drug use is at an all time high. This is something else the city administration can't seem to do anything about. Not that the people of New York help in stemming the river of crime. While some neighborhoods like Morningside Heights do have crime watches, the majority do not. In these areas, gangs like the Muertes and the Reds rule the streets. They continually war with each other over turf and possible customers for their drug sales.

The average New Yorker turns his back on this. The problem, they say with a fatalistic shrug, is too big for any one person. The few people who have made concerted efforts to bring people together to fight back have usually lived short lives.

ATMOSPHERE

Uniformly busy. The average New Yorker is possessed of sure knowledge that his city is the hub around which the rest of the world rotates. This attitude reaches a crescendo in Manhattan. Never tell a New Yorker that his city is just a great place to visit but you wouldn't want to live there. He'll flat out tell you that there is nowhere else to live.

WEATHER

Just as its culture touches all bases, so does New York's weather. Spring and Autumn tend to have the nicest weather, while Summer and Winter are temperate. The mercury hangs in the mid to low thirties through January, with an average snowfall of 29 inches. The combination of heat and humidity in the Summer, however, can be atrocious, and has been shown to cause a noticeable rise in incidental violence.

Average Temperature, January: 32 F

April: 52 F

July: 76 F

October: 57 F

Average Days with Rain: 119

Average Snowfall (Annual): 29"

ANNUAL EVENTS

Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade: The staple watching for many American households on

New York Necropolis

Thanksgiving. The Parade attracts people to see it from all over the country to line Broadway.



Chinese New Year Celebration and Dragon Parade:

New Year's is a time for celebration in Chinatown, and its parade is nationally famous for the displays of fireworks and paper-mâché dragons that romp through the streets, frightening and delighting young children.

SPORTS

As befits the country's largest city, New York has the most nationally ranked sports clubs. Football fans can watch either the Giants or the Jets at Meadowlands Stadium in East Rutherford, New Jersey. Baseball fanatics can catch a few innings with the Mets, or go to Yankee Stadium and see its famous home team, the Yankees. Finally, Madison Square Garden is home to the Knicks, the Big Apple's premier basketball team.

THE NEWS

New York is serviced by several newspapers, ranging from the austerity of the New York Times or the Wall Street Journal to the tawdry liveliness of the Daily News. The Post is situated uneasily between the two poles in terms of journalistic life. For the news from street level, one can pick up copies of The Village Voice, The Manhattan Underground, or The TriBeca Speaker. Immigrants who can't read English well can rely on the International, while those on the lookout for vice can consult the pages of The Adult New Yorker.

PUBLIC TRANSPORTATION THE TRAIN SYSTEM

Centered out of Pennsylvania and Grand Central Terminals, trains are far more popular now than they were

in the past. The break through in superconductivity technology of the late '80's and early '90's has led to the inauguration of the new bullet style commuter trains of the present day. These new trains travel along the old tracks (adapted to the new technology) and can take one anywhere in the City in less than twenty minutes. The express from Wall Street to Morningside Heights can travel the twenty mile distance in eight minutes. Fares for this high-tech transport are steep. One-way fares cost \$10.00 if you are not leaving Manhattan, and \$20.00 to travel to other boroughs. There is no transport to Staten Island.

THE SUBWAYS

The old subway system that has served for so long is slowly being phased out in favor of the superconductor trains. One can still travel the BMT, the IRT, or the IND routes to most anywhere in the city. They are poorly patrolled, however, and gangs love to hassle riders. The average fare is \$1.15.

NYC TRANSIT AUTHORITY

A network of buslines covers Manhattan Island in grids of one block stops for business districts, and two block stops for residential areas. Cheaper than the bullet trains, safer than the subways, and slower than either, NYCTA is favored by most commuters. The fare is \$2.00 a ride.

TAXIS

There is still a thriving taxi business for those who don't want to ride any of the above systems. Taxis will take one anywhere in the city, but the fare usually leaves most people wishing that they had taken the train. An average fare is \$4.00 for the first mile, and \$2.00 for every mile after that.

COMMUTER HELICOPTER SYSTEM

The CH System was designed to get politicians, celebrities, and other such luminaries around without being caught in traffic. It has since become popular with executives and the occasional commuter who wants a change of pace. The fare, a flat \$100, includes pickup and drop-off from anywhere to anywhere (helipads permitting) within twenty miles of the city proper.

MANHATTAN

Manhattan is the soul of New York, and the home of the world's second largest colony of Kin. A mere overview can't do justice to an environment as varied as Manhattan.

Physically, Manhattan is an island, twenty-two miles in length and about three miles across at its widest. Named after the Manhatta Indians, it is surrounded by the East and the Hudson Rivers. It lies across the river from New Jersey and is connected to that state by the George Washington Bridge, the Lincoln Tunnel, and the Holland Tunnel.

The way the streets of Manhattan are laid out make more sense than most anything else on the island. A tight grid of squares and rectangular blocks covers most of the island, except at the southern tip. There, in the areas of SoHo and Greenwich Village, the streets sprawl at every angle to each other in a confusion of coffeehouses and art galleries.

Economically, and sometimes politically, the world revolves around Manhattan. The all-powerful Wall Street and its stock exchange are located in Manhattan. All the major television networks and book and magazine publishing firms have their headquarters in Manhattan. New York defines what the rest of the world wants to watch and read, for better or worse.

On the political front, it cannot be overlooked that the United Nations is located in Manhattan. New York is also host to embassies for virtually every nation larger than a postage stamp.

So, even with housing problems bordering on the catastrophe level, an economy that threatens to collapse every three months, and the highest cost of living on the face of the Earth, Manhattanites have much for which to be proud.

LOCALES

A lot of the action will happen on Manhattan Island, undoubtedly the busiest stretch of land on Earth. Manhattan is divided into numerous small neighborhoods, some of which have become famous (Chinatown and SoHo are both common household words). Listed below are some of the more important locales and neighborhoods.

BOWERY

This section is the worst part of the island. Kind people refer to the Bowery as a melting pot full of people awaiting an opportunity. Don't be fooled. The Bowery is an ending place, a reservoir where the human sewage of New York sluices down to stagnate. Kin who kill their prey here are usually doing their victims a favor.

BROADWAY

The Avenue of Dreams winds across the entire length of the Island, home to most of the important first-run plays. The current hot play for socialites to be seen seeing is a musical version of "Frankenstein."

CHINATOWN

The home of many second and third generation immigrants from China and the site of the infamous Tong wars of the 1930's. Chinatown is Manhattan's fastest growing neighborhood. During the day, this part of town is crowded with shoppers seeking bargains at the open air fish and wholesale markets that line the streets. Many of these stalls sell counterfeit copies of popular brands of designer jeans, watches, whatever the potential buyer could want, except the real McCoy.

At night, the crowd is much thinner and less pleasant as the gangs come out to take care of business. Control of

Chinatown's crime is hotly contested by the Beijings and Katanas street gangs.

DEADLIGHT DISTRICT

The District is a section of Lower Manhattan south of Canal Street that has fallen under the complete control of The Kin. Death Row, a popular nightspot with The Kin, is located here.

The creation of the district was financed by a combined effort of the Complex and a handful of real estate agencies controlled by the Morningstar Corporation. This already odd alliance is even odder when it is realized that Golgotha masterminded much of the takeover. Most properties in the Deadlight District are now owned by Kin or Crowley's.

This concentrated block of Kin worried Target Alpha. It took Golgotha to convince DuBuccio that the mixture of factions would actually make the district fairly quiet, since no one faction has a significant edge over the others. Target Alpha's resident Kin, Dr. Doctor and Chug Chug, even took up residence there. This act finally calmed DuBuccio's trepidation.

Golgotha has a reason, one he has never divulged, for his support of the District. There is one town house he bought solely for himself. He rarely stays there, and only a few of his belongings scattered around the rooms attest to occupancy at all. Anyone who would happen to go in the kitchen would see that the door to the basement is barred and chained. Behind that door is a spot where the Wormholes come the closest to the surface. Golgotha decided long ago that such a spot should be guarded by as many Kin as possible, even if those Kin aren't made aware of their task.

EAST HARLEM

Officially East of Fifth Avenue and north of 96th Street, East Harlem is the home of much of the Island's poorer Hispanic population. Large portions of East Harlem are controlled by the Muertes and Zeroes street gangs.

FINANCIAL DISTRICT

Wall Street is the section of Manhattan primarily responsible for giving New York its reputation as the business capitol of the world. The Financial District is tightly packed with high rise skyscrapers housing the Stock Exchange, brokerage firms, and banks. It has grown up around the site of the world famous Trinity Church.

GARMENT DISTRICT

Also known as Fashion Avenue. It has the factories for the country's leading clothing manufacturers. Almost one-fifth of the country's clothes are made here. This area has almost no official residences, so after 5:00, it's deserted except for the vagrants sleeping on vents from the subways.

GRAMERCY AND GRAMERCY PARK

A residential area consisting of Victorian style town houses located near the Garment District. One unusual

New York Necropolis

feature is its well protected park. It is locked, and only residents of the neighborhood are allowed entry.

GREENWICH VILLAGE

Ever since the late 1940's, the words Greenwich Village have brought to mind images of America's counterculture. It was, in fact, the culture of the Village that inspired the Kinks to adopt the outlandish clothes they favor now. Home of the world's most famous community of artists, the Village has been annexed by Yuppies since the mid-1980's. Located south of West 14th and west of Broadway, Greenwich Village extends to the Hudson River. It encloses both New York University and Cooper's Union, two leading educational facilities. Alphabet City, the easternmost part of the village, has many art galleries, including the one owned by Helena Athenopolis.

HARLEM

Lying directly north of Central Park, Harlem is the home to much of Manhattan's Afro-American population. The world famous Apollo Theater, where Buddy Holly ushered in the era of rock'n'roll, is located in Harlem. Less positively, Harlem is split into turfs for dozens of gangs, some of the more infamous ones being the Reds, the Crips and the Bloods.

LITTLE ITALY

"Welcome to Little Italy"
-Banner strung across Mulberry Street

As the name suggests, this neighborhood is home to many of the city's Italian immigrants. Little Italy has shrunk to a mere two block radius over the years, but is still a lively part of town during the weekends.

LITTLE MOSCOW

Home of a good portion of NYC's Russian immigrants. A street gang called the Czars control a good deal of the sale of drugs and bootleg vodka in this area.

MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS

The poshest neighborhood on the island, broken up into a multitude of limited access complexes to keep out the Homeless that throng everywhere else. It has one of the best crimewatch programs in the country. Many of the mansions have two or more guards with dogs always on duty. Don Oscar Levitz (of the Levitz Mafia family) maintains both guards and a pair of Wyights on his staff for security. Both New Gracie Mansion and Columbia University are located here.

SOHO

SoHo at one point was an industrial area. That failed, but left numerous lofts and a legacy of beautiful ironwork festooning everything. It was this ironwork that attracted artists to the neighborhood, but it was the low rent for the lofts that kept them there. It was not long afterward that SoHo's beauty was discovered by urbanites and professionals. Gentrification has set in and sent rental

costs soaring. This drove out most of the artists who had called it home. All but those most successful artists moved to Long Island City, and it's only a matter of time before the Yuppies discover that area. That's progress for you.

TIMES SQUARE

If there is any place where anything can be got, it's Times Square. Attempts were made in the late 1980's to clean up this ultimate red light district, but failed. Times Square holds fast as a bastion of perversity and corruption. Strip bars, adult bookstores, and shops selling devices most people would never dream of using line the streets. Times Square is crowded at all times, especially so at night. Like that of the Kinks, the business of these people is best transacted under cover of darkness. The drug trade here is heavy, as is prostitution, black market sales, and a dozen other illicit activities.

WARSAW SQUARE

Not actually a square, this is the section of town populated by most of the newer Polish immigrants.

STUYVESANT

A residential district on the East side overlooking the East River.

YORKVILLE

An affluent German and East European neighborhood that has become run down in recent years, since the immigration wave. Gracie Mansion, former traditional home of the Mayor before he moved to Morningside Heights, is located here.

POINTS OF INTEREST

Central Park: A little bit of nature in the midst of the technology was what it was supposed to be. The fact is, Central Park has become the most dangerous part of Manhattan, where gangs and muggers patrol with at least as much efficiency as the NYPD. Nevertheless, Manhattanites love their park and use it for everything from early morning jogs to evening productions of Shakespeare. It has also become home to many of the Homeless.

Chrysler Building: The building that has become the symbol of New York with its fanciful Art Deco spire. The Chrysler Building was known as the tallest building in the world for about a year, until the Empire State Building was erected.

Empire State Building: Located on Fifth Avenue, it is hard to miss. Though buildings have since arisen that are taller, the Empire State Building still holds the mystique of being the world's tallest skyscraper.

Grand Central Terminal: It is the Terminal, not the Station that popular thought elsewhere has made it. The Terminal is where the new bullet trains begin their trips. It is also the Terminal for more old-fashioned trains from outside the city. The Terminal's huge waiting rooms have become a perverse mecca

for the Homeless, who can be found huddling in their warmth on chilly nights.

Museums: The Museum of Modern Art, the Guggenheim Museum, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art are three of the world's most famous art galleries. All are located in Manhattan, and each features many famous works from the greatest artists of history.

Port Authority Bus Terminal: All the out-of-town buses come here to drop off their passengers, all too frequently runaways from all over the nation. For this reason, the Terminal has become a favorite hunting ground for both the Kin and Chickenhawks, pimps specializing in child prostitution.

Rockefeller Center: An enclave of twenty-one buildings where a quarter of a million people go about their livelihoods every day. At its center is a wide basin open to the sky. In summer, people eat their lunches there as they make deals; in the winter, it is flooded to become an ice skating rink.

Trinity Church: The richest church in Manhattan, the original having been built in 1697, is actually the third built on that site. The Trinity's time-blackened spire is a landmark of Broadway and Wall Streets. Alexander Hamilton is buried in its small churchyard.

United Nations Complex: Though diminished in importance since the thawing of the Cold War, the UN remains vital to international diplomacy. The UN Complex itself consists of the Secretarial Building, the General Assembly Building, and an array of beautiful gardens. The entire complex was built on the site of a few junk yards and slaughterhouses on Franklin Roosevelt Drive overlooking the East River.

World Trade Center: The World Trade Center's twin towers, at 110 stories each, dominate the NY skyline. The Center is more than the towers: the complex is made up of a total of seven buildings housing the headquarters for dozens of different businesses and corporations. On a good day, one can see fifty miles from the viewing decks of the Towers.

STORES

As well as Macy's and Saks Fifth Avenue, Kin frequent stores like Cathedral Fashions and The Lizard King.

Cathedral Fashions: A fashion store catering to those with a taste for the Gothic in life. Popular Gothic Rock band Gargoyle Velvet shops there.

A.J.'s: A little gun shop in a basement in Greenwich Village. A.J. has quite a selection of illegal ordnance and can get his hands on virtually anything the buyer is willing to pay enough for.

The Lizard King: The place to shop for the best in leather and other styles and materials of clothing not accepted in polite society. It is owned by a Crowley by the name of Roadhouse Jim, who someday hopes to become Kin.

South Street Seaport: Today, it is barely a seaport at all, but a giant specialties shop mall located on the

Lower East Side. It does still have nautical museums and is docking for many picturesque cruise boats.

NIGHTSPOTS

"Every week, there's a new club." -Andy Warhol

BG&R'n'B: the name stands for Bluegrass and Rhythm and Blues, but the last time anyone played in those styles was about 1974 when Bubba Logsdon, the owner at the time, began running an alternative music night. In doing so, he accidentally gave birth to New York's New Music scene. Many bands that went on to achieve national fame started playing here. BG&R'n'B is located in the Bowery. The cover charge varies according to the fame of the band playing. Thursday night is amateur night when local hardcore groups drag out their equipment for a shot at the big time.

The DownTime: The DownTime is the Krypt's normal stomping grounds, and for good reason: it is secretly owned by Lisa Bath. A source of friction between Bath and some Kin is that she doesn't like having Kin at her club. She tries to stay neutral and feels that having too many Kin would compromise her stance.

Fat Thursday's: The most famous chain of Jazz and Blues Clubs in the world, and justifiably so. The management usually brings in national acts, but the current local favorites are the BluesGods and the Jill Allen Combo. The Cover charge is \$12.00 when there is a band; if the band is very famous, prices can soar over twenty.

The Knotter's Factory: The Knotter's Factory was founded in 1987 or so and specializes in New Music and avant-garde Jazz. Frequented by Kin with eclectic tastes in music.

The Kytten Klub: Located in Greenwich Village, the Kytten Klub specializes in live music and dancing in a variety of musical genres. One can never be too sure when going there whether you might encounter heavy metal, retro-60's bubble gum pop, or even Dixieland Jazz. The only sure thing is, it will always be good. \$12.00 cover.

The Lighthouse Theater: Built in an abandoned church, The Lighthouse features live alternative and New Age music by some fairly big names. A famous feature, the still intact stained glass windows, create an atmosphere of calm mirrored by the music being played.

The Lot: The hottest dance joint in Manhattan at present. The Lot is way too high profile for most Kin, but popular with the execs of the Morningstar Corporation.

The Paladin: A big, roomy dance joint that used to be a movie theater, the Paladin never heard that Disco went out of style. Club Vide-O!, a nationally syndicated dance show, is filmed here nightly, a fact that dissuades most of the Kin from going there. Expect to wait in line for a long time to get in, and then to have to pay a \$20.00 to \$30.00 cover charge.

New York Necropolis

SOSA: Short for Sounds of South America, this is the spot in Manhattan to go to listen to the sounds of Latino and Caribbean culture. Particularly famous are the club's Sunday South of the Border and Reggae Thursday. SOSA is expensive: minimum cover on weekends is \$18.00 and up.

The Unified Church of Industrial Chaos: The place to go for industrial dance music, the Church is built in a shut down chapel on 12th West. Its name, location (in a church), and format have been decried by the city's evangelists ever since it opened. This has increased its appeal to its jaded customers by a percentage equal to about infinity. The Church's cheap cover (\$4.00) makes it popular with partyers on a shoestring.

The Zone-Zone: Located on Times Square, the Zone-Zone specializes in Heavy metal and hard rock. It is popular with The Kin, especially the Headbangers. The Taint is a regular Saturday night feature. \$10.00 cover charge.

What follows are some of the favorite watering holes of The Kin.

Club AfterDark

From "A Tourist's Guide to the Big Apple." Diane Seaburg, American Travel Press, 1992.

A small dingy place owned by a man who insists on calling himself Golgotha, Club AfterDark specializes in live music by the house band, Dark Harvest. Tourists should not expect to get into this dubious establishment unless they are friends of the owner or have some other qualification that we haven't been able to figure out. Not recommended, no cover charge. Open: Mon.-Sat., 7:00 PM to 4:00 AM.

Club AfterDark is one of the few places that The Kin can gather on neutral ground and be themselves without fear of intrusion. Only Kin are really welcome in Club AfterDark. Most herds will be turned away or treated so rudely they quickly leave. Some do not even get past Freddy, the doorman, a hulking Magadon with a bad temper. Inside, there is a bar and a few tables. Only alcohol and sodas are available in this outer lounge, maintained by Golgotha more for the sake of appearances than anything else.

The real Club AfterDark lies behind a door in the back wall marked "Private: By invitation only." No one who is not Kin or Crowley has ever gone through that door and come back out alive. The back room is dominated by a dance floor where Dark Harvest plays on weekends. A DJ, usually Shagman Doctor D, provides the music weeknights. Surrounding the dance floor are tables and a few booths built into the walls. Along the walls hang posters from monster movies, including Golgotha's prized possession, a Dracula poster autographed by Bela Lugosi.

Golgotha himself can usually be found in his personal booth near the back, chatting with stoppers-by, playing poker, or reading some obscure medieval text whose author he will claim was a friend. Golgotha, in spite of his fearsome name, is quite outgoing and will greet customers by name, usually after a single meeting. More importantly, he acts as a mediator in conflicts between the various factions of The Kin. If there is a threat to all of The Kin, he will make every effort to quell it.

Death Row

From "Friedman's New York," 1989 edition. Tourist Books, New York, 1989

For connoisseurs of the macabre only. Death Row is located in the basement of an abandoned tenement, and seems to be the hangout of every new wave clubgoer in NYC. The decor, as the name suggests, is morbid. While there, I saw skulls nailed to the walls, and what looked like an original Goya (!) in a gilt frame on one wall. The floor show, for fans of hardcore music or rap with a twist, is impeccable. But for the price I had to pay for drinks, I expected the absolute best. Still, for the person who is willing to shell out the dough, and in the mood for something dark, Death Row is a must. Open seven days a week, 10:00 p.m. to 4:00 a.m. Credit cards accepted, \$8.00 cover.

That reviewer was lucky. The crowd on the Row was feeling sedate that night, or else his skull might have joined those adorning the walls. Death Row is the favorite hangout for the younger Animates and Daemons, along with any of The Kin who have no use for humanity except as appetizers.

Death Row is run by Razor, a Nakani who, like his clientele, has nothing but contempt for humanity, and who schedules his live acts accordingly. Razor brings in human groups to play, usually swearing them to secrecy. He is then free, if such is his desire, to kill any of the groups who displease him, and to invite the audience in on the slaughter. When not enticing Herds to the slaughter, Razor books acts like infamous rapper Boy-Os Def and Dee-Kay, whom he helped discover.

Razor is highly placed in the Complex, and many of their meetings are held in his private rooms above the club.

The Magic Bus

The Magic Bus is a mobile nightclub run by a group of Inuits. It is located in a double-decker bus that one of the owners of the club had imported from England. Entry is by invitation only, but since these Inuits are pretty open-minded, humans and Kin mix on the Bus freely.

The Magic Bus has a long bar along the wall on the lower floor, and the band (yes, it has a house band, the Serious Statistik) is located at the back. The upper floor is a lounge, purportedly for people to talk in, but the party "downstairs" almost always overflows, since the Magic Bus is well-known around town. It has, in fact,

been shut down many times by the police, but always hits the road again as soon as the fines are paid. The Magic Bus is a favorite hangout for members of the Commune.

Charlie's Bar

From "A Tourist's Guide to the Big Apple." Diane Seaburg, American Travel Press, 1992.

There is only one reason to go to Charlie's Bar, and that is Charlie himself. Charlie Parton has been holding court in his bar ever since a talent scout talked him into releasing some of his songs on the Wheatfields label.

The success of that album and the ones that followed have not, however, spoiled Charlie, and visitors dropping in are as likely to hear something from an album in the works as one of his droll classics like I Don't Care if You're a Smurf, You Still Can't Sing the Blues. A fun place to go, and one of the most pleasant we visited researching this book. Open 7:00 p.m. to 3:00 a.m., Tues.-Sun., \$5.00 cover.

Charlie Parton became a Vampyre in the 1850's, but has never been convinced that it makes him special. Viewed as a lovable eccentric by most of The Kin (and the world for that matter), Charlie has remained steadfast in his defense of humanity. While he does not like to fight, he has in the past fought on the side of the Commune against various threats.

The Musical Vein

For those Kin whose musical tastes run towards Resurrection, The Musical Vein is the place. The Vein is run by a solemn Vampyre by the name of Vesalius, an important member of the Caduceus faction. The Vein is popular for its skin bags, which free Kin from having to hunt. Its house band is Vital Signz.

THE OUTER BOROUGHS

Contrary to the beliefs of some, neither civilization nor the world end at the foot of the Brooklyn Bridge. Manhattan's cultural dominance casts a long shadow, but to ignore the other boroughs that constitute New York City is to do them wrong.

THE BRONX

Lying north and east of Manhattan across the East River, the Bronx is mostly industrial and houses Yankee Stadium. It is connected to both Queens and Manhattan by the Triborough Bridge. The Bronx can lay claim to the widest range of ethnicities in the city.

RIVERSIDE

A posh residential neighborhood in the western part of the Bronx, consisting mainly of small mansions and condominiums. The crimewatch in Riverside is very efficient.

SOUTH BRONX (FORT APACHE)

A large devastated area of abandoned tenements below Fordham Road. To call this neighborhood rough is equivalent to calling a nuclear explosion a bang. The Police even avoid this neighborhood, inhabited as it is mostly by vagrants and runaways. Several gangs, including the Bloods, the Crips, and the Egyptians vie for turf here.

The Dead-End Kids, a Kin gang affiliated with Red Moonrise, maintains several safe houses here. Kin who have run afoul of the law and are in any danger of being exposed can find refuge in these houses if they have enough money. Anyone in their right mind avoids this section of the borough.

BRONX PARK

Located deep in the heart of the borough and home to the Bronx Zoo and the New York Botanical garden.

QUEENS

Adjacent to Brooklyn and with Jamaica Bay as its southern coast, Queens is the site of La Guardia and John F. Kennedy Airports. It is connected to Manhattan by the Queens-Midtown Tunnel.

The most rigorously defined neighborhoods in the city can be found in Queens. In fact, people from its various neighborhoods refer to themselves as being natives of a particular area rather than of the borough or even of New York.

Astoria: Also known as Little Greece, Astoria is inhabited mostly by immigrants from Greece and Cyprus, with a smattering of the original Italian population left. It is a lively part of town, reflecting the strong social ties of the Greek peoples.

Flushing: Flushing is a heterogeneous mix of Asian cultures: Chinese, Japanese, Indians, and Koreans all living side by side. Of the different cultures, the Koreans are the most populous. It has Main street as its nexus.

Flushing Meadows Corona Park: Site of the 1939, 1964-65 and 1994 World's Fairs.

Jackson Heights: A strongly Hispanic neighborhood where one can walk for blocks without hearing a single word of English. Most of Jackson Heights' inhabitants are originally from Central or South America. The infamous Muertes gang from East Harlem has recently started recruiting members for a chapter here.

Long Island City: This is the heart of Queens' business district. In recent years, Long Island City has become the new place for artists to live since rents skyrocketed during gentrification over in SoHo. It also is home to many studios where films and videos are shot.

POINTS OF INTEREST

Airports: John F. Kennedy International Airport (or JFK for short) is one of the world's largest. It is located in Lower Queens, overlooking Jamaica Bay.

New York Necropolis

La Guardia Airport is the lesser known of NYC's two airports. It is also located in Queens and named after the famous Depression era mayor, Fiorello La Guardia.

BROOKLYN

Lying south across the East River from Manhattan and connected to it by the Brooklyn and Manhattan Bridges, Brooklyn is home to Coney Island and some of the most picturesque neighborhoods in New York. Brooklyn is industrial in character near the coast and becomes more residential as one moves inland. Butting against Queens, Brooklyn encloses Jamaica Bay and is connected to more sedate Staten Island by the Verrazano Narrows Bridge. What was already the most heavily populated borough in the 1980's has now become hopelessly overpopulated since the immigration wave. This makes a borough with some already seedy sections even worse.

Atlantic Avenue: Much of the borough's Mideastern population lives in the area of this long shopping district. All manner of Arabic, Yemeni, and Lebanese goods and foods can be bought. Atlantic Avenue is controlled in part by the Death Jihad, a street gang of mixed Mideastern cultures.

Bay Ridge: Overlooking the channel between Brooklyn and Staten Island, Bay Ridge is called home by many of the city's Scandinavian population.

Bedford-Stuyvesant: With a population of 450,000, Bedford-Stuyvesant, Bed-Stuy for short, is one of the largest communities of Afro-Americans in the country. Predominantly middle class, Bed-Stuy consists mostly of brownstones subdivided into apartment complexes.

Benson-Hurst: A primarily Italian-American neighborhood.

Brighton Beach: Also known in New York as Little Odessa, Brighton Beach is home to close to forty thousand Russian and Jewish immigrants. Alone of the neighborhoods affected by the immigration wave, Brighton Beach has prospered. It opened its arms to the new immigrants and found them housing and employment.

Brooklyn Heights: The wealthiest part of the borough, right across the East River from the lower edge of Manhattan, Brooklyn Heights has an extensive crimewatch.

Brownsville: Home to many lower income families, Brownsville is now a crime-ridden wasteland. Control is contested by street gangs like the Scientists, A skinhead group, and the X-Skulls, an Afro-American gang.

Coney Island: The largest amusement park in the world is located on a spur projecting from the southern tip of Brooklyn, a full hour directly south of Times Square. Its features include the world famous boardwalk. There is a free beach that people still flock to, even when the sand is stained black from the frequent oil spills and heaped with trash. The park

itself hosts several landmarks, including a Giant Ferris Wheel and the Cyclone, considered the scariest roller coaster on that end of the continent.

Manhattan Beach: A popular spot for people to come to be by the seaside. Manhattan Beach is located on the other end of the Coney Island spur.

Prospect Park: Directly Southeast of Park Slope and abutting Flatbush Avenue lies Prospect Park. Five hundred square acres of botanical beauty in the midst of the borough's concrete, including the Brooklyn Zoo and the Botanical Gardens.

Sheepshead Bay: Wander into this part of the city and you may forget you're in the largest city on Earth. Fierce lobbying on the part of the Bay's city council has kept its atmosphere intact and it feels much more like a small New England town than anything else. It is located in the Southeastern part of the borough near Jamaica Bay.

Park Slope: Largely a designated historic district, Park Slope has many beautiful town houses. Malls like the one on Seventh Avenue are made up entirely of specialty shops.

NIGHTSPOTS

Cafe Midnight: An all night cafe in Park Slope frequented by the Kin in Brooklyn. The Cafe is owned by Pierre, a Crowley who has made a deal with Caduceus to be provided with skin bags.

The?: A heavy-duty punk club recently opened in Brownsville. The? is frequented by many of the city's skinheads who go there to slamdance. It also serves as headquarters for the Scientists street gang, who sell drugs in the club's back room. A few younger, more radical Kin like to hang out there, but the possibility of a bust keeps more cautious Kin far, far away.

It was a steaming July Saturday night in Brownsville and the crowd outside The? was growing. The club didn't open till ten and it was only a little after nine. For another fifty minutes, there was little to do except take in the view of the abandoned tenements and jovially bash up against each other to the sounds of the boombox Doc Zilch had brought.

Tonight was a special night for the club. The featured band, Sturmfrunt Pigs, had flown in from Berlin just the week before and the skins had turned out in droves to see them. The orange glow from the Halogen street lamps reflected dully off a hundred bare pates as they listened to the band warming up inside.

It was a crude music: the singer shouting in German while the guitarist whacked out the same three chords and the drummer hammered the skins as fast as his arms could move. The crowd would love it.

Fifty minutes and three fistfights later, the doors swung open and the crowd surged in to meet a solid wall of sound. Show time at The?.

STATEN ISLAND

The southernmost borough, Staten Island is mostly residential and more like a series of small towns than part

New York Necropolis

He has pools of darkness where his eyes used to be, that smoke when he is angered.

Possessions: Black ciré trousers; Nehru jacket with his name emblazoned across the back in rubies

Profile: Dread is an example of how Concretes can change. Dread has transformed as his Zone came under Kin control. He now looks after the safety of his new charges and is friends with both Razor and Golgotha.

THE GUARD

Race: Concrete

STR: 42

DEX: 41

FIT: 44

INT: 38

WILL: 39

Max Humanity: 50

Humanity Damage Modifier: n/a

Edges: Armor (60), Alter Form, Event Manipulation (250), Instantaneous Travel on Liberty Island (150), Omnidiscience on Liberty Island (100), Weapons Immunity (150)

Skills: City Knowledge (Liberty Island, 200), Language (all modern, 80)

Faction: Neutral

Description: The Guard appears, naturally enough, in a guard's uniform. Those who see his face can never remember whether he was White, Afro-American, or Oriental.

Possessions: none

Profile: The most powerful Concrete in New York, the Guard has absorbed both the elation of those coming to our shores and the pain of those who had to be turned away. This combination gives him a temper unusually volatile for an Elemental.

They had managed to force themselves past all those damned wards, even though Blackhead had been forced back and was now waiting, guarding the boat. Soaring three hundred feet high above them, the Lady stood serene and stupid on her pedestal. Bugaboo grinned a snarl. Soon, she'd be history and Red Moonrise would finally have made some.

He couldn't wait. He had set the bomb on the ground at the foot of the pedestal and was setting the timer when the guard came out of nowhere. Literally nowhere.

Bugaboo's eyes widened and then he looked at the guard. Really looked at him and saw the power that poured from him like blood from a split jugular. Power that burnt raw and lethal.

The guard's voice came at him like it was out of an amplifier set to blow. "You would destroy the dreams of these humans, wouldn't you? You would spit on their greatest aspirations to boost your ego."

Bugaboo suddenly remembered what Wally Ash Wits had told him about the Concrete that ruled Liberty Island. That the dude was powerful enough to kick just about anybody's ass. "Listen, uh, you don't have to go and, uh, get all huffy. I can leave an', you know, I'll take the bomb. No harm done." He tried to smile and failed.

"You will leave, and the bomb shall go with you. Now."

Blackhead was perusing some fine literature (the May 1997 Playboy) when Bugaboo popped into existence at the prow of the boat. Blackhead had time to notice two other things: that the bomb was with him and that the timer was running.

He looked at the timer.

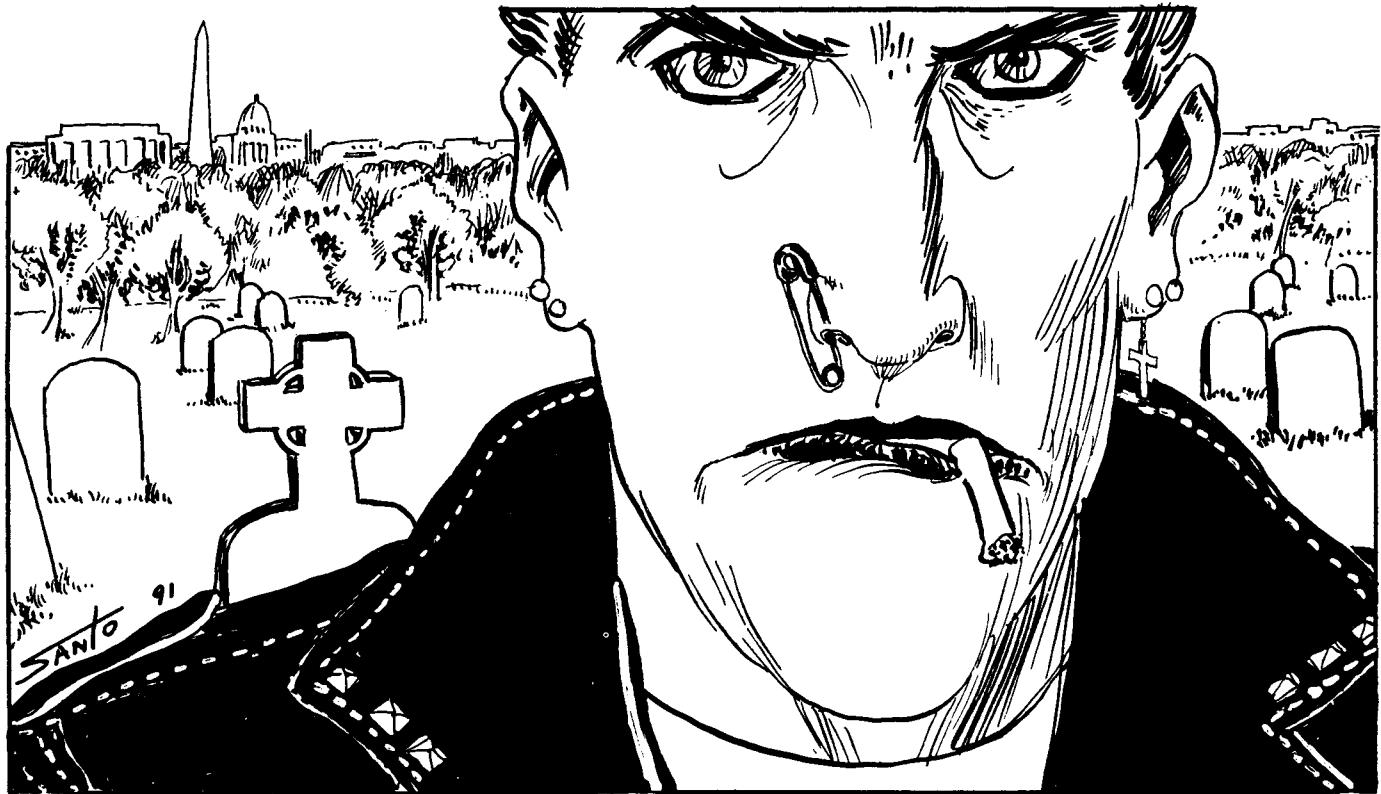
It had ticked off to 01 seconds.

To 0 Seconds.

After that, he didn't see anything at all.



WASHINGTON DC: MURDER CAPITOL, USA



A free people can rule themselves
 We have a government
 by the pistol
 for the gun;
 A free people can rule themselves:
 We don't need Washington!
 "We Don't Need Washington,
 FYI

That it is the capitol of the United States is only one aspect of Washington D.C. Though it was built for the express purpose of being the nation's capitol, Washington is still a fascinating city to visit.

The Kin know better than to hang out strictly at Kin bars. Hunting must be done out with the Herd. Tonight Junk and ChainLightning were out hunting at the Geometry. The latest from the current pop hero Julian Styles was drowning out most conversation. They nodded silently to each other and split up. One activity even the most convivial of Kin do not like to share is feeding. Junk focussed on a lounge lizard in a retro-70's jump suit. Out of the corner of her eye, she could see ChainLightning homing in on a pretty Chinese girl in a knee-length Georgetown sweater.

Her exotic looks caught the lizard's attention and he was fast enough buying drinks for her. Junk only paid enough attention to his patter to make him think he had all of her attention; she loathed his type, except as food.

"You wanna try something new? I just got it from a friend visiting from New York." He had an expectant look on his face. Junk inclined her head obligingly and indicated that he should lead the way.

Lizard led her to one of Geometry's back rooms and partially shut the door behind them. Junk tensed, but he smiled and said "A little more privacy never hurt anyone."

"I understand."

The lizard-Junk realized she hadn't even bothered to get his name yet-pulled a small vial out of one hip pocket and a sealed syringe and vial of water from another. The first vial contained some small crystals that threw back the muted lighting brilliantly. He crushed some of these fragile structures in his hand and sifted them into the water. "This stuff is called Sparkle. Gives you a wonderful high and makes everything glow. You'll see."

Junk swallowed heavily. She had seen what drugs could do to the Kin and didn't feel this was the right time to see what they'd do to her. "Well..."

Lizard smiled. "Hey, listen, I'll shoot up and you'll see it's chill." Junk had to nod agreement. If nothing else, she could Drain him while he was off in junkie heaven.

He tied off his arm with a pink length of tubing. She studiously examined the walls while he shot up. "Humans are so stupid," was her only thought.

He spoke up behind her. "Oh, yeah. It's sooo gooood, baby do you want to..." His voice stopped. She turned. He was staring at her furiously.

Washington DC: Murder Capitol, USA

His voice was a hatred-choked whisper. "Baby, you just don't glow right."

He attacked her. It was so surprising that he had hit her twice before Junk could react. She could feel blood slicking out of her nose. He was rearing back for another punch.

She attacked back. The spell only took a split second to cast. Her eyes narrowed; a beam of light burnt a trail from them into his.

The top of his head exploded. A stench of blood and scorched bone filled the room. He was all over the walls. Junk carefully closed the door behind her as she left to locate ChainLightning.

He was nuzzling the Chinese girl's neck when she found him. She tugged on his arm. "We'd better shag it. You can cheek the gidgets later. The hacks should be here soon."

Chain glared at her. The Chinese girl, assuming Junk to be a rival girlfriend, faded into the crowd. "What happened?"

Junk grinned mirthlessly. "I redecorated. I don't think the management'll like the new look."

Population: 710,349

HISTORY

Washington as a city was built for the sole purpose of being the seat for the new government of the United States. It foreshadowed the conflicts that would lead to the Civil War, neither the North nor the South wanted the capitol of the new nation to be in the other part of the country. Congress eventually managed to compromise and pick a location balanced between the two halves of the country. Congress then ensured that location's neutrality by making it a domain unto itself.

President Washington decreed that the location be along the Potomac River in Virginia, a wide swampy area that no one really claimed anyhow. Congress voted to have a unique contest to hire an architect to lay out the new capitol. Pierre L'Enfant, a French architect, won.

Early life in the new capitol was anything but wonderful. It got a northern share of chilly winters and a southern share of insects. It also acquired a national amount of scorn. When they moved into the White House, it was unfinished. Mrs. Adams used one of the large audience rooms to string up her laundry to dry.

It was not an auspicious start. It got worse when L'Enfant was fired after only a year in the first of many scandals to plague the nation's capitol. Nevertheless, Congress finally consented in 1800 to leave its home in Philadelphia and move to Washington.

In 1814, the Capitol was almost burnt to the ground by the invading British, but was saved by a thunderstorm and downpour of unprecedented size. It wasn't until many years later that sorcerers found out that the rain had been caused by the area's Sylpha, bringing in clouds from anywhere his power could affect.

The city was quickly rebuilt and started coming to life after the Civil War when people began to see Washington as a tourist site. It was during this time that the first Kin

became interested in Washington. Previously, it had been too provincially small to risk colonizing, but with the growing population after the War, some Kin decided to check out the capitol.

Alexander "Boss" Shepherd made judicious use of corruption and turned Washington into a real city after eighty years. He created parks, installed street lamps, and dug sewers. In short, he brought Washington into the late 19th century before absconding to Mexico. He would return years later, a hero. The twenty million dollar debt that he left Washington foundering in, forgiven.

A quarter century later, in 1901, the McMillan Commission dusted off L'Enfant's plans and began actively fulfilling them. Concurrent with the United States' growing global importance, its capitol was flowering into a beautiful city.

Fueled by industry in the Foggy Bottom area, Washington underwent much expansion between the two World Wars.

Between those conflicts, Washington got its full complement of Kin as the Morningstar Corporation opened the first of many front offices. The Complex sent Judge D and Iskander south to begin laying ground plans for the Complex's final world takeover. Last, but not least, ChainLightning came to Washington on the lam from the New York police. Once in Washington, he formed the city's first Red Moonrise cell.

It didn't take long for the Commune to respond to this flurry of activity. Buddy the Glass, an ancient Kikulaluit, had proven to be a powerful fighter. He was chosen to accompany Parallax, a Sidhe about one-tenth his age, to Washington to keep the situation from getting out of hand.

This all happened between 1927 and 1929. A year later, some of Washington's pro-human Kin banded themselves together to form the CueBalls gang, which remains one of the most prominent of Washington's gangs to this day.

The assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr., in 1968 precipitated riots that destroyed much of the city's center. Most of the white populace fled to the suburbs, leaving the Afro-American residents to flounder without jobs.

The crime rate soared and the employment rate dropped.

At one point, Washington was ranked eighteenth for the nation in incidents of crime. It still bears the title of "Murder Capitol, USA."

In 1973, after almost two centuries, Washington was granted the right to govern itself, finally becoming a real city in every sense of the word. Since then, successive waves of reform have swept the city, some even having an effect. It did not help its reputation any when the mayor was busted for drug use.

ATMOSPHERE

If one just regards the city, Washington is redolent in atmosphere and Southern charm. Its wide streets lined with cherry blossoms have become a justified tourist attraction. Washington can also boast some of the best architecture in the world. Unfortunately, the average

Washingtonian is smug in his attitude to outsiders. It is a city where forty percent of the population makes at least fifty thousand a year and most of the rest of the population lives below the poverty line. Their smugness can only be viewed as odd in that light. Worse, the extreme division of wealth inspires a lot of violent crime as the have-nots try to survive by preying off the haves.

As a final note, anyone who has been there can tell horror stories about the quality of service at restaurants and stores.

WEATHER

Its abundance of flower-laden parks makes Washington's temperate spring especially beautiful. Fall tends to be mild, as does Winter, with not much snow but lots of slushy days. Summer works out as the least pleasant of the seasons, when the city is stifled under a blanket of humidity.

Average Temperature, January: 37 F

April: 57 F

July: 77 F

October: 60 F

Average Days with Rain: 112

Average Snowfall (Annual): 14"

ANNUAL EVENTS

Cherry Blossom Festival: The Cherry Blossom Festival was unofficially inaugurated by the Japanese Embassy. It is celebrated in mid-spring when the first blossoms appear on the Cherry trees.

July 4th Celebration: As might be expected, given the city's main business, July 4th is cause for major celebrations and fireworks displays.

PUBLIC TRANSPORTATION

SUBWAYS

Washington's subway system is comparatively new, having only been finished in the late Seventies. Shoddy construction, however, has made them if not unsafe, at least inconvenient. Some sections have collapsed, leaving gaping holes in the street the tunnel ran under. These holes provided ample material for local comedians, until a tunnel collapsed on a train, killing 68 commuters.

TAXIS

Washington is served by several indifferent taxi companies. Uniformly overpriced and in poor condition, most people avoid them except as a last resort. The companies survive almost exclusively on tourists who don't find out until too late.

COMMUTER HELICOPTER

Flight from either of the city's two airports runs a flat \$85. The service is used heavily by embassies and government agencies when they are moving someone who might not be safe on the ground. This has become increasingly common since 1995, when a bomb destroyed the English ambassador's motorcade.

WASHINGTON TRANSIT AUTHORITY

Washington Regional Transit Authority has divided the Capitol into three block square grids. It costs \$1.00 a ride and all transfers are included. The WRTA is favored by businessmen and children going to school in the morning.

SPORTS

Compared to other cities, Washington puts little energy into its sports, perhaps preferring to save it for politics. At any rate, Washington's football team is the Redskins. Reflecting Washington's obsession with politics, its baseball team is called the Senators. Its Hockey team, the Capitals, is nationally ranked.

THE NEWS

The Capitol has two major newspapers, the Post and the Times. The city's entertainment news needs (read: people in search of vice) are served by The City Paper, distributed free every Thursday.

LOCALES

Alexandria, Virginia: Located south right across the Potomac River, Alexandria cannot be considered an official part of Washington. Many of the city's more affluent professional people have begun moving there in the past few years and the price of real estate is rocketing. It is replacing Georgetown as "the" place to live.

Capitol Hill: Site of the Capitol Building and the center of most of the United States Government.

Embassy Row: Actually named Massachusetts Avenue, this street has the highest concentration of foreign embassies in the country. It is rumored that many of the embassies maintain on their staffs Kin with Edges oriented towards Espionage. Johnny Fog was once attached to England's embassy here, as was Ereshkigal of the KALF to the Libyan embassy.

Foggy Bottom: West of the White House and north of Constitution Avenue lies Foggy Bottom. The area is so named for the emissions of gases from WW II factories located there. The factories have long vanished and Foggy Bottom is now home to the Kennedy Center, the notorious Watergate Complex, and George Washington University.

Georgetown: The oldest part of the city and home to the famous Georgetown University, Georgetown has a lot of nightclubs, restaurants and specialty shops appealing to every taste, especially sexual ones. The most notable of these is Georgetown Park, a three-story mall. Its residential areas are suitably prestigious, with price tags to match. Many of Washington's doctors, lawyers and white collar workers live in Georgetown. The more upscale Kin described here generally hang out in Georgetown.

Logan Circle: A poverty stricken residential area in the northern section of Washington, Logan Circle is avoided by anyone with an allergy to high velocity lead poisoning.

Washington DC: Murder Capitol, USA

The Mall: This is the area of Central Washington where all the monuments are located. Strictly speaking, the borders of the Mall are rather vague, but is considered to enclose the Washington Monument, the Department of Justice, and the Smithsonian Institution. An unpopular law forbids the Homeless from coming near the Mall, the politicians not wanting their presence sullying this major tourist attraction.

Northeast Quadrant: A large slice of residential area located in, obviously, the Northeast section of the city. It has little to offer except to burglars and old-fashioned Kin who like to do the "mist through the window" schtick.

Southeastern Quadrant: South and across the Anacostia River lies Southeastern Quadrant. It is the part of Washington people don't see in the news, except during specials about crime. Southeastern is the slum of Washington, a crime infested blight where anything can be bought: drugs, sex, lives. The only thing people won't approach your car to sell is hope. Many of Washington's Kin live in this part of town. Several blocks in this quadrant are controlled by the Tigers, with several others being turf for gangs like the Bloody Democrats and the Numbers.

POINTS OF INTEREST

AIRPORTS

Washington's day-to-day airplane needs are handled by Washington National Airport, which can be reached from the city by subway. The more famous Dulles International, twenty-five miles outside of town, handles the international traffic and any planes too large for National.

NATIONAL MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

This elegant building is home to a stuffed 92 foot Blue Whale, the largest elephant (stuffed) ever recorded, and the famous Dinosaur Hall, repository of many exhibit skeletons. The Museum is also home to the legendary Hope diamond, which, incidentally, really is cursed. Anyone who owns it takes a cumulative +1 modifier on LUCK Rolls per day they have it.

NATIONAL ZOOLOGICAL PARK

Located at 3000 Connecticut Avenue NW, this giant annex of the Smithsonian Institution used to be in a constant state of reconstruction as its administrators improved the facilities. In the past few years, budget cuts and corruption on its Board of Directors have slowed construction. This has left large areas of the park with a forlorn and haphazard appearance. Hsing-Hsing and Ling-Ling, the famous pandas, are still in residence.

FORD'S THEATER

The infamous theater where Abraham Lincoln was shot while watching *His American Cousin*. His ghost still goes there occasionally when feeling depressed or he

needs to think. Ford's Theater is located at 511 10th Street, NW.

KENNEDY CENTER

A Performing Arts center. Its annual lifetime achievement awards presentation receives national television coverage. Awards have gone to entertainers as diverse as Rock'n'Roll icon Chuck Berry and Director Billy Wilder.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

The Library contains over ten millions of books, including a Gutenberg Bible. One copy of everything printed in the United States gets sent here. What is not commonly known is that the Library has one room in its basement that very few people are ever allowed to enter. This room, hidden behind a false wall in a janitor's closet, is the final resting place for books thought too dangerous for public knowledge. Tomes as horrific as DuBase's *Secrets of the Flesh* or Prinne's *The True Palace* may be read here, if one knows who to ask.

LINCOLN MEMORIAL

Everyone is familiar with the majestic marble face of Lincoln located in this replica of a Classical Greek Temple. What relatively few people know about are the caverns underneath the Memorial, and what even fewer know about is how close the caverns come to the upper levels of the Wormholes.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES

This building houses the Constitution, the Bill of Rights, and the Declaration of Independence. It glows with longstanding Wards maintained by a Clave of Witches hired by Target Alpha for just that purpose.

PENTAGON

Built in 1943, the Pentagon is home to the Department of Defense and, covering 143 acres, is the largest single office building in the world. It is heavily guarded by a contingent of the Nowhere Men.

TARGET ALPHA HEADQUARTERS

Located far below an anonymous brownstone in Foggy Bottom, Target Alpha's central Headquarters looks something like Hollywood's idea of an intelligence agency. Its sterile white corridors with fluorescent lighting are always bustling with young, earnest agents, all on their way somewhere. Central HQ is home to the Daedalus mainframe.

Deep inside the complex, which runs seven levels underground, is a video surveillance room that has cameras and audio pickups of all the Embassies and known Kin hangouts.

Target Alpha's Headquarters can also be reached by the subway, if one knows which station to get off at and which nearby spur to check. This tunnel was designed as an escape route in case the complex was ever overrun by unfriendly forces (such as the Kin). The staff keeps a self-

propelled subway train in the spur for just such an occasion.

Target Alpha's headquarters is one of the few places on Earth that has a deliberately built connection with the Wormholes. In the mid-fifties, the Director at the time hatched the bright idea of capturing and domesticating some of the denizens for possible military use. The result was the building of an elevator down to one of the upper levels of the Holes, and a bloody fiasco that cost many operatives their lives. The scheme was abandoned. The elevator remains, but is securely locked and guarded.

VIETNAM VETERANS MEMORIAL

In contrast to the Old World charm of most of Washington's sites is this stark reminder of the almost 60,000 U.S. soldiers who gave their lives in the 'Nam. A monumental slab of black granite, inscribed with all those names, the Memorial attracts hundreds of visitors daily. Loopie Pendergast, who left several friends and a couple of his own lives in the field, goes there annually. The Memorial is located on 23rd Street.

WASHINGTON MEMORIAL

Located at the center of the mall area, this 555 foot tall marble obelisk is reserved as the highest construction in the city. Access up to the top is by elevator only, but people can get special permits to walk down.

THE WHITE HOUSE

1600 Pennsylvania Avenue is home of the President's family and seat of the Executive Branch. These days, it looks much more attractive and finished than the days when Mrs. Adams hung her laundry in its galleries. Like the National Archives, it virtually glows with all the wards around it.

NIGHTSPOTS

GEOMETRY

A giant dance club popular with Washington's Yuppies. It has an exorbitant \$30.00 cover on weekends, but where else can one go to "shake your booty" with so many VIPs?

1703 BLUES AVENUE

The name says it all. Washington's premier Blues bar, Blues Avenue attracts some of the biggest names in modern Blues music. The avenue is owned by Achmed Al-Sazar, a former Palestinian Embassy aide who, during his tour in the Embassy, grew to love Blues. He loved them so much that when his tour was over, he stayed in Washington to open a club. The Avenue has a flat \$7.00 cover, no matter who's playing.

THE SWAMP

Primarily a hangout for the Herd, the Swamp is a *tres chic* nightspot that attracts big names in entertainment. Like the Geometry, the management of the Swamp knows that half of the reason people come is to be seen

hobnobbing with government officials and charge accordingly.

THE CHARNEL HOUSE

The favored hangout for anti-Human Kin in the Southeastern Quadrant, the Charnel House is frequented by Junk, ChainLightning, and Judge D. Its location, even its existence, is a closely kept secret to prevent its discovery and destruction by Target Alpha. Several skin bags provide customers with their drinks and other nourishment. The Charnel House is run by Charmer, an Incubus and member of the Children of Lillith.

CHILLIN'

Hip-Hop fashions, frequented by every rapper who aspires to success.

THE CHERRY BLOSSOM

What looks at a glance to be a typical bar with an annoyingly Washingtonesque name is actually the favored hangout of the city's pro-Human Kin. It is Located in Foggy Bottom near George Washington University and near Target Alpha HQ. The Cherry Blossom is owned by a Crowley named Sylvester Feline. Target Alpha leaves the Blossom alone because of some of its clientele. The ghosts of Abraham Lincoln and Teddy Roosevelt have been seen hanging out there, along with more active Kin like Black Rose and Buddy the Glass. The Cherry Blossom's back room serves as the base for the CueBalls gang.

POTOMAC

Ostensibly a quiet neighborhood bar, most of the Potomac's income is from its trade in weapons and drugs. The owner, Sal Silverman, is a friend of Black Rose's and gets protection from the CueBalls.

THE STAIRWELL

Just down the street from the White House, the Stairwell is a smoky joint with killer local bands on the weekends. It is more amicable to the Kin, but Target Alpha also makes a point of keeping a close eye on events. Only Kin on good terms with the Agency ever go there.

WIZARDS & LIZARDS

A tiny storefront in the Southeast Quadrant that sells rock'n'roll paraphernalia.

LOCAL BANDS

Begin at the heart of the American politics spawns a goodly number of politically minded musicians. While not able to compare to New York for its innovation, the Washington punk scene can hold its own with any other major city.

Groove '77: a local Band that plays Punk-funk at its funkiest. James Brown meets the Sex Pistols.

Washington DC: Murder Capitol, USA

5 Psychos: A Retro-60's Garage band with a following almost as big as FYI, without even having a record contract.

DONT WALK: Four Georgetown students who sing quirky pop songs about life in Suburbia.

FYI

FYI is at the top of the Washington punk scene, recording their first album in 1989.

From Encyclopedia of Punk, Volume I., 1994:

FYI is currently Washington's top punk band. A five man group whose name originally meant "For Your Information," FYI also quickly came to have other meanings. Five Young Idiots and Frigging Yuppie Intellectuals are among the few that can be printed in a family publication.

Much like Bad Brains in the early 1980's, FYI is a potent and vocal force for social reform, even having taken part in the '92 AIDS Rights protests. More recently, the band had a hand in forcing the Washington Housing Committee to build shelters for the more than fifteen thousand Homeless immigrants now thronging our streets.

FYI has recorded three albums since their inception in 1989 on the Sinbad label, which they share with bands like the Georges and HellStorm.

Commercial Releases:

Kill all Lawyers (LP), including *Give Thanx for your Government* and *Elephant Follies*.

We Are FYI. We Give a St.** (EP), including *We Welcome the Immigrants, Don't We?* and *Get A Life*.

This is Your Town (LP), including *We Don't Need Washington and Bums*.

GANGS

THE CUEBALLS

Membership: Various, approximately 80

Orientation: Pro-Human

Colors: Violet Bandanna

Current Face: 53

Turf: 13 Blocks in Foggy Bottom

Base: The Cherry Blossom

Initiation: Swearing loyalty to the band.

Description: The CueBalls, which first came together under that name in 1926, are one of the oldest Kin gangs in the world outside of New York. The CueBalls were founded by Zapper, a Vampyre who ceded leadership to Black Rose in the early 1980's. The CueBalls are a relatively benevolent gang who make their income by robbing muggers, charging protection, and selling marijuana to the students at GWU. They steer clear of violent crime whenever possible, and will have nothing to do with hard drugs like Heroin, Crack, Ice, or Flash. The CueBalls have even helped Target Alpha on occasion, so files the police have on them have a tendency to close and disappear.

BLACK ROSE



Race: White Woman

STR: 23

PER: 17

DEX: 31

ATT: 33

FIT: 19

LUCK: 98

INT: 33

HTH: 5

WILL: 37

SP: 117

Max Humanity: 54

Humanity Damage Modifier: 0

Edges: Armor (10), Drain (body heat), Claws, Danger Sense, Locate Human, Nocturnal Vision

Skills: Knife, Pistol, Fashion Sense, Intimidation, Musical Instrument (Guitar), Musical Style (Heavy Metal), Seduction, Streetwise

Faction: CueBalls/Commune

Description: Black Rose's behavior shocks her more sedate sisters. Not for her a long silk dress. Rose prefers Biker leathers, the grungier the better. Her rough taste in clothing hides her classical beauty. Black Rose is tall and fair-skinned, with delicate features that her occasional lovers have called elvish looking. She has auburn hair worn waist length. She always makes it a point to wear her jacket to conceal the hole in her back.

Possessions: Leather jacket with a Black rose painted on the back, Leather jeans, Doc Martin's boots, Gold necklaces, Switchblade (Damage=10), .45 Automatic (Damage Potential=15), Two clips of .45 Ammo

Profile: Black Rose considers herself a modern woman and a real child of the rock'n'roll era. She hasn't touched a harp since the invention of the electric guitar. She and Parallax, a fellow member of the Commune (they are not in the same cell) are close friends.

THE TIGERS

Membership: Humans, mostly Afro-American, approximately 125

Orientation: Neutral, self interested

Colors: tiger striped bracelets

Current Face: 63

Turf: Southeastern Quadrant

Base: The RedEye, an all night pool hall in Anacostia

Initiation: Surviving ritual torture by the current King

Description: The Tigers envision themselves as the modern equivalent of a tribe of African bush warriors. They are sadly deluded. There is none of the dignity of their African forebears in their activities, everything from extortion to arson to murder-for-hire. They occasionally clash with the Bloody Democrats and the CueBalls. The clashes with the CueBalls are the result of Junk's manipulation of their leader, King Leroy.

KING LEROY



Race: Human

STR: 21

DEX: 11

FIT: 11

INT: 14

WILL: 9

PER: 11

ATT: 10

LUCK: 23

HTH: 4

SP: 34

Max Humanity: 58

Skills: Knife, Spear, Wrestling, Alertness, City Knowledge (Washington, Southeastern Quadrant, and Foggy Bottom areas), Driving, History (Zulu culture), Intimidation, Leadership, Streetwise

Faction: Tigers, Leader of

Description: King Leroy Harcourt is a tall, handsome Afro-American with reddish hair cropped short and shorn on the sides. His features are heavy, which gives him a brooding look. Though Leroy is a bit overweight, he works out a lot and more of his bulk is muscle than people suspect.

Possessions: Stabbing Spear (Damage=14), Jogging sweats, Painter's cap

Profile: When he was eleven, Leroy Harcourt saw the movie *Shaka Zulu*. The event changed his life. He wanted to grow up to be a proud ruler of the savannahs like those depicted in the movie. Poverty trapped him in Washington, however, and King Leroy eventually settled

for ruling the cement streets of Southeastern Quadrant. Leroy has unintentional ties with the Kin: he is Junk's lover and Black Rose's enemy, unaware of the nature of either. He also does an occasional elimination for Angelica Falworthy, also unaware of her Kin status. Leroy's favorite weapon is a short stabbing spear modelled after those in the movie.

IMPORTANT NON-PLAYER CHARACTERS

L'ENFANT



Race: Concrete

STR: 50

DEX: 45

FIT: 44

INT: 38

WILL: 47

PER: 48

ATT: 50

LUCK: 77

HTH: 10

SP: 121

Max Humanity: 60

Humanity Damage Modifier: n/a

Edges: Armor (60), Alter Form, Event Manipulation

(100), Instantaneous Travel in Central Washington

(150), Omnipotence in Central Washington (100),

Weapons Immunity (150)

Skills: City Knowledge (Central Washington),

Horsemanship, Language (French), Military

Intelligence (40), Profession (Architect)

Faction: Neutral, leans towards pro-human

Description: L'Enfant appears as a petite man with dark hair and a precisely combed goatee. He dresses as a 1700's gentleman, and carries a roll of blueprints.

Possessions: Roll of Blueprints

Profile: Even L'Enfant himself cannot explain whether he is a true Elemental or some sort of exalted Ghost of Washington's original architect. For example, he has foggy memories of a boyhood in Paris, but came to be in 1799, almost twenty-six years before the true Pierre L'Enfant died. A most convivial Concrete, he can often be found at the Cherry Blossom.

Washington DC: Murder Capitol, USA

I.C. BLIGHT

Race: Concrete

STR: 55

DEX: 46

FIT: 48

INT: 47

WILL: 47

Max Humanity: 50

Humanity Damage Modifier: n/a

Edges: Armor (40), Alter Form, Event Manipulation

(80), Omniscience in Southeastern Quadrant (100), Instantaneous Travel in Southeastern Quadrant (200), Weapons Immunity (150)

Skills: City Knowledge (Southeastern Quadrant, 100), Streetwise

Faction: Neutral

Description: I.C. Blight appears as a grim-faced Afro-American in a sleeveless T-shirt, dirty jeans and sneakers.

Possessions: none

Profile: The Concrete for Southeastern Quadrant has become grim, being an amalgamation of Black Pride and White paranoia. One of the less humane Concretes, I.C. is concerned only with protecting those who live in his Domain. For all he cares, anyone else is fodder for the gangs that roam his streets.

THE COMPLEX

The Complex's main goals in Washington are to establish as much political power as possible. This way, when it does finally make its move, the Complex will have a healthy number of senators and congressmen supporting it.

On a more mundane level, Judge D provides illicit funds for the Bloody Democrats street gang. In return, the Democrats provide muscle when needed.

JUDGE D

Race: Wyght

STR: 46

DEX: 24

FIT: 26

INT: 33

WILL: 25

Max Humanity: 23

Humanity Damage Modifier: +4

Edges: Armor (10), Drain (youth), Claws (80), Necropathy (120)

Skills: City Knowledge (Washington, New York), Intimidation, Stealth

Faction: Complex

Description: Judge D was of Oriental background in life, which gives his skin a golden yellowish tinge. He wears his hair in a topknot and wears Yin and Yang earrings to complement his strictly black and white wardrobe.

Possessions: Tape Recorder; Fingerless Gloves; Economy Automobile; Wardrobe of Black and White suits

Profile: The truism "Dead men tell no tales" is less than meaningless when Judge D is around. He has turned his

formidable Necropathic powers to communicating with deceased government officials and found that many of them have interesting stories to tell. There are many people still living that are willing to pay big money to keep such stories quiet, a fact Judge D and the Commander have used to further the Complex's goals in the capitol.

THE FAILSAFE COALITION

The Failsafe Coalition may not have the most ambitious plans in Washington, but they are the most active in trying to carry them out. Jimmy Wildlove's current project is to re-expose Target Alpha and Project Prometheus. He considers Prometheus the greater threat than Alpha. If both are out of the way, they are two less stumbling blocks between the Coalition and world domination. He has almost enough evidence, gathered in conjunction with Mercedes Esteves, to expose both organizations.

THE MORNINGSTAR CORPORATION

Of all the factions, the Morningstar's plans in Washington may be the most devious. All Angelica has to do is promote, through her wide array of contacts, deficit spending and tax increases. It is extraordinarily difficult to counter any of her schemes, or even find proof of them. She will, however, take an active role when necessary. Angelica personally eliminated consumer advocate Regis Nissan when he began investigations into PACs, an investigation that might have uncovered how wide her influence had spread. Since then, she has developed ties with the Tigers street gang to take care of her dirty work.

ANGELICA FALWORTHY

Race: Daemon

STR: 18

DEX: 31

FIT: 20

INT: 35

WILL: 35

Max Humanity: 50

Humanity Damage Modifier: 0

Edges: Armor (20), Drain (life force), Claws (70), Flight, Travel, Alter Form, Photogenics (90), Possession, Telepathy

Skills: Martial Arts (soft), City Knowledge (Washington, New York, Los Angeles, London, Paris, Berlin, Warsaw, Moscow), Driving, Kin Etiquette, Persuasion, Seduction

Faction: Morningstar Corporation

Description: A large-boned woman with craggy features and brown hair worn short, Angelica has often been mistaken for a man. This amuses her, so she enhances the image by wearing men's suits when conducting business.

Possessions: Wardrobe of men's suits, Luxury automobile

Profile: Angelica recently celebrated her 438th birthday with a private party at the Swamp. She operates under the cover of Venus Rising Public Relations Agency, located on the third floor of Georgetown Park. Her clients know

her as a tough customer of dubious sexual preferences. When not currying favors for the Corporation, she likes to go slumming on M Street, the heart of Washington's red light district.

MERCEDES ESTEVEZ



Race: Nakani

STR: 15

DEX: 25

FIT: 23

INT: 43

WILL: 35

Max Humanity: 60

Humanity Damage Modifier: -2

Edges: Armor (20), Drain (pain), Claws (80), Aura Sight, Danger Sense, Domination, Mental Mapping, Nocturnal Vision, Photogenics, Send Dream, Time Sense, Speed

Skills: Pistol, Acting, Dancing, Fashion Sense, Mime, Persuasion, Psychology, Seduction

Faction: Failsafe Coalition

Description: Appearing much like an American Indian, Mercedes Esteves is long, lean, and dusky-skinned, with small breasts and lustrous black hair plunging straight down to the small of her back. She usually appears in the most sensual of clothing.

Possessions: Luxury Automobile, Portable CD player, Suede Slit skirt and jacket, \$2000 carried, .22 snub nose automatic (Damage Potential=10)

Profile: Seen as a despicable traitor by many of her race, Mercedes nonetheless has continued her campaign to bring the world to the Coalition's concept of peace. Her insistence on always having music playing (to cover the whistling sound her Nakani body emits) is viewed as little but an endearing eccentricity by her myriad lovers. Few realize they are playing for Jimmy Wildlove's cameras until they get the first blackmail notes.

JIMMY WILDLOVE



Race: Vampyre

STR: 47

DEX: 31

FIT: 28

INT: 35

WILL: 28

Max Humanity: 50

Humanity Damage Modifier: 0

Edges: Armor (10), Drain (blood), Animal Control (Rats, 45), Mesmerize (40), Mistform (30), Photogenics (100)

Skills: Knife, Pistol, City Knowledge (Washington), Driving, Fashion Sense, Intimidation, Parking, Persuasion, Photography

Faction: Failsafe Coalition

Description: Jimmy Wildlove, a Vampyre, bears such a strong resemblance to the late Jim Morrison (lead singer of the legendary music group, The Doors) that he was often stopped for autographs. Since Morrison's demise, Wildlove has found the resemblance to be such an annoyance that he grew the shaggy mane and beard. It does help, but only to a small degree. A lean, intense man with cool grey eyes, Jimmy favors baggy uniforms that match his eyes, complemented by black gloves, Army boots, and a black tie. All are cut from the finest Moroccan leather.

Possessions: Black gloves, Army boots, Black tie, Stiletto (Damage=10), Luger (Damage Potential=15, Range: 175 feet), Economy Automobile

Profile: A fairly young Vampyre, Jimmy was born only a decade before Morrison, and was infected in 1972. He is still considered a baby by some, but his native intelligence and devious nature have qualified him to be the Coalition's Washington representative. Jimmy prefers espionage and blackmail to outright violence.

THE COMMANDER
aka Gustin Wainwright



Race: Sorcerer

STR: 22

DEX: 22

FIT: 25

INT: 27

WILL: 37

Max Humanity: 40

Magic Ability: 30

Humanity Damage Modifier: +1 SP Cost when using White Magic, -1 SP cost when using Black Magic

Edges: Drain (life force)

Spells: Street: Compel (5). Black: Boneyard (4),

Brainburn (1), Glasnost (2), Rags to Riches (1), Open (1), Puppet (7), Secret (5). White: Fade (2), Friendship (1), Pacify (1)

Skills: Pistol, Administration, Driving, Fashion Sense, Law, Occult Knowledge, Persuasion, Swimming

Faction: Complex

Description: Gustin Wainwright is a large man in his early fifties, kept in shape by a strict regimen of exercise. Women find his ageless face and urbane manner irresistible, a fact that has contributed to the half-dozen marriages and divorces Wainwright has gone through. All the marriages end when his spouses have realized he has only one true love: power.

Possessions: 9 mm Pistol (Damage Potential=15), Luxury Automobile (1991 Mercedes Benz), wardrobe of European Suits, \$3000 carried at all times

Profile: Wainwright had power in Congress, but lusted after more. A briefing on the Kin showed him the way to that power. It didn't take the resourceful congressman long to contact the Complex and offer them his services. Given his status in the government, they embraced him with open arms. A later briefing on Sorcery held by Harvey Falconi on a trip to Washington encouraged Wainwright

PER: 18

ATT: 24

LUCK: 59

HTH: 4

SP: 84

PER: 32

ATT: 18

LUCK: 120

HTH: 5

SP: 143

Max Humanity: 40

Humanity Damage Modifier: n/a

Edges: Armor (20), Drain (life force), Aura Sight, Domination, Crowd Control, Mental Mapping, Speed, Telepathy, Time Sense, Weather Control (250)

Skills: Automatic Rifle, Martial Arts (Soft), Pistol, Rifle, Streetfighting, Disguise, Kin Lore, City Knowledge (Washington), City Knowledge (Washington Embassies)

Faction: Red Moonrise

Description: ChainLightning is tall and broad at the shoulders. His gray hair is pulled back in ponytail and he has deep set silver eyes. He wears silver lipstick and black mascara to complement his pallor. Wraparound sunglasses hide his inhuman eyes.

Possessions: Black leather jacket, Sunglasses, Motorcycle Chain (Damage=10), Racing Motorcycle, .38 Special (Damage Potential=15), three clips of .38 ammunition, \$100 carried

Profile: ChainLightning is a Stone Golem sculpted almost 150 years ago by a Kabalist in rural Poland. He quickly grew to despise the people he had been created to protect with his weather controlling abilities, considering them fleshy idiots beneath his contempt. Finally destroying the village in a cataclysm of lightning, he fled to the United States. He was a member of the Skullbenders gang in New York City for many years, then moved to Washington and formed his own Red Moonrise gang. He also has ties with the KALF through contacts at the Libyan Embassy. ChainLightning uses a heavy motorcycle chain for hand to hand combat. He carries a pistol, but keeps it as a last resort. He prefers to use his

to try some magic. To his gratification, he found he had a distinct aptitude for it. Becoming more active in Kin politics as his Humanity decreased, Wainwright took the name, The Commander, as a cover for his illicit activities. He leaves the Complex's dealings with the Bloody Democrats to Judge D.

RED MOONRISE

Unlike the other factions, Washington's Moonrisers are not interested in political power. The gang that makes up DC's membership is more interested in financial gain and waiting until the other factions have weakened human society before they make their move. Hard experience has shown them that neither normal nor magical terrorism has any chance against the well guarded and well warded buildings of the Capitol. This is not to say, however, that they turn up their noses at the chance to cause some random mayhem.

CHAINLIGHTNING

Race: Animate

STR: 26

DEX: 28

FIT: 23

INT: 39

WILL: 37

PER: 32

ATT: 18

LUCK: 120

HTH: 5

SP: 143

Weather Control Edge to blast his opponents with lightning.



JUNK

Race: Sorceress

STR: 16	PER: 32
DEX: 15	ATT: 22
FIT: 31	LUCK: 117
INT: 39	HTH: 3
WILL: 37	SP: 148

Magic Ability: 39

Max Humanity: 30

Humanity Damage Modifier: +2 SP cost when using White Magic, -2 SP cost when using Black Magic

Edges: Drain (life force)

Spells: *Street*: Blackout (1), Compel (5), Granite (5), Hotwire (1), Rack (1), SDI (10), Shrapnel (5). *Black*: Boneyard (4), Chopper (3), Con-Ed (1), Dead Air (1), Exploding Orbs (5), Glasnost (2), Kiss of Death IV (4), Resurrect Kin (10). *White*: EMT (1), Nine Eleven (3), Switch Off (1).

Skills: Rifle, Dancing, Fashion Sense, Seduction

Faction: Red Moonrise

Description: A casual glance shows Junk as the ultimate in punk fashion: multicolored coiffure, tattoos, earrings, nose rings, even a lip ring. Junk's normal beauty would gain her easy access to the highest levels of Washington Society. She prefers to punk out. It's closer to her natural mental state.

Possessions: Sleeveless vest, ripped jeans, motorcycle boots, Racing Motorcycle, Magic Shotgun (Damage Potential=20) with Accuracy, Invisibility and Personalization enchantments

Profile: Junk, real name Alexis Devenue, attended Georgetown before discovering her latent sorcerous abilities. An abused child and nearly psychopathic at that point, Alexis found magic the perfect tool for revenge against Mankind. If forced into combat, Junk responds with the vast array of spells she keeps stored. Her battle

rage often overrides her survival instincts. Junk has no compunctions about expending large amounts of SP, as long as her enemies end up dead. ChainLightning, who feels much affection for Junk, often has to force her out of combat before she can use up all her SP. When lost in thought, Junk pulls on her lip ring.

THE COMMUNE

The Commune's strategy in Washington is mostly reactive. They try to foil the plans of other factions, and cover up the crazier stunts committed. Though they would normally coexist peacefully, the Failsafe Coalition's ambitions in Washington has made them adversaries with the Commune.

JOLLY ROGER

Race: Data Haunt

STR: 0	PER: 24
DEX: 27	ATT: 0
FIT: 22	LUCK: 25
INT: 36	HTH: 0
WILL: 37	SP: 47

Max Humanity: 60

Humanity Damage Modifier: -1

Edges: Drain (bioelectricity), Invisibility, Possession, Speed

Skills: City Knowledge (Current Events & Washington DC power grids), Computer Operation, Computer Programming, Electronics, Kin Lore, Memory Training

Faction: Commune

Description: Like all Data Haunts, Jolly Roger appears as a man-sized pillar of glowing energy.

Possessions: none

Profile: The Commune's secret weapon in the war in Washington, Jolly Roger revels in stymieing the plans of the other factions. His favorite hobby is trying to break into the Daedalus I mainframe in Target Alpha's headquarters. His repeated attempts strain the already fragile relationship between the Washington Commune and the Agency.

BUDDY THE GLASS

Race: Elder Kikulaluit

STR: 45	PER: 40
DEX: 55	ATT: 35
FIT: 45	LUCK: 405
INT: 40	HTH: 9
WILL: 40	SP: 450

Max Humanity: 60

Humanity Damage Modifier: -1

Edges: Armor (20), Drain (life force), Claws (90), Danger Sense, Nocturnal Vision, Speed

Skills: Knife, Pistol, Wrestling, Martial Arts (Hard), City Knowledge (Washington & Subways), Disguise, Stealth

Faction: Commune

Description: Like all of the Kikulaluit race, Buddy has transparent skin and bleach white hair, which he wears

Washington DC: Murder Capitol, USA

long and loose. For the sake of anonymity, he has cultivated a beard, which when worn with a bandanna and wraparound sunglasses, hides most of his features.

Possessions: .44 Automag (Damage Potential=20) with 1 clip Teflon Bullets, Butcher knife (Damage=16), Black Turtleneck, Denim vest, Jeans, Tabi shoes

Profile: While it was certainly hazardous for the Commune to send a representative so inhuman in appearance to Washington, Buddy's power as a fully developed Elder Kin make it worth the risk. His potent presence acts as a deterrent to other factions getting too ambitious. When not playing nocturnal Rambo, Buddy likes to watch football and professional Wrestling.

PARALLAX

Race: Sidhe

STR: 13	PER: 26
DEX: 46	ATT: 29
FIT: 22	LUCK: 21
INT: 18	HTH: 3
WILL: 50	SP: 43

Max Humanity: 70

Humanity Damage Modifier: -6

Edges: Armor (15), Drain (life force), Event

Manipulation (90), Nocturnal Vision, Travel, Weapons Immunity

Skills: Bow (120), Sword, Court Etiquette, Driving, Skating, Stealth

Faction: Commune

Description: Parallax is a tall, willowy Sidhe with skin the color of porcelain and long, wheat-colored hair he wears in braids. He favors loose suits in muted shades of rose, gray, and purple.

Possessions: Rollerblades, Leather Jodhpurs; three piece suit; Long sword (Damage=28) with Danger Sensor, Invisibility, Protection and +5 Damage Potential (included in Damage) enchantments; Longbow (Damage Potential=10) with Protection and Invisibility enchantments; 1 quiver, silver tipped arrows

Profile: Parallax is viewed as a loud, obnoxious child by his brethren. He, in turn, views them as hopelessly out of touch. He knows that if the anti-human factions ever gained control, those Kin like the Sidhe who have been allies of Humanity in the past would also be enslaved. Buddy once tried to convince Parallax to use more modern weapons. This prompted the Sidhe to thread an arrow through a passing motorcycle's spokes... at a range of 300 feet. Buddy got the point.

TARGET ALPHA

At present, Target Alpha is trying to find out who the representatives for the Complex and the Morningstar Corporation are. Thus far, they not connected the Venus Rising Public Relations Agency with the Corporation, nor been able to penetrate the Commander's cloak of secrecy. Wainwright uses his influence to make sure that they never will. Even so, Carmichaels suspects that there is some high-level shenanigans going on, and has begun to leak "marked information" to the Hill. He may eventually discover Wainwright's secret.

Washington is the headquarters for Alpha, even though New York has a much larger office and more personnel. It is not uncommon to find New York Operatives in Washington, as Carmichael prefers personal briefings on progress in other cities.

LAWRENCE CARMICHAELS

General, USMC, ret. Director, Target Alpha



Race: Human

STR: 26	PER: 26
DEX: 22	ATT: 22
FIT: 38	LUCK: 72
INT: 17	HTH: 5
WILL: 36	SP: 110

Magic Ability: 20

Max Humanity: 50

Skills: Club, Knife, Martial Arts (Soft), Pistol, Rifle, Administration, City Knowledge (Washington DC), Computer Operation, First Aid, Kin Lore, Military Intelligence, Tailing

Faction: Target Alpha, Security Clearance 1

Description: Looking very much the image from his Marine days, General Carmichaels keeps his graying hair in a tight crew cut and is rarely seen without a cigar clenched between his teeth.

Possessions: GPS Transceiver, Cigars, Tailored suit, 1980 Oldsmobile, .38 Special (Damage Potential=15) loaded with Combination Rounds

Profile: To describe Lawrence Carmichaels as tough as nails is to compliment the nails; he is infinitely tougher. A grizzled veteran, his military record goes back to Korea, when he became affiliated with the Nowhere Men. He grew to loathe the Kin almost immediately. A heart attack in the late 1960's forced his retreat behind a desk, and his assignment as Target Alpha's Director came a few years later in '71. A hardliner, Carmichaels is responsible for the tougher stance the Agency has taken with the Kin in recent years. He has survived several assassination attempts by anti-human factions and is aware that Ereshkigal of the KALF has singled him out for elimination. He figures she'll fail like all her predecessors, an egotistical and extremely confident attitude typical of Carmichaels.

LATOYA HASKINS

Commander, Field Ops

Race: Human

STR: 24	PER: 20
DEX: 17	ATT: 33
FIT: 35	LUCK: 22
INT: 22	HTH: 5
WILL: 17	SP: 57

Magic Ability: 26

Max Humanity: 56

Skills: Club, Knife, Martial Arts (Soft), Pistol, Administration, Ambidexterity (100), City Knowledge (Washington DC), Computer Operation, Driving, Fashion Sense, First Aid, Kin Lore, Tailing

Faction: Target Alpha, Security Clearance 2

Description: LaToya Haskins has a personal reason to hate the Kin: she was almost eaten alive by a hungry Werewolf and lost most of her right arm and part of her right leg. She wears a normal prosthetic leg, but prefers to use a hook instead of a useless prosthetic hand. Otherwise, she is quite beautiful, with naturally wavy black hair, a flawless *café au lait* complexion and stunning blue eyes.

Possessions: Fashionable wardrobe, Silver Prosthetic hook (Damage=10), .38 Special (Damage=15) with one clip, Combination Rounds

Profile: Miss Haskins is a hardened Afro-American woman who came up in the ranks against everyone's expectations after her accident. She is also one of the few people in Target Alpha who can stand toe to toe in a clash of the wills with Carmichaels and come out on top. Miss Haskins was right-handed before her accident and has to make a successful Ambidexterity Skill Roll or apply a +25 modifier when using any physical Skills she would formerly have executed with her right hand.

HEXENBANNER

Like Target Alpha, Hexenbanner is aware of the Commander's existence, but has been unable to connect the name with a real person. They are not aware of Junk's existence. In Washington, the Hexenbanner pentagon operates out of the West German embassy.

FRIEDRICH GUSSMANN

Race: Human

STR: 20	PER: 11
DEX: 12	ATT: 21
FIT: 13	LUCK: 69
INT: 28	HTH: 4
WILL: 26	SP: 82

Magic Ability: 15

Max Humanity: 56

Skills: Automatic Rifle, Pistol, Martial Arts (Hard), City Knowledge (Washington, Berlin, Bonn), Cryptology, Driving, Fashion Sense, Fear Resistance, Kin Lore (90), Language (English, German is native), Law, Occult Knowledge, Seduction

Faction: Hexenbanner

Description: Herr Gussmann looks nothing more than a short, somewhat toad-like individual with a poor complexion. He doesn't fit the normal image of a ladies man, but he is one nonetheless.

Possessions: AK-47 with 1 Clip of bullets made from Meteorite (Damage Potential=30, Double damage against Witches and Sorcerers), Brass necklace (provides a -5 modifier for resisting spells), 1996 Lamborghini

Profile: The only member of Hexenbanner known to Target Alpha, Gussmann's diplomatic standing as a translator for the West German ambassador has kept him from being deported. At nearly fifty-five years of age, Gussmann has been with Hexenbanner almost since its inception. Gussmann's hatred of magic is fanatical, since he lost his youngest brother to a Sorcerer's Drain. He will stop at nothing in his pursuit of Sorcerers.

ADVENTURE IDEA

Judge D has uncovered some tidy bit of information on a highly placed official. The official might even be a member of the Cabinet. If leaked, the official would be ruined and has turned to Target Alpha for help. Carmichaels, in turn, demands the help of the Player Characters in extricating the official from his difficulty.

The above idea could also be run using the Failsafe Coalition and Jimmy Wildlove having possession of some compromising photographs.

OLDS-CAMP, PENNSYLVANIA



Even in a college town, silence must occasionally fall. On Sunday night, with the students poised between the parties of the weekend and their week's classes, Olds-Camp lay silent and dark. Even the bars were abandoned, except a few drunks and unemployed coal miners shooting pool.

In his apartment above the bar that bore his name, Tommy Whitacre sat in an armchair and relaxed. It was raining outside and the streetlights caught the momentary diamond gleam of raindrops hitting the pavement. No one had ventured outside onto the streets the whole time he had been sitting at his vigil. Safe enough.

His eyes opened wide, then wider than humanly possible. Just as it was not humanly possible for his eyeballs to slide free of their sockets and hover before his face.

Tommy's intellect lived in those floating orbs. He thought, as he looked back at his body, that it was comfortable enough when necessary, but nothing compared to this freedom.

His eyes flew about the room for a few minutes for the sheer pleasure of it, then zipped out the open window into the darkness.

He had rarely had the freedom to do this back in the Big Apple; too many people up at too many odd hours. Here, as the town clock struck 2:00 AM, his eyes had the run of the town.

He soared over campus. Only here were there signs of activity. A few late stragglers and earnest students who were walking back from the library.

Tommy mentally shrugged. The only time campus got really interesting was on the party-happy weekends.

He changed direction and gained altitude over the trees and headed towards the town's residential areas.

He was dogfighting with himself as he flew along when light flooded the street below. Someone had just opened their front door. He lost altitude and took in the details.

Two men stood framed in the rectangle of light.

One was of medium height, with shoulders hunched as if he expected a heavy blow to fall at any moment. The wool sweater he wore looked as if mice had been nibbling on the sleeve.

The other might have been no taller, but his shoulders were squared, looking like they were always at that attitude. His suit was immaculately and grimly black. The equally black look he wore said volumes about his typical mood.

He looked familiar in a terrible way. Where from? Tommy couldn't remember as the two exchanged last words and the dark man strode to his car. The sticker in its window said it was a rental from an agency in Pittsburgh.

New York. Tommy was sure he had seen the man in New York, and not as a friend. He couldn't remember who he was.

Olds-Camp, 25 miles north of Pittsburgh on the Ohio border on Route 76, nestles in the hills of Appalachia, a typical small college town. It has a permanent population of 47,512, and a population of 63,581 when school is in session.

HISTORY

The City was founded in 1796, shortly after Pittsburgh was, and named after its founders, Christian R. Olds and Mosley Camp. For many years, the town enjoyed mild affluence due to the coal mining in the surrounding hills. Olds-Camp College was founded in 1875 with a grant from the state and officially became a State University in 1905. Much of the city's income comes from the successive waves of students attending school.

ATMOSPHERE

Olds-Camp is rich in atmosphere, little of it pleasant. A constant current of tension underlies all relations between the student body and the residents, and violence erupts all too often for such a small town.

WEATHER

Olds-Camp and its surrounding areas receive quite a bit of rain annually. Springs are especially rainy and create high humidity conditions that last until the Fall. Summers are hot, with the humidity making matters worse. Winters tend to be long and hard, as the valley the town is situated in acting as a funnel for Arctic winds.

Average Temperature, January: 27 F

April: 50 F

July: 77 F

October: 53 F

Average Days with Rain: 154

Average Snowfall (Annual): 20"

ANNUAL EVENTS

Wild Weekend: A weekend-long party that engulfs most of the Student Housing area. Its annual occurrence is a source of contention between Townies (permanent residents) and Temps (college students). Wild Weekend is so well known that students from Pittsburgh, and nearby Kenton State in Ohio, often come over for the bacchanal. In 1991, when the police moved in to break it up, a riot followed that left three students and one officer critically injured.

Olds-Camp versus Kenton Game: Olds-Camp's football team has an old rivalry with nearby Kenton State University. The weekend of the game is always occasion for massive partying, especially if Olds-Camp wins (that rarely happens).

SPORTS

Olds-Camp University's football team, the OCSU Sparrowhawks, is considered one of the worst in the area.

THE NEWS

The city's need for information is filled by The Guardian-Magistrate, a newspaper noted locally for its complete lack of interesting news. Many permanent residents also subscribe to the Pittsburgh papers.

LOCALES

Downtown: Olds-Camp has a small but lively business section, with the normal selection of shops. It sports a higher than normal percentage of bars, due to the presence of the University.

Smithson Hills: The rich part of town, carefully segregated from the rest of Olds-Camp by a small nature park. Many of the University's faculty live in Smithson Hills.

Student Housing Area: This part of Olds-Camp is made up almost exclusively of apartment buildings. It houses almost 40% of the student population. Weekend parties keep the police busy investigating underage consumption and noise violations.

Watteau Street: the slum of Olds-Camp, Watteau Street actually refers to the entire small part of town Northwest of that avenue. It is home to many of the city's unemployed coal miners. It is also home to many of the University's less affluent off-campus students.

POINTS OF INTEREST

Christian R. Olds Memorial Park: Named after one of the town's founders, Olds Park is a large, beautiful area paid for mostly with collegiate monies. It features a swimming pool, several pavilions, and a golf course.

The Donahue House: This rambling mansion in the student housing area is reputed to be haunted. It is, but not on regular occasions. Old Ezra Donahue, the Ghost in question, now resides at Tommy's, but likes to go back to his former home occasionally to bother the college students now inhabiting it.

John Dolarhyde Historical Museum: This houses memorabilia about local history, mostly about the coal industry. It is never sufficiently lit or cleaned, and a perpetual coat of coal dust covers everything.

Stadler Airport: A privately owned airfield north of town. It is mostly for civilian fliers and can only land small prop planes or jets. Greater Pittsburgh International is the closest major airport.

OLDS-CAMP STATE UNIVERSITY

The town's only real industry and largest employer, Olds-Camp State University, or OCSU for short, takes up over one square mile of land.

The University has an on-campus population of eight thousand, making it larger than most of the home towns of the students. Each of the dorms these students live in can be thought of as a separate neighborhood. Each has its own character and amount of prestige attached to living there. Somewhat separate from the dormitories are the houses where students who have joined fraternities and sororities live. OCSU is home to almost thirty such groups, the Sigma Alpha Nus being the largest fraternity (40 members) and the Delta Thetas having the largest membership for a sorority at almost 80 members.

Olds-Camp, Pennsylvania

THE AMAZON JUNGLE

On the west edge of campus is a cluster of seven sorority houses sarcastically called the Amazon Jungle.

FLOUNDER'S HALL

This is the oldest building on campus, and the shabbiest. Flounder's Hall houses most of the freshman class in four man squirrel cages the Administration facetiously calls economy suites. Inhabited by almost one thousand teenagers experiencing their first extended period away from home, Fish Hall (as it is called) is subject to regular fire alarm pranks, underage drinking problems, and vandalism. There is little respect to be had from living in Fish Hall.

HARDY AND KAISER QUADRANGLES

Like Flounder's Hall, the Quadrangles are mainly freshman and sophomore housing. Though newer than Flounder's, they were shoddily built and already rundown. They suffer most of the same problems as Flounder's Hall. Each quadrangle is built with four wings radiating from a central hall. Ungraciously, these wings are simply referred to as Kaiser Wing One or Hardy Wing Two, etc.

Each year around Halloween, a rumor spreads around the Quads that an escaped lunatic plans to invade and slaughter coeds. Other than a few pranksters in hockey masks, the police have never found any lunatics other than the normal student population.

KOLLER HALL

A men's dorm and home to most of the university's athletes. Non-athletes living here are treated as second class citizens.

MACGUIRE DORMITORY

A woman's dormitory built in three wings, partially enclosing a large lawn nicknamed Skin Beach for the number of girls who go sunbathing there on clear Spring days.

NEW HELLENIC COMPLEX

Home to eight different sororities and fraternities, this is a pair of quadplexes facing each other across a lawn.

OBERHAUS TOWERS

A pair of ten-story dormitories theoretically reserved for upperclassmen. In reality, the towers are open to anyone with the extra \$200 it costs to live there. The former study dorm is now a partying kind of place. It is, however, one of the more prestigious dorms.

UBERMAN HALL

This is the science building, and in its basement is Lab 7, location of the project that makes Olds-Camp of any interest to the Kin. Some of the graduate students are working on a project, after being sworn to secrecy. For good reason.

Few of OCSU's population would be happy to know that their rustic little campus is working on creating new

types of Biochemical weaponry. Fortunately, these weapons are still in their least lethal forms. Whenever the staff makes a breakthrough, they ship samples to Biochemical warfare labs in Arizona. Until that time, however, they are kept in a vault in Uberman Hall. A small spill which killed several livestock alerted Target Alpha to the existence of Lab 7.

More worrisome, news of the spill caught the eye of the Complex, now keeping an eye on developments at Uberman Hall.

OLD GREEK STREET

Right next to Rutger's Hall, where many of the individual fraternity and sorority houses are.

CAMPUS POLICE DEPARTMENT

OCSU has a resident police force consisting of four officers, one detective, and a receptionist. Their main jobs are putting tickets on illegally parked cars.

PROUST HALL

Originally meant to be a true study dorm and reserved strictly for seniors, Proust has degenerated over the years into a haven for weirdos. The innuendoes and nicknames attached to Proust and its inhabitants are better left to the imagination.

RUTGER'S HALL

A two hundred room dormitory built in a U-shape. It has little in common with its famous collegiate namesake. Popular with the science students, due to its proximity to Uberman Hall.

POINTS OF INTEREST

Jefferson Library: OCSU boasts one of the largest libraries in Pennsylvania. Soaring a height of ten stories, it is definitely one of the tallest libraries in the state, but is also strictly closed stack. Some witty architect tried to design the building to look like a huge stack of books. He failed.

Sheridan Hall: An office building reputed to be haunted by the spectre of an old janitor. Living janitors are afraid to work there after nightfall.

The Tunnels: There are a series of maintenance tunnels that run under much of the grounds and connecting many of the buildings. Entrance to the tunnels is strictly forbidden, and students have been prosecuted, but many still go down there. Some have disappeared because one access tunnel, virtually forgotten by the maintenance crew, connects with one of the upper levels of the Wormholes.

Joe L. Paris Field: The football stadium on the edge of town where the Sparrowhawks play home games. It can seat 5000, but is rarely filled.

NIGHTSPOTS

Shaft 35: A college bar that harks back to the City's heyday as a coal town, the Shaft's one room is deep, narrow, and ill-lit. It is always filthy with built-up

Olds-Camp, Pennsylvania

grease and graffiti. An ancient jukebox stands near the door, stocked with oldies. It books local alternative bands for Thursdays and mainstream local bands for the weekends.

The Around-Town: This Yuppie bar is proud of being a meat market. It is the perfect place to check some gidgets. Tuesday night is Progressive night, and a source of amusement, as the more normal students come out to watch and laugh at the "progressive" ones.

Tommy's: The sole punk bar in the city, Tommy's is also the only one in the area until Pittsburgh. It is also the hangout for the very few Kin who live in or near Olds-Camp. It is owned and operated by Tommy "The Pop" Whitacre, a Wildeyes. Tommy's is also inhabited by Ezra Donahue, a Ghost Tommy rescued from the Donahue house.

LOCAL BANDS

THE INCREDIBLE CHEEZ WIZZES

College towns are hotbeds of alternative music and OCSU is no different. Bands playing musical genres as diverse as the hip-hop of SOBE (Sounds of the Black Experience), the pop of Music College, and the Psycho-Cowpunk of The Acid-Droppin' Rednecks all thrive in Olds-Camp. None of these groups, however, have met with the success of the Incredible Cheez Wizzes.

The Wizzes' music, a heady, heavy mixture of funk, jazz, hardcore, and rap, has won them a fanatical local following and has nabbed them slots opening for bands like the Georges and Bloody Mary. Three of the four members have dropped out of school to pursue music full-time. Mark Mercy, the guitarist, has remained in school as a graduate assistant.

GANGS

ACES POSSE

Membership: Human Youths, approximately 40

Orientation: Neutral, self-interested

Colors: earring in the shape of an Ace of Spades

Current Face: 30

Turf: Watteau Street

Base: The apartment where "Buggy" Willis lives

Initiation: Break into a college student's apartment and steal something of value.

Description: Compared to the gangs in the cities, the Aces Posse doesn't even qualify. They do, however, control a good share of the drug trade to the college students. They also operate a tidy theft ring selling stolen goods to pawnshops in Pittsburgh.

TERRY "BUGGY" WILLIS

Race: Human

STR: 16

DEX: 10

FIT: 10

INT: 7

WILL: 16

Max Humanity: 60

PER: 14

ATT: 7

LUCK: 24

HTH: 3

SP: 34

Skills: Streetfighting, City Knowledge (Olds-Camp)

Faction: Aces Posse, Leader of

Description: Buggy is of medium height with kinky red hair and acne. His eyes seem to be perpetually agog, which gives him his nickname. He rarely remembers to bathe.

Possessions: Harley-Davidson Motorcycle,

Profile: A punk in the worst sense of the word, Buggy has been in and out of trouble so long that he's on a first name basis with every cop in Olds-Camp, and unofficially has his own cell in the county lockup. He has been leader of the Aces ever since Terry "Teepee" Mueller, the previous leader, was sent to the State Pen for arson.

IMPORTANT NON-PLAYER CHARACTERS

TOMMY "THE POP" WHITACRE

Race: Wildeyes

STR: 8(0)

DEX: 15(35)

FIT: 15

INT: 33

WILL: 32

PER: 25(40)

ATT: 31(0)

LUCK: 12

HTH: 2(n/a)

SP: 27

Max Humanity: 67

Humanity Damage Modifier: -3

Edges: Armor (10), Drain (life force), Flight (Monstrous form only), Photogenics

Skills: City Knowledge (Olds-Camp, New York), Driving, Business, Kin Lore

Faction: Neutral

Description: Tommy is short, swarthy and altogether disreputable looking, but does possess a sort of greasy charm. He wears his long black hair heavily oiled and tied in a ponytail.

Possessions: 1987 Olds Cutlass, Black Leather jacket

Profile: The owner of Tommy's came to Olds-Camp in the mid-80's as a refugee from the violent lifestyle of the New York Kin and has never regretted it. Still, he opens his bar's doors to any Kin around. His conversations with Coalshute have given this Elemental a negatively skewed view of all Kin.

EZRA DONAHUE

Race: Ghost

STR: 10

DEX: 13

FIT: 13

INT: 22

WILL: 42

PER: 23

ATT: 11

LUCK: 25

HTH: 2

SP: 38

Max Humanity: 59

Humanity Damage Modifier: 0

Edges: Drain (fear, 20), Alter Form (45), Corporeality (42), Weapons Immunity (20)

Skills: City Knowledge (Olds-Camp)

Faction: Neutral

Description: Ezra naturally appears as an oldish man with thinning white hair and a hunched back. When using

Olds-Camp, Pennsylvania

his Alter Form Edge, he appears as a young man with dark hair wearing a leather jacket and sunglasses.

Possessions: Cane

Profile: Ezra was the resident ghost of the Donahue house until Tommy moved his relic to the basement of his bar. Tommy has also taught Ezra something about the Kin. Ezra, over Tommy's warnings, is hankering to go to New York to meet his new brethren. Ezra's relic is the cane he walked with in life. Please note that Ezra has only recently become aware that he can increase his Edges, and they are only fractionally more powerful than when he first became a Ghost. When using Alter Form he likes to go by the name "Easy Donner."

COALSHUTE MCCORMICK

Race: Concrete

STR: 41	PER: 41
DEX: 48	ATT: 37
FIT: 49	LUCK: 22
INT: 44	HTH: 8
WILL: 46	SP: 71

Max Humanity: 50

Humanity Damage Modifier: n/a

Edges: Armor (40), Alter Form, Event Manipulation

(150), Instantaneous Travel within Olds-Camp, Omnipotence within Olds-Camp, Weapons Immunity (100)

Skills: City Knowledge (Olds-Camp, 100), History (Olds-Camp & Coal mining industry) Trade

Faction: Neutral

Description: A living solidification of Olds-Camp's blue collar background, Coalshute appears as a large, dirty-faced man in equally grimy work clothes. A miner's helmet is tilted rakishly back on his head. His teeth are either diamond or coal black, depending on his mood.

Possessions: Miner's clothes, Helmet, Shovel

Profile: Olds-Camp's sole City Elemental has occasionally been spotted by the townspeople. They believe him to be the ghost of Stephen McCormick, a miner who died in a cave-in back in the 1920's. Coalshute himself was unsure of his own status until he met Tommy the Pop, who explained what Coalshute was to him. He has since learned a lot about The Kin, and resists too much intrusion on their part, fearing that their presence will disturb his peaceful town.

Coalshute has not been unaffected by the presence of the University. Over the past seventy years, his language has become more and more scholarly and baroque, an ironic counterpoint to his appearance.

THE COMPLEX

The Complex would never have even noticed Olds-Camp, PA if not for the chemical spill. Since then, they have placed a human on the janitorial staff of the

University to observe how things are developing down in Lab 7.

DAVE CUMMINGS

Race: Human

STR: 14	PER: 15
DEX: 16	ATT: 11
FIT: 8	LUCK: 18
INT: 9	HTH: 3
WILL: 11	SP: 26

Magic Ability: 11

Max Humanity: 50

Skills: City Knowledge (Olds-Camp), Driving, Trade (Janitor)

Faction: Neutral (Complex Pawn)

Description: Dave is a thoroughly nondescript young man with thinning brown hair, acne scars and perpetual razor cuts on his Adam's Apple.

Possessions: Mop, Bucket, Work shirt, Jeans from the local Goodwill

Profile: Dave thinks he's working for the Russians, gathering valuable secrets. It is just as well for him that he thinks this, since his limited intellect could never accept who his real employers were.

TARGET ALPHA

Target Alpha has no real operation in Olds-Camp, the nearest agents being placed in Pittsburgh. Bertha Younger, owner of Younger's News (and firm believer in UFOs and Bigfoot) is an unpaid correspondent for USA Expose, Target Alpha's primary cover operation.

ADVENTURE NOTES

A NightLife campaign set in Olds-Camp will take some adjusting for Players used to big city settings.

The more obviously nonhuman Kin (like Wyights or Ogres) will have to take special precautions. Races like these will be noticeable in a small town crowd unless dress and make-up is used carefully.

Second, violence will have to be curbed. Police in the Big City think nothing of murder; it's a day-to-day occurrence. In Olds-Camp, a single murder is liable to be talked about for years afterward with subsequent continued interest by the Police.

Punked-out PCs will have one advantage in Olds-Camp. Any Intimidation Skill Rolls will be made with a -20 modifier. In small town America, Genus *Punkus* is still a rare and feared animal.

There is also an interesting possibility for people playing an anti-human campaign. Much fun can be had from taking over a small town and turning it into a resort for Kin.

CLEVELAND: FIRE ON THE LAKE



Cleveland Rocks!
 Cleveland Rocks!
 From the Terminal Tower to the Docks!
 We gave birth to Rock'n'Roll,
 and we got the beat down in our soul!"

The Mason Reinquist Band, *Cleveland Rocks!*

Cleveland, a city so hot, the rivers burn.

The albino with tattoos crawling down his arms took Birdy by the elbow. "Let's go for a walk. I wanna breath a'smog."

"Sure, Boss." Birdy's pop-eyes betrayed no thoughts. Outside, the two turned down Seville, the albino savoring the sights of all the whores and homeless thronging the pavement. Far off, he could see the brightly lit spire of the Terminal Tower. Somewhere past that, he knew, Lake Erie lay in its dark, slow tides of sewage.

He was the one to crack the silence. "Birdy, m'man, I really impressed with the way you behavin' lately." He paused. "Real 'lectrifyin'."

Birdy was silent. Only three days before, he had led a rumble against the Lakewood Stranglers, a rumble which had ended in defeat for the Limbo Wolves. A dangerous loss of face had been involved.

He cleared his throat, his Adam's apple bobbing like a meaty yo-yo. "You're not, uh, ticked off? About the rumble?"

Hurt in the other's voice. "Me, m'man? Ticked? At you?" Then his language changed. Any trace of the street vanished, along with any pretense of humor.

"No. I do not get "ticked." Such behavior is counterproductive to my enterprises." He took off his sunglasses. Rose-pupiled eyes bored into Birdy's, now wide with fear. "Just as you have proven yourself to be counter productive."

There was a hint of electricity crackling in those red eyes. Birdy backed away. "Please, Boss...no..."

It was a clear night. That didn't change the fact of the lightning bolt that white-flared down from the sky to strike Birdy in the chest.

He died with oily smoke pouring out of his mouth, nose and the burnt sockets of his eyes. "Like I sayin, m'man. Real 'lectrifyin'."

FrostBite turned and walked away. He was smiling and whistling a tune from Wagner.

Population: 613,736

HISTORY

Cleveland, original spelling Cleaveland, began as a village on the shores of the Cuyahoga River in 1814. It did not start to prosper until the opening of the Erie Canal in 1832.

With its access to water, Cleaveland's proximity to iron and coal fields made it a natural center for industry. This started in the 1850's and it has ceded that position of prominence only recently. Oil refining, along with several other industries, moved in during the Civil War. This development started a population and business boom that would last until 1910.

During these years, the city's name was changed to Cleveland and its population exploded from 17,000 to 561,000. This period also saw the first influx of Kin, among which were a tribe of Goblynnes.

The 20th century, especially the latter part, has not been good for Cleveland. Racial tensions have flared repeatedly, most bloodily in the Hough area. The decline of the automotive and steel industries have thrown a large percentage of the population into unemployment. Many more have been driven elsewhere to hunt for work.

A Werewolf arrived on the bus in 1957 and claimed Cleveland as his own. In the years since, FrostBite has made good on that claim as leader of the Limbo Wolves.

Cleveland: Fire on the Lake

Cleveland has yet to recover from the recessions of the past three decades. Many fear it never will.

ATMOSPHERE

From one's first view of Cleveland's skyline of smokestacks and warehouses, one cannot forget that Cleveland was and is still proud to be, an industrial town. Even with the influx of white collar industry, a beer after work is still the standard and Perrier and wine are still viewed as vaguely effete affectations. Clevelanders tend to get riled at the array of jokes that have circulated about their town. However, even the city's staunchest defender will joke about the Cuyahoga bursting into flames.

WEATHER

The changeability of Ohio's weather is infamous and Cleveland's weather is typical for the state. Springs tend to be short and grow into hot, humid summers. This shuts off abruptly into a beautiful Fall. Winters can be brutally cold, accumulating over fifty inches of snow every year.

Average Temperature, January: 26 F

April: 48 F

July: 72 F

October: 53 F

Average Days with Rain: 156

Average Snowfall (Annual): 52"

ANNUAL EVENTS

Oktoberfest: A month long celebration of the town's German heritage.

St. Patrick's Day: Cleveland has a large Irish population, and they all come out to celebrate on this day.

SPORTS

Cleveland can claim several prominent sports clubs as its own, in particular football's popular Cleveland Browns and its supporters, the Dawgs. As famous are the Indians, Cleveland's lovably bad baseball team. The Cavaliers take care of the basketball action.

THE NEWS

Cleveland has only one newspaper, the Plain Dealer, considered one of the best in the country. Its Friday section is invaluable for planning a weekend's activities.

LOCALES

East Cleveland: East Cleveland consists of several slums broken up into ethnic neighborhoods.

Emerald Necklace: Not really a single locale, the Emerald Necklace is a string of parks that surround much of Cleveland. Like Central Park in reverse, they are surrounded by parts of the city and can be quite rustic. Many of the city's Inuits have their power sources in these parks.

Chinatown: Home to much of Cleveland's Chinese-descended population, this tiny part of Cleveland is located near Downtown Public Square.

Coventry Road: A little slice of the Counterculture in Cowtown, Westwood is a haven for people who don't have the money to go to California or New York.

The Flats: The party and entertainment center of Cleveland, the Flats are spread out along either side of the Cuyahoga River. Most of the Kin hang out in this general area, where the pickings are the best.

Little Italy: Near the Murray Hill area, on the East Side, home to much of Cleveland's Italian immigrant population.

Prospect Avenue: Cleveland's red light district, located downtown near Cleveland State University and Playhouse Square.

Public Square: The oldest part of the city and the heart of downtown, Public Square is dominated by the Terminal Tower complex.

Shaker Heights: One of the richest suburbs in the United States, Shaker Heights is a residential area sectioned off into houses and yards that qualify as small estates.

Seven Hills: Until recently a wealthy suburb, Seven Hills has been going downhill for several years. It is now little more than a slum as the former residents moved out. Once regal mansions have been bought up by rental agencies and subdivided into public housing.

POINTS OF INTEREST

Airports: Hopkins International is Cleveland's main thoroughfare for air traffic. It is located outside of Cleveland and presently takes a twenty minute drive to commute. The city is working on installing a bullet train that should cut travel time to less than ten minutes. Burkes Lakefront is small, but only a few blocks from the center of downtown.

Cleveland Metroparks Zoo: Cleveland's Zoo is considered one of the best in the country. Over 1300 animals are kept there. Its most famous features are a pair of walk-through aviaries and an African exhibit that covers six of the zoo's 125 acres.

FetishWear: Besides catering, as its name suggests, to the sexual underground, this outrageous little store also sells basic rock'n'roll fashion. It is nestled between a bookstore and a coffee house on Coventry Road.

The Galleria: A giant specialties shop mall and the pride of downtown Cleveland.

Garden Center of Greater Cleveland: Home to many beautiful gardens and indoor botanical displays. The Garden is a favorite with Sunday afternoon strollers.

Lakeview Cemetery: Not really a tourist attraction, except for Ghouls. Former President Garfield and John D. Rockefeller are both buried here.

Playhouse Square: A more upscale area of the city, Playhouse Square still has enough nightlife to keep the Kin happy and hunting.

Terminal Tower: At fifty-two stories, Cleveland's tallest building looms over Public Square. Formerly headquarters for the Standard Oil company, Terminal

Tower was sold to the Japanese in the 90's, and is now home to Fujitaki Software Company.

PUBLIC TRANSPORTATION THE TRAIN SYSTEM

Bullet trains are replacing the old styles of public transportation, but riding them comes at high cost. Few people are willing to pay the fee of \$10.00 for the first ten miles, plus another dollar for every mile after. Though the Bullet trains are clearly the wave of the future, the cost is keeping them from taking over entirely.

REGIONAL TRANSIT AUTHORITY

The RTA, referred to as the Rapid by Clevelanders, has its central station under the Terminal Tower. Its routes cover most of the metropolitan area in a tight grid. Inflation has pushed the fare up to \$1.50, but in comparison to the Bullet trains, this is a paltry sum. The Rapid remains popular with commuters. It runs twenty-four hours a day.

TAXIS

The Cleveland area has several taxicab companies of varying efficiencies and prices. In the mid-nineties, a scandal over the involvement of cabbies with prostitution rings almost sank the entire industry under popular scorn.

NIGHTSPOTS

THE BASEMENT

Located under an adult bookstore near Cleveland State, the Basement's name refers to its four underground levels.

The project was originally conceived by an eccentric architect as an experiment in living space for college students. The architect went bankrupt before the project was finished. The four levels of basements stood empty for several years, forgotten even by the owners of the shops above them. This changed when the current owner, Lonesome Johnny, stumbled upon them while eluding some Hexenbanner operatives. Johnny, a Sorcerer, eventually dealt with the Stakes, then returned to the curious structure he had found. He opened The Basement in as an extremely low profile hangout for Kin.

The Basement is reached through an unmarked door behind the "Gentlemen's Pleasures" bookstore. The entrance is guarded by a grouchy Troll named Croaker.

Down a set of stairs one finds the first level of the club, which has booths, a bar and billiards tables.

Part of the floor on the second level has been removed to form a balcony overlooking the stage set on the third level. From all over the Kin come tri-state area to sweat and grind to the sounds pulsing from the rafts of speakers.

On the fourth level, a soundproofed ceiling, oak panelling, and subdued lighting provides a relaxed, publike atmosphere. Kin of more sedate habits, or ones exhausted from dancing upstairs, can enjoy a quiet drink and nightly jazz or New Age music.

THE HOUSE OF MEAT

At the far end of the club spectrum from the Basement lies The House of Meat. An anti-human bar with a penchant for rap and hardcore, the House is located on Prospect Avenue near Cleveland State. It is built in the remains of an old slaughterhouse. The walls still retain faint stains from the blood spilled on them in years past. The owner, a Vampyre named Thermite Dawg, has ties with the Complex. Boy-Os Def and Dee-Kay and Houston's B4D play there when touring. Members of the ManHandlers often hang out at The House of Meat. No cover is charged for Kin, but Herds have to pay \$5.00 to enter.

NOVA EXPRESS

A large, high profile dance club in the Flats, the Nova Express is painted in uniformly bright colors. Reputed to be owned by a mafia kingpin, a fact that keeps trouble to a minimum.

P.B. UNDERHILL'S

A comfortable bar with a modern twist, Underhill's is a popular venue with bands on tour. They often use Underhill's to test out new material. When he is on tour, Charlie Parton makes a point to stop in for a session. There is, by the way, no such person as P.B. Underhill. The owner chose the name at random from the phone book.

LOCAL BANDS

Teeth: Industrial rock, actually a studio project of one Cleveland musician who prefers to remain anonymous, even when on stage.

London Hats: White-hot White Boy Blues quartet fronted by an ex-convict.

Mason Reinquist Band: Your basic Classic Rock band, leavened with lead guitarist Mason's jazz instincts. Commonly known as MRB.

Pretty Dead Things: Fronted by the stunningly beautiful Louise Last-Night, the Pretty Dead Things play atonal drone rock heavily influenced by groups like the Velvet Underground, Sisters of Mercy, and Gregorian.

GANGS

THE THINGS

Membership: Mostly Weres, approximately 60.

Orientation: Neutral to Pro-Human.

Colors: A fake fur throat choker.

Current Face: 33

Turf: Prospect Avenue

Base: Moonrakers' Billiards, a pool hall owned by Mike Knight, Street Silver's Renfield.

Initiation: none

Description: The Things are a fairly low-key hood, concerned more with keeping control of their small but secure turf that expanding it. People living in their territory view them more as guardians than as a threat to the peace. They are, of course, unaware of the true nature

Cleveland: Fire on the Lake

of their guardians. Some have wondered to each other why Street Silver has decreed that any "dogs" seen in the area should be left alone. They do enjoy an occasional rumble and are on surprisingly good terms with more anti-Human gangs like the ManHandlers and the Limbo Wolves.

STREET SILVER

Race: Werewolf
STR: 42-57-67
DEX: 24
FIT: 41
INT: 16
WILL: 17
PER: 23-33-43
ATT: 18-0-0
LUCK: 61
HTH: 8-11-13
SP: 102

Max Humanity: 60

Humanity Damage Modifier: -2

Edges: Armor (10), Drain (pain), Claws (50), Lupine Form, Lycanthropic Form, Sense Acuity

Skills: Streetfighting, Art (Graffiti), City Knowledge (Cleveland), Driving, Streetwise

Faction: The Things, Leader of

Description: Street Silver is tall and broad shouldered; he is an athlete and was even thinking of pursuing football as a career when he discovered his lupine nature. His hair is prematurely grey, almost silver, at the temple and he takes his name from that.

Possessions: Cans of different colors of spray paint, denim jacket, Brass Knuckles (Damage=11 or 14), Dilapidated sedan in a variety of custom colors

Profile: Gang leader, graffiti artist, and Werewolf, Street Silver has led the Things for almost twenty years. He is a rough, tough veteran of Cleveland's gang wars and was once Frostbite's lieutenant. His favorite hobby is spraypainting murals on walls. He once had a pictorial of his work appear in the Plain Dealer.

THE MANHANDLERS

Membership: Mostly female Kin, approximately 120

Orientation: Anti-Human

Colors: Black chain worn around the upper thigh

Current Face: 60

Turf: Seven Hills

Base: An abandoned tenement

Initiation: Castrate and kill a Herd male

Description: The ManHandlers were started by Emma Death, a former member of the notorious Slay-Riders in New York. They pursue many of the same goals. The ManHandlers, however, maintain closer ties with both Red Moonrise and the Complex. Leadership of the group passed to the Switchblade Sisters after a ritual fight that left Emma scattered to the four winds.

The ManHandlers' main activities include coordinating several crackhouses in the area, prostitution rings, arson, and contract killing. The Switchblade sisters, Tandi and Suzanne, lead the ManHandlers.

THE SWITCHBLADE SISTERS

Tandi and Suzanne are a pair of identical twins who also act and dress alike. Their vicious personalities have earned them the nicknames the Switchblade sisters in

Cleveland's criminal and Kin subcultures. Their shared leadership has forged the ManHandlers into the major force in the city's crime culture second only to the Limbo Wolves. They are close friends and lovers of Frostbite, trading him off between themselves.

The Sisters really are sisters and the daughters of a sorcerer. The two died in a car accident in 1953. The grief-stricken father tried his best to resurrect them, but only knew how to bring them back as Animates. Perhaps the sisters had been good people in life. What he brought back from the grave was evil in a pair of pretty packages.

TANDI

Race: Flesh Animate
STR: 33
DEX: 24
FIT: 26
INT: 29
WILL: 33
PER: 23
ATT: 32
LUCK: 102
HTH: 7
SP: 128

Max Humanity: 30

Humanity Damage Modifier: n/a

Edges: Armor (10), Drain (life force), Claws, Body Control, Domination

Skills: Automatic Rifle, City Knowledge (Cleveland), Intimidation, Kin Lore, Motorcycles, Seduction, Streetwise, Torture

Faction: ManHandlers, Co-leader of

Description: Blonde and buxom, Tandi does not resemble a monster until one sees the delicate scars that trace their way around her limbs. She is Suzanne's identical twin, even in mode of dress.

Possessions: Uzi (Damage Potential=30), Harley-Davidson Powerhouse, Sunglasses, Orange and Red striped bandanna, Fringed leather vest, jeans, Thigh chain, whips and manacles, skinning knife (not used in combat)

Profile: Tandi is the more sedate of the two sisters. This is only to say she likes to gag her victims before skinning them. She is also the more dominant of the pair, though no one would ever consider either submissive.

SUZANNE

Race: Flesh Animate
STR: 33
DEX: 24
FIT: 26
INT: 29
WILL: 33
PER: 23
ATT: 32
LUCK: 96
HTH: 7
SP: 122

Max Humanity: 15

Humanity Damage Modifier: n/a

Edges: Armor (10), Drain (life force), Claws, Body Control, Body Manipulation, Domination

Skills: Automatic Rifle, City Knowledge (Cleveland), Intimidation, Kin Lore, Motorcycles, Seduction, Streetwise, Torture

Faction: ManHandlers, Co-leader of

Description: Blonde and buxom, Suzanne does not resemble a monster until one sees the delicate scars that trace their way around her limbs. She is Tandi's identical twin, even in mode of dress.

Possessions: Uzi (Damage Potential=30), Harley-Davidson Powerhouse, Sunglasses, Orange and Red striped bandanna, Fringed leather vest, jeans, Thigh chain
Profile: Suzanne lets her identical twin, Tandi, handle most of the talking. She makes up for it by being the more brutal of the pair (barely).

LIMBO WOLVES

Membership: Mixed Humans and Kin, approximately 460

Orientation: Neutral

Colors: Black kerchief imprinted with white snowflakes

Current Face: 230+. No one in their right mind challenges the Wolves.

Turf: All Cleveland

Base: The Blizzard Club

Initiation: Passing personal interrogation by FrostBite

Description: The largest Kin gang in Cleveland, the Limbo Wolves are the nucleus of what could well become a crime empire to rival the Mafia, especially if FrostBite, the gang's leader, has his way. Recently, FrostBite has used his influence to direct the attention of the Police away from the Wolves and towards rival gangs like The Lakewood Stranglers and the Dread Kills. His plan is to "help" the Police force the disbandment of these gangs. He will then scoop up the best of their members to join his gang.

FROSTBITE



Race: Werewolf

STR: 24-39-49

DEX: 28-38-48

FIT: 27

INT: 30

WILL: 23

Max Humanity: 28

Humanity Damage Modifier: +4

PER: 12-22-32

ATT: 23-0-0

LUCK: 139

HTH: 5-8-10

SP: 166

Edges: Armor (20), Drain (pain), Claws, Aura Sight, Lupine form, Lycanthropic form, Photogenics, Sense Acuity, Weather Control (110)

Skills: Automatic Rifle, Knife, Streetfighting, Driving, Intimidation, Meteorology, Motorcycles, Seduction, Sign Language

Faction: The Limbo Wolves, Leader of

Description: The albino Werewolf known as FrostBite presents a uniquely threatening sight in any form. In human form, his extensive tattoos show starkly against his pure white skin. Dark glasses shield his weak eyes from the sun.

Possessions: Sawed-off Shotgun (Damage Potential=20), Spiked Gloves (Damage Potential=5 or 8), Wrap-around sunglasses, Heavy boots, Leather vest and jeans, Harley-Davidson Powerhouse; \$100 carried at all times

Profile: FrostBite runs a gang empire that stretches from Cleveland to Chicago (Detroit included). FrostBite has made significant inroads in all these towns, and controls most of the gang activity in Toledo, Ohio, and Evanston and Gary, Indiana. Windsor, however, has resisted his attempts altogether. He still has problems with relations with the independent gangs in each city, like the Tattoos in Chicago or the High-Hats in Detroit. He plans to deal with these gangs by "helping" the Police the way he does in Cleveland.

His rough manner and appearance hide a mind with a keen instinct for crime. He has been courted by the Complex, the Morningstar Corporation, and even the Mafia. He has refused them all. FrostBite is doing quite well on his own, Jack.

When he is happy, which often involves someone else's death, he whistles the refrain from Richard Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries."

IMPORTANT NON-PLAYER CHARACTERS

FITZGERALD

Race: Goblynne

STR: 18

DEX: 28

FIT: 13

INT: 25

WILL: 19

Max Humanity: 61

Humanity Damage Modifier: -1

Edges: Armor (5), Drain (life force), Invisibility, Photogenics

Skills: Knife, Club, Business (Criminal, 80), City Knowledge (Cleveland), Disguise, Law (90), Lying, Persuasion, Smuggling

Faction: Strictly Neutral

Description: Fitzgerald has gone to great lengths to disguise his Goblynnish ancestry. He has had his normally protuberant canines filed down to a normal length and wears his hair long to hide the unusual size of his ears. When meeting with a herd, he keeps the lights

Cleveland: Fire on the Lake

low so no one can tell his skin really is black. He favors conservative suits, tailored to his smaller stature.

Possessions: .38 Special (Damage Potential=15), Fujitaki Portable (486-60 PC with 1 gigabyte Laser Drive), Economy Automobile

Profile: The Head of a small community of Goblynnes in Cleveland and the surrounding areas, Fitzgerald makes his daily bread (that which he doesn't steal) as an information broker. The services he renders are expensive, but very fast and accurate. He remains neutral, and has ties to organized crime. He can supply PCs with weapons of almost any sort with a day's notice (his prices will be about 20% more than those listed in NightLife). Fitzgerald has a legal identity as Fitzgerald Goebel, a Cleveland Lawyer.

THE COMMUNE

Since both the Complex and Morningstar Corporation have such a low profile presence (and Red Moonrise, no presence at all), the Cleveland cell is mostly reactive to activities by gangs like the ManHandlers or the Limbo Wolves.

LONG GONE TOM

Race: Vampyre

STR: 50	PER: 19
DEX: 39	ATT: 27
FIT: 21	LUCK: 189
INT: 23	HTH: 10
WILL: 23	SP: 210

Max Humanity: 80

Humanity Damage Modifier: -9

Edges: Armor (10), Drain (blood), Claws, Batform, Mesmerize (30), Nocturnal Vision, Photogenics, Raform, Wolfform

Skills: Rifle, Brewing, City Knowledge (Cleveland & Medieval Krakow), Farming, History (Poland), Horsemanship, Language (Polish), Theology (Catholic Doctrine), Trivia (Classical Composers)

Faction: Commune

Description: Long Gone Tom is a stout man, apparently in his early fifties. His full beard and long white hair give him the look of an Old Testament prophet. He usually dresses in plain black suits. If he's feeling nostalgic, he may wear his priest's collar.

Possessions: Shotgun (Damage Potential=20), Mid-size automobile, Boombox with CDs of Classical music

Profile: Long Gone Tom, formerly Father Tomas Lyganziew of rural Poland, worked for humanity in his life. He has continued to do so for the almost five hundred years of his unlife. He has learned to balance the pious and feral aspects of his nature and to use his Edges to maximum effectiveness. This philosophy allows him to use his Edges at one-half Humanity cost. He is also special in another regard: he takes no damage from holy objects, and has a -40 modifier on his WILL Roll to fight Repulsion from holy objects.

HEARTSTOPPER

Race: Inuit

STR: 31	PER: 33
DEX: 11	ATT: 24
FIT: 40	LUCK: 110
INT: 16	HTH: 6
WILL: 26	SP: 150

Max Humanity: 87

Humanity Damage Modifier: -3 from fire

Edges: Armor (15), Drain (life force), Claws (80), Induce Heart Attack (90), Infection, Invisibility (90), Photogenics

Skills: Automatic Rifle, Pistol, City Knowledge (Cleveland), Streetwise

Faction: Commune

Description: HeartStopper is a tall Amerindian with harsh features, deep set eyes, and a traditional Mohawk. He wears a feather tied into the tail of the Mohawk. Feathers also dangle from his earrings and the fringes on the leather jacket he constantly wears.

Possessions: M-16 (Damage Potential=30), Five 30 round magazines of ammo (.223), 9 mm Beretta (Damage Potential=15), Leather Jacket, Leather jeans, Cowboy Boots

Profile: A grim Inuit, HeartStopper is easily the most volatile member of the Cleveland Commune cell. Both Long Gone Tom and Electric Revlon tend to wait until something happens to act. HeartStopper favors taking the initiative in trying to wipe out gangs like the ManHandlers. Frustrated with his cell members, he has considered quitting the Commune and joining the Failsafe Coalition. HeartStopper's power source is an oak in Lakeview Cemetery. At only 90 years of age, he is far younger than the tree.

ELECTRIC REVOL

Race: Shocker

STR: 29	PER: 9
DEX: 19	ATT: 5
FIT: 34	LUCK: 56
INT: 40	HTH: 6
WILL: 29	SP: 90

Max Humanity: 70

Humanity Damage Modifier: -2

Edges: Armor (10), Drain (bioelectricity, 90), Claws (70), Aura sight

Skills: Club (50), Martial Arts (Soft, 60), Martial Arts (Hard, 90), Throwing (Shuriken, 70), Wing Chi (80), City Knowledge (Cleveland, New York), Fashion Sense (90), Profession (Teaching), Scavenging, Streetwise

Faction: Commune

Description: Electric Revlon is a petite lady, with delicate bones that give her a childlike look. Her skin was fair, but is now blotched with black from hemorrhages. She wears heavy makeup to hide these discolorations. Her hair always sticks out in all directions and she dyes it in shades of purple, rose, and bone. She complements her hair by wearing a purple and rose blouse, black jeans, and a bone colored trench coat.

Possessions: Fancy wardrobe, Makeup kit, Nunchuka (Damage=16), 9 Shuriken (Damage=8, Range=10 feet)

Profile: A simple electrical fire ended Yvette Fitzsimmons's life. The next night, the martial arts instructor awoke in the morgue and escaped into the New York night. Luckily for the newborn Shock, the first person she ran into was Nervous Joe Ganglia of the Headbangers. He took her under his wing and educated her in the ways of the Kin. Taking the *nom de guerre* Electric Revlon, she joined the Headbangers, eventually advancing to second in command before moving to Cleveland and joining the Commune. She is close friends with Long Gone Tom, but is frightened of HeartStopper. Possessing a Black Belt in Karate, and competent at Judo and Wing Chi, Electric Revlon despairs the use of weapons, other than her traditional ones.

TARGET ALPHA

The position of the Agency in Cleveland is a very touchy one. If anyone ever found out who the operatives were, their life expectancies would be measured in minutes.

In the early 80's, Target Alpha became aware of FrostBite and approached him using the soft option. The attempt provoked nothing but a scornful laugh. The operatives then attempted a hard option. The result of this was FrostBite putting a bounty on the heads (or any other parts of the anatomy) of the operatives that could be delivered to him. Faced with either open warfare with every gang in Cleveland or retreat, Target Alpha retreated. It was 1988 before they dared place another operative, but the operative they placed was one of the best.

HAROLD SMITH

Field Operations, Codename: Cypher

Race: Human

STR: 23	PER: 29
DEX: 27	ATT: 10
FIT: 26	LUCK: 95
INT: 29	HTH: 5
WILL: 24	SP: 121

Magic Ability: 29

Max Humanity: 65

Skills: Club, Knife, Pistol, Rifle, Streetfighting (100), Administration, City Knowledge (Cleveland, New York, Washington, Berlin, Warsaw, Moscow), Computer Operation, Cryptology, Fear Resistance (90), First Aid, Language (German, French, Russian, Polish), Kin Lore, Stealth (100), Tailing

Faction: Target Alpha, Security Clearance 3

Description: In the lingo of the intelligence business, Smith is a gray man. People who meet him can't remember what he looks like three minutes after he has left. This is exactly the way Smith likes it. A perfect and deliberate wallflower, he tends to fade out of people's perceptions easily. Given his dicey position, his anonymity might be the only trick keeping him alive.

Possessions: GPS Transceiver, Daedalus II with Microwave Link and Laser Scanner, Thermovision Glasses, Ultraviolet Laser, .22 Rifle (Damage

Potential=10), 9 mm Pistol (Damage Potential=15), 9 Silver Throwing Knives (Damage=10)

Profile: A former CIA man, Harold Smith has changed identities so many times over the years he has almost forgotten his real name. He is an expert with a wide range of weapons, and is capable of turning virtually anything into a weapon. Smith once killed a man with a quarter (after filing the edge to razor sharpness). FrostBite doesn't scare him, nor do any other Kin, for that matter.

THE COMPLEX

The Complex has kept a very low profile in Cleveland ever since FrostBite slaughtered the representatives sent to recruit him. They would like revenge on this upstart, but have been unable to find any way to get at him.

AMBER SCREAM

Race: Data Haunt

STR: 0	PER: 27
DEX: 24	ATT: 0
FIT: 26	LUCK: 25
INT: 31	HTH: 0
WILL: 29	SP: 51

Max Humanity: 50

Humanity Damage Modifier: 0

Edges: Drain (bioelectricity), Invisibility, Possession

Skills: City Knowledge (Cleveland, Washington, New York), Computer Operation, Computer Programming, Electronics

Faction: Complex

Description: Like all Data Haunts, Amber Scream appears as a humanoid pillar of glowing energy. She usually makes this pillar in the shape of a woman.

Possessions: none

Profile: No one has been able to determine whether Data Haunts have a real gender identity, but Amber usually adopts a female persona. A key operative in many of the Complex's schemes in the past, Amber Scream holds the rank of Bishop. Her task in Cleveland is to alter the payroll programs of some of Cleveland's major corporations. These programs funnel money to the Complex without the corporations' knowledge. Ironically, one of the corporations being stung in this manner is Prince Options, a subsidiary of the Morningstar Corporation.

THE MORNINGSTAR CORPORATION

With the collapse of the steel industry, Cleveland has hit hard times. It might have a chance to get back on its feet using some other form of industry, if it weren't for the economic might of the Morningstar Corporation. Operating from behind the cover of Prince Options, a stock brokerage, Morningstar manages to keep the various other corporations in Cleveland from giving that city too much financial aid. They are presently interested in making Cleveland unattractive for Fujitaki Software.

CHICAGO: THE SECOND CITY



One and One is Two,
 Two and Two is Four,
 I'm heading North,
 Baby, I'm booked, I gotta go
 Crying Baby
 Honey, Don'ch you wanna go
 Back from the land of California
 to my Sweet Home Chicago?"

Robert Johnson, *Sweet Home Chicago*

It can be argued whether the "land of California" might still be better than "Sweet Home Chicago," but the residents of that city definitely think it's the best to be found between the coasts. While no match for the sprawl of New York or Los Angeles, Chicago proper stretches for over twenty-nine miles along the lower end of Lake Michigan. Some of the large cities nearby, like Evanston, have practically become suburbs of this Midwest giant. They serve to extend its waterfront by another fifteen miles.

Population: 3,415,010

There were a couple of hundred nightclubs in Chicago, but the Greek Bath House was the only one that could claim to have once been exactly what its current name was. The Athena Bath House had gone out of business in the 1920's and stood empty until the early 90's, when Morris Greenbaum bought it. He cleaned it up, and realized that the tiles made for great acoustics. He promptly installed a sound system, lights, and viola!, a new dance club opened.

Red Eddie knew all this, more or less, but really didn't care. The decay that had crept in on little cat's feet over the past half decade appealed to him, however. If anyone needed confirmation on why the Kin should rule the world, they need only take a peek at the regulars at the Bath House. He shrugged. They'd all be dead in sixty

years. The stitched together flesh that rode over his bones would go on forever.

Red Eddie couldn't know that at that point, his forever was about four minutes away. He glanced at the band on stage, some collegiate schmucks from Chicago University, playing what they thought was punk rock. Pit Bull and the Babies. Of all the silly names for a band. It made him nostalgic for the seventies, when punks would put safety pins through their noses on stage.

Suddenly, he felt the need to wander. The Bath House still had lots of rooms, a leftover from its original design. Red Eddie decided to see what was happening far from the noisy crowd.

The first room he wandered into was empty. Boring.

In the next room, he discovered a couple making out in one corner. Mucho more interesting, but voyeurism had never been Eddie's style. He moved on.

There were two groups of about four people each in the last room he entered. They were druggies, he saw that in a flash. They were huddled around a pair of tables, and had obviously just shot up. He spotted a pile of some sparkling crystals on a mirror, but they looked too coarse for cocaine. He also noticed a little stoppered vial with more of the crystals inside. He had decided to wander elsewhere when one of the druggies looked in his direction and yelled.

"It's a monster!"

There are times when fast reactions can betray you. This was one of those times. Red Eddie spun on his heel to run, too fast. He went down face first.

All eight users attacked him.

In a fight, the average Kin can take a human apart at the joints and simultaneously read the evening newspaper. Red Eddie, unfortunately for him, was still young, and had not come into his full power.

These people were inhumanly strong. He rolled, lashing out at one of his attackers with a steel-toed boot. He could feel teeth collapse under the assault.

The man he had kicked didn't even blink.

Chicago: The Second City

Three were trying to get at his throat. The other five were intent on pulling him in different directions, all at the same time. The climax of Day of the Dead crossed Eddie's mind.

He did manage to throw one off, a hair salon blonde, maybe all of sixteen. Her head made a cracking noise when it hit the wall. It didn't help.

His right arm gave way. The threads that held his forearm to his upper arm snapped. His attacker stumbled backward in clumsy surprise, clutching his unexpected trophy.

"How am I going to play the guitar left handed?" passed through Eddie's mind. His next thought was more practical. "I'm going to die."

Then he did. The person who had been pulling at his left leg hauled it away with a wet sucking sound as the tissue gave way. His left arm came off at the shoulder, trailing strands of muscle and thick black thread.

With three pairs of hands pulling on it, his head popped off and rolled across the slick tiles.

Eddie had a few seconds remaining as his brain ate its last oxygen. In those seconds, he was treated to the unique sight of his own body being torn apart and trampled by the drug users.

Their eyes were shining with the frenzy of their hatred.

His own eyes went blank.

The room's floor was still covered in tiles and slightly bowed to let water drain away. There was blood in copious amounts, but it drained away as easily.

Down to the metal grating in the center of the room. In the grooves between the tiles.

In tiny, red eddies.

HISTORY

What would one day become Chicago was established around 1773 by a French Trader named Jean Baptiste Point Du Sable. An army fort was built in Dearborn to protect the Chicago River. It did provide some security, but not enough to prevent the inhabitants of both fort and settlement from being slaughtered in 1812 by the Potawatomi Indians. Chicago was rebuilt in 1816, but did not begin to prosper until the last Indians were removed in 1832.

Between 1837 and 1849, the coming of river canals and the railroads gave Chicago's growth a major boost. The immigrants arriving at this same time provided the labor force for the burgeoning industrial giant.

The Great Fire in 1871 destroyed almost a third of the city, but reconstruction went quickly, marred only by labor unrest. This unrest led to incidents like the bloody Haymarket Square Riot. The city's turbulent existence got no calmer as it entered the twentieth century.

Prohibition, which limited sales of alcohol, started at Midnight, January 16, 1920. One side effect of this wrongheaded attempt to curb America's thirst for booze was the rise of speakeasies controlled by organized crime.

Crime, bolstered by the profits acquired by sales of bootleg liquor, flourished. Violence made celebrities of such gangsters as "Scarface" Al Capone and Louie "Legs"

Diamond. That violence racked Chicago until Prohibition's repeal in 1933. It had reached its crescendo in 1929 with the St. Valentine's Day Massacre.

The Kin first started infiltrating Chicago during this time. The financial bases of both the Complex and the Morningstar Corporation were broadened by their involvement in bootlegging. This period also saw the rise of the Tattoos, the gang that would later become Chicago's chief proponents of street crime.

After 1950, many plans were implemented to alleviate the urban decay that was settling into Chicago's bones, but all failed.

The 1960's brought unrest to the country. Much of the trouble was spotlighted during the trial of Jerry Rubin, Abbie Hoffman, and the rest of the Chicago Seven. Arrested for disrupting the 1968 Democratic convention, the defendants became symbols of the radical Counterculture. Rubin scraped a lot of nerves raw with his shirt. It was button down. It was sewn from an American flag.

The seventies and eighties passed in relative quiet, though Chicago's economy faltered with the rest of the Midwest. Its economy got a shot in the arm in 1991. In response to the outrageous prices charged by movie studios in New York, film makers began shooting in Chicago. Several movies were lensed in the Windy City, with plans for more.

Many of these plans were disrupted by the so-called Block Fire of the mid-nineties that destroyed thirty square blocks in the Loop Area. The effects of the conflagration, the cause of which has never been discovered, were made even worse by an inexplicable failure in the water supply. All told, some eight hundred people died during the three day fire.

In the nineties, Chicago experienced an influx of immigrants after the first wave that hit New York. This wave was followed by more than a few observant Kin who noticed that this would up the number of available food sources.

Chicago's government has always been legendary in its corruption. In the past few years, it has become even worse. The Complex has usurped its control by a combination of bought influences, blackmail, and the occasional Domination. This has spawned some unlikely alliances between the Commune, the Failsafe Coalition, gangs like the Limbo Wolves, and even the Morningstar Corporation. None of these groups want to see the country's third largest city under the Complex's control.

ATMOSPHERE

Chicago has been called the "Biggest little town" in the country and has striven to be worthy of that title. Chicagoans are proud of their city, and get upset when someone reminds them that Los Angeles is now also called America's Second City. Otherwise, the average Chicagoan is a happy person and one willing to help a stranger in a jam.

WEATHER

Wind defines the weather in Chicago. In the summer the breeze off Lake Michigan cools the city, but can send temperatures dropping far below zero in the depths of January and February. Springs are almost always short, but Falls are usually beautiful with moderate temperatures.

Average Temperature, January: 21 F

April: 49 F

July: 72 F

October: 53 F

Average Days with Rain: 127

Average Snowfall (Annual): 38"

ANNUAL EVENTS

Chicago Auto Show: An event where all the proud owners of antique cars from all over the Midwest trot out their machines to show off.

Jazz Festival: If you go the Jazz Festival, expect to hear a lot more than just Jazz. Rock (of the down and dirty variety), Blues, and Reggae also take their place on the bill. Held in July, the Festival draws music lovers from all over the country.

International Art Exposition: An all-encompassing art show, the occurrence of which has helped cement Chicago's place as the second U.S. city of the Arts.

St. Patrick's Day Weekend: With Chicago's large Irish-descended population, it should come as no surprise that St. Patrick's is a time for festivals and parades. The unique aspect about the city's celebration, however, has to be when they dye the Chicago River green.

SPORTS

Most Chicagoans share one common trait: they love their sports. If the White Sox are playing in the afternoon, one can expect to find everyone who can fit stuffed into New Comiskey Park to watch the spectacle. In Chicago, absenteeism from work to see a game isn't negligence, it's patriotism. Anyway, your boss is probably there too.

Since the late 1980's, The success of the Chicago Bulls basketball team has overshadowed the city's other Sports clubs. However, one should remember the Chicago Bears football team, and the Cubs and White Sox, the city's beloved baseball teams.

THE NEWS

Chicago is home to several newspapers, with the Tribune being the most famous, followed closely by the Sun-Times. The City can also get its information by way of the Wall Street Journal (Midwest edition), the Chicago Reader, or Crain's Chicago Business. Those whose business desires are of an earthier sort can consult the Windy City Informer or the Second City News.

PUBLIC TRANSPORTATION

THE EL

In spite of, or perhaps because of, their predilection for building basement under basement, Chicagoans have

never been fond of travelling underground. Instead, they have elevated trains, called the El in common lingo. The El's varied paths can take one all over the city for a flat \$1.00.

REGIONAL TRANSIT AUTHORITY AND CHICAGO TRANSIT AUTHORITY

Chicago has two city-run bus lines. Both the RTA and the CTA travel to all parts of the city. Fares are seventy-five cents per transfer, and exact change is required.

COMMUTER HELICOPTER

This is still strictly a status symbol for the very rich. While cheaper than New York's helicopter system, at only eighty dollars a trip, most Chicagoans aren't in enough of a hurry to use it.

LOCALES

Something has to be known about Chicago's neighborhoods: they all have active crime watches. Granted, the efficiency varies from neighborhood to neighborhood. Areas like Cabrini Green may not have a good one, but areas like Hyde Park, or the Gold Coast, will have tight, around-the-clock security.

An interesting feature about virtually every building in the following areas arose because early on, Chicago ran out of room to expand. So It built both up and down. Most buildings have a basement and at least one sub-basement. Many have more, often unknown to the current residents.

From the Chicago Tribune, October 13, 1991

Two Chicago citizens are dead in the aftermath of a tragic accident. Brent Kolson and May Condon appear to have been planning on turning their basement into a rec room when they discovered a sub-basement behind what they thought was an empty wall. Exploring this previously unknown part of their property, they appear to have fallen through into yet another sub-basement, where they became trapped and died of starvation. Police refuse to comment on rumors that the bodies were mutilated and appear to have been partially devoured.

Bridgeport: A very Irish neighborhood. The Daleys, Chicago's unofficial ruling dynasty, hail from this part of the city.

Calumet District: A port area on the South Side of the city.

Chinatown: Directly opposite the juncture of the Chicago and North and South Branch Rivers lies Chicago's Chinatown. A thriving community, it is home to thirty thousand first and second generation Chinese. The North Branch Mutants have their main base here, as does the Chinese street gang The Ninjas.

Chicago Heights: An industrial suburb that produces car parts, paints, electrical equipment, and other technological items. Its residential population is small and decidedly blue collar in flavor.

Chicago: The Second City

Gold Coast: Located on Lakeshore Drive, the Gold coast is the most exclusive neighborhood in the city. It also has the most extensive crimewatch. Many of the city's lawyers and politicians live in this area.

Halstead: Much like the Garment District in New York, Halstead is always swarming with pedestrian traffic come to sample the city's best soul food restaurants and pawnshops.

Hyde Park: Hyde Park is the most densely populated part of the city. It is also home to many restaurants that all share two traits. All look horribly rundown, and all serve great food.

Koreatown: In the West Loop, Koreatown has become the new home for several thousand Korean refugees.

Lakeshore Drive: Running the length of the city by the shore (as the name suggests), Lakeshore Drive passes through some of the best and worst parts of Chicago.

The Loop: The business center of the city, where the Sears Tower is located. The Loop also encloses the State, Oak, and Michigan Avenues, lined with the most *chic* stores in Chicago. State Street especially is a source of pride to Chicago. An open air mall, it is paved with a beautiful variety of brickwork. To preserve the paving as much as possible, the city has made it accessible only to buses and taxis.

Pilsen: A mostly Hispanic neighborhood enclosed by the West Loop. Pilsen is almost completely controlled by the Tattoos gang.

Polonia: A mostly Polish neighborhood in Western Chicago.

River North: Derided as Yuppie North by the Kin, River North is home to innumerable art galleries, antique dealers, interior design studios, and more specialty shops than you can shake a credit card at. It is home to some of the city's hottest nightspots, however, including the Cafe Heavy Music, a Fat Thursday's, and the city's hottest new dance spot, Shaker's.

South Side: The slums of Chicago. In many places, the South Side makes New York's Bowery look like a Club Med.

University of Chicago: Located in Jackson Park, Chicago's premier university has on its grounds such important research facilities as the Enrico Fermi Institute for Nuclear Studies, the Oriental Institute, and the Yerkes Observatory. It is also home to the University of Chicago Press, one of the leading collegiate publishers in the country.

Vietnamtown: Located in the northern part of the West Loop near Chinatown, Vietnamtown is home to several thousand Vietnamese immigrants.

West Chicago: A clumping of several neighborhoods made up of families of mostly Ukrainian, Sicilian, and Lithuanian background. This provides an interesting mix of spices and cultures.

West Loop/Near Southwest: It hasn't recovered from the Block Fire, but this rundown area is where most of the city's 20,000 college students reside, not to mention a variety of different ethnicities. It is also home to most of the city's Kin. The Squat,

Absolutely Blues, and Wacky Jack's are all located in this area.

POINTS OF INTEREST

AIRPORTS



Chicago has three airports: O'Hare International, Midway, and Meigs Field. O'Hare is the largest and best known of the three. Midway, located in the middle of the southern part of the city, has the honor of being Chicago's first airport. Meigs Field is located on a small island by Soldier Field, and can only land small planes. Even with this restriction, there are several accidental water landings every year.

BLOCK FIRE MEMORIAL PARK

Opened as a memorial to those who died in the second worst fire in Chicago history.

BROOKFIELD ZOO

Home to 2300 different animals, this expansive animal reserve is conveniently (for the Kin) located near the West Loop.

SEARS TOWER

At 103 stories, the Sears Tower really is the world's tallest building, even though the Japanese are trying to build the world's first 200 story skyscraper in Tokyo. From the summit, one can see to five different states.

WRIGLEY FIELD

Home to the Chicago Cubs. If anyone had any doubts about Chicago's support of its sports, just count the number of businessmen that show up for the Cubs' daytime games. Balls, of course, often get hit into the stands. It is one of Wrigley's odder traditions that the person who catches it does not keep the ball, but throws it back to the Players.

WABASH STREET

This is a truly strange street. It is a double decker highway with traffic that goes both directions on both levels. Still more confusing, it has exit and entry ramps on both levels. Even experienced drivers find it easy to get

confused. It is also constantly under construction, so detours and closed sections of road add to the fun.

NEW COMISKEY PARK

Most of the old park, former home of the White Sox, was torn down in mid-1991. A skywalk still connects the new facility to the office section of the old park, which escaped destruction. The ruins of Old Comiskey are now a favorite spot for drug salesmen.

THE MAGNIFICENT MILE

Also known as Michigan Avenue, the Magnificent Mile is home to some of the fanciest stores outside of New York.

NIGHTSPOTS

Chicago is a city rich in musical traditions, a recognized center for Jazz, Blues, and Resurrection. The South Side of the City is alive with clubs catering to every musical taste. Following are some of the favored nightspots of the Chicago Kin.

VALENTINE'S DAY MASSACRE

A loud, rude, and occasionally lewd punk bar that consistently brings in the best alternative bands on tour. Groups like The Georges, L2K, and HellStorm have all played the Massacre in the past year.

JACK & THE RIGHTEOUS MUSIC MAN

A Reggae club popular with students at the University of Chicago.

ABSOLUTELY BLUES

A blues club located in the West Loop, Absolutely Blues defines the word "dive." A single cramped room, its floor is littered with debris, and its counters are black with fifty years worth of grease and spilled beers. Rickety bar stools are the only available seating, and the lighting is poor. The music, however, is the best.

Customers put up with the shabby surroundings because Delta Slim, the owner, books only the best acts. When those aren't available, he steps into the spotlight with his own band, the Dead Shrimp Blues Band.

THE SQUAT

The existence of the Squat is a secret held dearly by anti-human Kin. It is also one which brings a sneer of distaste to the lips of pro-human ones. Like a giant roach motel, Humans go into the Squat but they don't come out. The only house left on a block that got hit hard by the Block Fire, the Squat is a big, condemned mansion, its outside walls defaced with obscene graffiti. Inside, there is a dance floor, a stage, and a killing ground for any humans the crowd has a mind to slaughter. The bodies are dumped in the nearby Chicago River. The Squat is run by Duet, an animate, and serves as headquarters for the Suicides.

WACKY JACK'S

From Second City News, Friday March 13, 1992

Wacky Jack's celebrated its fifth anniversary last night with a massive benefit jam featuring local bands like War Zone, CyberGrunge, and Circle of One. More than \$2000 was raised, slated to aid the Homeless, the favorite charity of owner "Wacky Jack" DeVores. Anyone interested in alternative music should check out this wonderful bar. Jack may be wacky, but he has a good heart and great taste in music.

Wacky Jack may have a good heart, but it hasn't beaten since 1910. As can be seen in the clipping, his is not a Kin only bar. Rather, much like the Magic Bus, it is a gathering place for all people.

GANGS



NORTH BRANCH MUTANTS

Membership: Mixed Kin and Crowleyes, approximately 120

Orientation: Neutral

Colors: a medallion with a radiation symbol on it.

Current Face: 79

Turf: The Neighborhood west of the juncture of the Chicago, North, and South Rivers

Base: A house overlooking the river

Initiation: Find a new customer for the Mutants' drug trade.

Description: The North Branch Mutants maintain control over the extortion and drug sales in their part of the West Loop. There, they have created a small fortress out of an abandoned tenement to sell their drugs. This tenement also serves as home to those members who are susceptible to sunlight. DeathClown, the gang's leader, maintains his apartments on the top floor.

Chicago: The Second City

DEATHCLOWN

Race: Vampyre

STR: 45

DEX: 22

FIT: 31

INT: 17

WILL: 27

Max Humanity: 32

Humanity Damage Modifier: +6

Edges: Armor (10), Drain (blood), Claws, Mesmerize, Mistform, Nocturnal Vision

Skills: Pistol, Streetfighting, Acting, Business (Criminal), History (Circuses), Intimidation, Mime

Faction: North Branch Mutants, Leader of

Description: Even among the Kin DeathClown is regarded as an oddity. Few have ever seen his face without its grease paint, complete with red nose and a puffy orange topknot. His extraordinary height and thinness, however, betray any humor in his appearance. A friend once commented that his makeup reminded him of a smiley button on top of a switchblade knife.

Possessions: Makeup kit, Black Leather trench coat with a variety of band logos painted on it, .22 Pistol (Damage Potential=10), \$50 in small bills

Profile: DeathClown found a travelling circus the perfect cover for his predations. After several years, that idyllic situation ended when the Ringmaster of the circus became suspicious. DeathClown left and settled in Chicago, quickly becoming leader of the North Beach Mutants. Despite his grisly name and threatening appearance, DeathClown has shown no real hatred for Humanity. He has, in fact, led the Mutants in combat with the Suicides. DeathClown has a pet Gorehound named Barnum.

THE SUICIDES

Membership: Various, approximately 50

Orientation: Red Moonrise offshoot

Colors: Morgue tag worn on left wrist

Current Face: 47

Turf: University of Chicago area, north of East Randolph Street.

Base: The Squat

Initiation: Committing Suicide

Description: The Suicides have only a small turf, but the loose money spread by the students at the University keep their coffers full. Radically anti-Human, the members have turned the self-hated that once led them to their deaths against Humanity. They are easily the most dangerous gang in Chicago after the Tattoos.

BLENDER

Race: Ekimu

STR: 44

DEX: 48

FIT: 29

INT: 31

WILL: 12

Max Humanity: 23

Humanity Damage Modifier: +2

PER: 25

ATT: 16

LUCK: 123

HTH: 9

SP: 154

Edges: Armor (10), Drain (fear), Claws, Fear Projection

Skills: Automatic Rifle, Knife, Wrestling, Disguise,

Fashion sense, Seduction, Stealth

Faction: The Suicides/Red Moonrise

Description: Blender is an unusually ravaged Ekimu, having died in a gruesome manner and then lying in repose for several years before his resurrection. Only his undead state keeps him together at all. He is little more than a humanoid mass of putrescent flesh, raw muscle, and shattered bone. Blender always wears heavy clothes and a long coat to hide his appearance. The clothing, sad to say, does nothing to hide the stench his body emits.

Possessions: Heavy Overcoat, Embroidered silk scarf, Wide-brimmed hat Uzi (Damage Potential=30) with 3 clips of Ammo, Gloves, 1 bottle cologne

Profile: For some, the near immortality of the kin is a horrible curse. Take the case of Blender, a young Hispanic who tried to commit suicide by jumping under the wheels of an elevated train. His guilt-ridden family kept their vow of vigilance for four years before becoming lax. Their breaking of their vow resurrected Blender, whose mind snapped when he beheld his mangled and severely rotted new appearance. He swore vengeance on his family, then widened the sphere of his hatred to include all life.

THE TATTOOS

Membership: Various ethnic backgrounds, approximately 300

Orientation: Neutral, self-interested

Colors: Tattoo of a Wolverine on right forearm

Current Face: 198

Turf: 38 square blocks in the West Loop, enclosing most of the Pilsen neighborhood.

Base: Bobby Jo's, a bar owned by a former Tattoo

Initiation: Running a gauntlet of 20 members attacking with brass knuckles, getting the Wolverine tattoo.

Description: The Tattoos were established back in the 1930's. They are the undisputed lords of Chicago's gang scene, having the largest membership and controlling the most turf. They also have the best network of drugs, guns, protection, and extortion. They are constantly under the scrutiny of the Chicago Gang Activity Task Force (CGATF). Word on the street has it that FrostBite is eager to add the Tattoos to his empire. He plans to infect Smiley, the current leader, seeing him as a more valuable deputy than current Chicago Limbo Wolves leader CW Kill U.

LUIS "SMILEY" COSTARACAS

Race: Human

STR: 12

DEX: 18

FIT: 11

INT: 12

WILL: 16

Magic Ability: 13

Max Humanity: 42

Skills: Knife, Pistol, Streetfighting, Business (Criminal), City Knowledge (Chicago, South Side),

Driving, Language (Spanish, 30), Motorcycles, Streetwise

Faction: The Tattoos

Description: *From the Chicago Gang Activity Task Force files:* Luis "Smiley" Costaracas is tall and dark skinned, with black hair worn long and wild. He has his nickname because of an ugly scar on right cheek that pulls up the right side of his mouth in a permanent sneer. He is known to run his finger along this scar when thinking.

Possessions: Switchblade (Damage=7), .22 Pistol (Damage Potential=10), Brass Knuckles (Damage=5), Harley-Davidson Emperor

Profile: Smiley is bad news. A veteran of street violence, he gained control of the Tattoos by running their gauntlet, then turning and running it again, to finish by killing the previous leader. Smiley is said to be very lucky (one needs to be lucky to survive as head of the Tattoos). If the rumor of a contract set by FrostBite turns out to be true, his luck may have just run out.

THE LIMBO WOLVES

Membership: Various, approximately 70

Orientation: Neutral to Anti-Human

Colors: Black kerchief imprinted with white snowflakes

Current Face: 57

Turf: 21 blocks in the West Loop

Base: An abandoned tenement on Fairport Avenue

Initiation: interrogation by CW Kill U

Description: Another gang under FrostBite's control, the Chicago branch of the Limbo Wolves have been unable to match the success of that gang's branches in Detroit or Cleveland. This is due to the lackluster leadership of CW Kill U. The Chicago Limbo Wolves often clash with the Tattoos and the North Branch Mutants. They are usually beaten, losing both turf and Face.

CW KILL U

Race: Withered Man

STR: 18	PER: 16
DEX: 16	ATT: 14
FIT: 65	LUCK: 52
INT: 10	HTH: 4
WILL: 47	SP: 117

Max Humanity: 50

Humanity Damage Modifier: 0

Edges: Armor (10), Drain (body heat)

Skills: Automatic Rifle, Knife, Pistol, City Knowledge (Chicago), Driving, History (Vietnam War), Parking, Scavenging, Streetwise

Faction: Limbo Wolves

Description: CW was an old man when he died, which he does his best to disguise. He has dyed his formerly gray hair a lustrous black and uses a generous amount of makeup to de-emphasize his wrinkles. He normally dresses in jeans, a ripped up T-shirt, and an army jacket he found in the trash.

Possessions: Army jacket, Motorcycle, Combat Knife (Damage=11), AK-47 (Damage Potential=30), Saturday Night Special (Damage Potential=15)

Profile: FrostBite's deputy in Chicago, CW Kill U is a Vietnam veteran and a Withered Man of unusual strength and intelligence. He would claim exclusive leadership of the Chicago Limbo Wolves if not for his intrinsic fear of FrostBite's Weather Control Edge.

IMPORTANT NON-PLAYER CHARACTERS

DUSABLE

Race: Concrete

STR: 34	PER: 41
DEX: 47	ATT: 39
FIT: 42	LUCK: 228
INT: 56	HTH: 7
WILL: 42	SP: 270

Max Humanity: 50

Humanity Damage Modifier: n/a

Edges: Armor (40), Alter Form, Event Manipulation (150), Instantaneous Travel within Dominion, Omnidiscipline within Dominion, Weapons Immunity (100)

Skills: City Knowledge (West Loop), Kin Etiquette,

Faction: Neutral

Description: DuSable appears as a slim man in his mid-twenties with dark hair and a goatee, dressed casually in leather britches and a handsewn shirt.

Possessions: none

Profile: DuSable's Zone overlaps the turfs of all the major gangs listed in this chapter. The frequent violence keeps him busy trying to keep the battles from overflowing to where the Herd can see them. He is an enemy of Checagou.

CHECAGOUE

Race: Undine

STR: 47	PER: 55
DEX: 43	ATT: 50
FIT: 45	LUCK: 23
INT: 15	HTH: 9
WILL: 37	SP: 68

Max Humanity: 40

Humanity Damage Modifier: n/a

Edges: Armor (40), Alter Form, Event Manipulation (150), Instantaneous Travel within Chicago River, Omnidiscipline within Chicago River, Weapons Immunity (100)

Skills: City Knowledge (Chicago River)

Faction: Neutral (leaning towards Anti-Human)

Description: Checagou appears as an Amerindian woman whose body constantly sheds water. She wears war paint, and her skin is tinged with green, reflecting the permanent discoloration of the waters of the Chicago River.

Possessions: none

Profile: The indiscriminate pollution of Chicago's waters has made Checagou hate humanity. Her anger is fuelled annually by the traditional dying of the Chicago river green on St. Patrick's Day. Checagou has allied herself with Duet and Baby Bunsen. She and DuSable,

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whose Zone overlaps with hers, have hated each other ever since she interfered with the flow of water while fire fighters were trying to control the Block Fire.

THE COMMUNE

Resurrection Mary and her partner Delta Slim have the difficult task of trying to keep the Complex from completely controlling Chicago. Their chances of success appear to be slim.

RESURRECTION MARY

Race: Ghost

STR: 40

DEX: 17

FIT: 27

INT: 18

WILL: 32

Max Humanity: 75

Humanity Damage Modifier: -2

Edges: Armor (20), Drain (fear), Claws (80), Aura Sight, Corporeality (120), Touch of Ice, Weapons Immunity

Skills: Martial Arts (Hard), Pistol, Rifle, City

Knowledge (Chicago, South Side & Resurrection Cemetery), Dancing (40), History (Depression Era Chicago)

Faction: Commune

Description: Resurrection Mary appears as a girl in her late teens, with a fair complexion and light auburn hair worn shoulder length. She favors white leather and silver for her wardrobe.

Possessions: White party dress

Profile: Easily the most famous ghost in Chicago's history, Resurrection Mary was originally confined to Resurrection Cemetery on the South Side. She has become bolder and begun moving around more and more over the years. She simultaneously became more active in Kin politics. She is unusually strong when in corporeal form, and has a mischievous sense of humor. Her relic is her party dress, which she had Delta Slim move to the basement of Absolutely Blues for safekeeping.

From Folklore of the Midwestern States.
Jason Brunner, American Folk Press, 1989.

Other than a handful of "celebrity ghosts," most legends do not give very specific names to their hauntings. Chicago can claim one ghost with a distinct name and personality: Resurrection Mary. Reportedly the spectre of a young woman who died on the way to a dance, she takes her name from the cemetery on the South Side where she has most often been sighted. Mary has the habit of travelling all over the city and then flagging down a young, handsome driver. To this unsuspecting soul, she spills a sob story about needing a ride home. It would take a truly hardhearted person not to want to come to the girl's aid. She usually secures a ride back to the cemetery, where she cheerfully either asks to be dropped off, or just fades away from the passenger seat. She is grateful to her rides, however. A few of them reported that she gives wonderful kisses.

DELTA SLIM

Race: Wyght

STR: 63

DEX: 33

FIT: 32

INT: 22

WILL: 25

Max Humanity: 52

Humanity Damage Modifier: 0

Edges: Armor (10), Drain (youth), Necropathy, Reanimate Dead

Skills: Boxing, Wrestling, City knowledge (Chicago, Montgomery) Musical Instrument, Guitar, Musical Style (Blues)

Faction: Commune

Description: Delta Slim's Afro-American ancestry manifests itself in a darker hue to his skin, giving it an almost charcoal color. He wears his hair short to go with the conservative blue suits he favors.

Possessions: Sunglasses, Blue Suit, Electric Guitar (Fender Stratocaster III), Acoustic Guitar, Portable CD player, CDs (Koko Taylor, Robert Johnson, and Robert Cray), \$30 cash

Profile: The desiccated remains of a handsome Afro-American, Delta Slim came North in the 1930's looking for work in the factories. He became a musician playing juke-joint blues, then a Wyght. He is the owner of Absolutely Blues, a club popular with the Kin.

THE COMPLEX

The Complex has big plans for the second city. They have used a variety of means to gain control of over one third of the city's government officials. It is a situation that makes life difficult for members of the other factions.

BABY BUNSEN



Race: Ghost

STR: 14

DEX: 9

FIT: 11

INT: 30

WILL: 40

Max Humanity: 35

Humanity Damage Modifier: +1

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Edges: Armor (20), Drain (fear), Corporeality, Fear Projection, Flight, Weapons Immunity

Skills: City knowledge (Chicago, West Loop)

Faction: Complex

Description: Baby Bunsen appears as a small child, horribly scorched and blackened. Her face is especially gruesome, with empty eye sockets constantly leaking fluid, and lips pulled back over heat cracked teeth. She still dresses in the crisped remains of the nightgown she was wearing when she died. She knows she could alter her form to one more pleasant, but prefers to remind those around her of her personal reasons for hating humanity.

Possessions: none

Profile: Babette Schmidt, the Ghost known as Baby Bunsen, was only 12 when she died in the Chicago fire. The horrible burns she died of remained in her afterlife, and she blames the thoughtlessness of Humanity for them. A recent addition to Chicago's Complex, Baby Bunsen formerly worked with Red Moonrise. She was a principal in causing the tragic Block Fire that claimed 800. Her relic is a charred teddy bear buried with her body.

DUET



Race: Animate

STR: 28

PER: 18

DEX: 17

ATT: 15

FIT: 31

LUCK: 57

INT: 42

HTH: 6

WILL: 38

SP: 88

Max Humanity: 40

Humanity Damage Modifier: n/a

Edges: Armor (20), Drain (life force), Domination

Skills: Knife, Pistol, Streetfighting, Throwing (Knife, 90), Pistol, Business, City Knowledge (Chicago, West Loop, New York, Lower Manhattan), Motorcycles, Seduction, Torture

Faction: Complex

Description: The owner of the Squat would be a beautiful woman if it weren't for the grotesque appearance

of her head. Duet possesses one-half each of two different heads sewn together. The two halves are quite dissimilar, even having different colors of eyes and hair. She hides some of this by shaving her head and wearing tinted contact lenses, but no amount of makeup can hide the ragged scar that runs down her face. Her figure is voluptuous, if somewhat plump, and unmarked except for a butterfly tattoo on her left breast. This butterfly has a pin stuck through it.

Possessions: Performance Motorcycle (Yamaha Achilles), Denim short-shorts, Fringed Leather chaps, High-heeled boots, See-through shirt, Spiked Gloves (Damage=8), Butcher Knife (Damage=15), Throwing Knife (Damage=11), 9 mm Pistol (Damage=15)

Profile: Duet is the result of an experiment at modifying the creation of a Flesh Animate. She has the intellectual capacities of two brains instead of one. This was accommodated by removal of the lower portions of the brains. Duet has the higher brain functions of two people, but no emotions at all. Even her hatred of a humanity that dragged her back from the rest of the grave is an intellectual exercise.

THE FAILSAFE COALITION

Unlike Washington, Chicago's Commune and Coalition members often work together, though the Coalition would do what the Complex is doing if Wacky Jack DeVores's ethics would allow him to.

WACKY JACK DEVORES



Race: Vampyre

STR: 35

PER: 28

DEX: 25

ATT: 40

FIT: 16

LUCK: 54

INT: 19

HTH: 7

WILL: 16

SP: 70

Max Humanity: 70

Humanity Damage Modifier: -6

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Edges: Armor (5), Drain (blood), Mesmerize, Photogenics

Skills: Automatic Rifle (40), Club, Rifle (40), Alertness, Business, Fashion Sense, Seduction, Music Appreciation, Negotiation

Faction: Failsafe Coalition

Description: Tall and lanky, Wacky Jack looks like the technicolor parody of the Texan he once was. He favors Hawaiian shirts and Bermuda shorts in all weathers. As if that weren't enough, he wears his hair in dreadlocks, each lock a different color.

Possessions: An entire wardrobe of loud clothing, Mini Uzi (Damage Potential=30, Hide=7), Baseball bat (Damage=17), Sawed-off Shotgun (Damage Potential=30)

Profile: Basically a fun loving type, Wacky Jack found that Vampyrism freed him from the drudgery of working in the oil fields of his native Texas. After a brief flirtation with the Complex, his innate love of Humanity drove him to join the Failsafe Coalition. He uses his popularity to advance the Coalition cause in minor ways like helping the Homeless. If he actually has to fight, he uses Uzis and Shotguns. Most of the time, he just looks after his club. He shares an apartment with Icebox, a White Woman, and his partner in the Coalition.

ICEBOX



Race: Elder White Woman

STR: 35	PER: 40
DEX: 40	ATT: 45
FIT: 35	LUCK: 315
INT: 40	HTH: 7
WILL: 45	SP: 350

Max Humanity: 70

Humanity Damage Modifier: -2

Edges: Armor (30), Drain (body heat), Claws (80),

Danger Sense, Locate Human, Weather Control

Skills: Automatic Rifle, Martial Arts (soft, 100) Wing Chi (100) Dancing, Fashion Sense, Language

(French), Musical Instrument (piano), Musical Style (Classical), Seduction

Faction: Failsafe Coalition

Description: Icebox is a tall, slim woman with very pale skin and pearl-gray hair. She emphasizes her stunningly blue eyes with orange-red cosmetics. Her favorite outfit is an ice-blue trench coat over the skimpiest possible lingerie, complemented by thigh-high boots.

Possessions: Trench coat, Lingerie, Boots, AK-47 (Damage Potential=30) with five clips of ammo

Profile: Wacky Jack's roommate, lover, and Coalition co-member is a White Woman hailing from France. She is almost a thousand years old and has witnessed too much of Man's cruelty to let her believe that Mankind can survive on his own. She was once brutally assaulted by Razor of the Complex. Ever since, she has been an implacable enemy of any anti-human Kin, and Nakani in particular. She is much more aggressive than Wacky Jack, a source of friction between the two that would have torn them apart long ago if she could not vent her anger playing frenzied arias on the piano.

THE MORNINGSTAR CORPORATION

The Corporation operates from behind the cover of Miracle Consultations, a financial planning agency.

ROBIN MICHENER



Race: Daemon

STR: 25	PER: 23
DEX: 31	ATT: 26
FIT: 27	LUCK: 23
INT: 28	HTH: 5
WILL: 28	SP: 50

Max Humanity: 40

Humanity Damage Modifier: +3

Edges: Armor (5), Drain (life force), Alter Form (90),

Flight (in true form only), Photogenics, Travel

Skills: Boxing, Martial Arts (Hard), Pistol, Wrestling, Business (Criminal and High Finance), City Knowledge (Chicago), Persuasion, Trivia (Baseball)

Faction: Morningstar Corporation

Description: Built like a quarterback that has gone to seed, Michener is tall and overweight with sloping shoulders. His pleasantly ugly face looks like he has been in one too many fistfights, even if he came out the winner.

Possessions: .44 Automag (Damage Potential=20), Good Suit, Briefcase, Cellular Phone, 1993 Ford Palatial

Profile: Those who know him think he's the best of the Corporate crew. Michener is responsible for approaching the Commune and the Coalition proposing the truce until the Complex's power in Chicago is broken. He is, like most Chicagoans, an avid sports fan. Afternoons often find him at New Comiskey Park enjoying a baseball game.

RED MOONRISE

Though they are not a Red Moonrise gang, the philosophies of the Suicides conform to those of that faction. If you believe the other Kin in Chicago, the Suicides are closer to the Laughter Factory.

TARGET ALPHA

Target Alpha is aware of the blackmail scheme that has netted the Complex so much power in Chicago. The agency is trying to free those being blackmailed by the Complex. Thus far, they have met with failure. In fact, the Complex's stranglehold on Chicago has moved Target Alpha Directorate to an unusual strategy. They have allowed an ENO to be their main operative in Chicago, a rare course for the Agency.

TONY THE RAZOR

Race: Zipperhead

STR: 30	PER: 28
DEX: 25	ATT: 33
FIT: 19	LUCK: 29
INT: 28	HTH: 6
WILL: 23	SP: 48

Max Humanity: 46

Humanity Damage Modifier: 0

Edges: Armor (10), Drain (Kin or human life force), Claws, Invisibility (90)

Skills: Automatic Rifle, Club, Knife, Martial Arts (Hard), Pistol, Administration, Business, City Knowledge (Chicago, Washington, New York), Computer Operation, Fashion Sense, First Aid, Kin Lore, Lying (100), Motorcycles, Seduction, Streetwise, Tailing

Faction: Target Alpha, Security Clearance 5

Description: A handsome Zipperhead, Tony has black hair worn short in a ducktail. He is of medium height and

build. His sole distinguishing mark (other than the Zippers, which he hides with wrap-around sunglasses) are the razor blades he wears as earrings. He still speaks with a pronounced Brooklyn accent.

Possessions: GPS Tranceiver, Harley-Davidson Emperor, Daedalus II with Microwave Link, Uzi (Damage Potential=30) with two clips, ammo, Switchblade (Damage=11)



Profile: A former member of the MirrorShades, Tony was drafted by Target Alpha in 1987 after he messed up a Clean & Floss. Given the choice between becoming an Operative or cremation, he made the obvious decision. He has since become a valued Operative. In Chicago, he works with the city's small but close-knit Zipperhead community trying to find some way to get at the Complex, short of blowing up the Squat. The other Zipperheads are aware of his status with Target Alpha. In return for their help, the Agency has to leave them alone to their predations. For relaxation, Tony likes to hang out at the Undersea, a bar owned by a Zipperhead.

ADVENTURE IDEA

Blues from a Dead Man: In 1930's Chicago, Andrew "Fieldhand" Johnston recorded two albums of country blues songs then died mysteriously at the age of 26. Many of those songs have become classics of the genre and Johnston became a posthumous guru to subsequent generations of Blues and Rock musicians. Now, a third album has been found, and its release promises to be one of the biggest music events of the year. That is, until the master is stolen. A big reward has been posted by the company that had planned on releasing the album. Can the PCs recover it?

HOUSTON: TERROR UNDER THE TEXAS SKIES



I love my Houston Baby,
That I met under the Texas Sky,
I wannna live with my Houston Baby,
until the very day I die

Sam Phillips, *Houston Baby*

Until one has been there, one doesn't connect Houston with the future. In most people's minds, Houston (and the rest of Texas) is either oil derricks and ultra-rich decadence as evinced on Dallas or the rustic ranches from Bonanza, the TV show. Both images are about as accurate as expecting to find Santa Anna still laying siege to the Alamo. The Houston of the 1990's is a vigorously modern city, and one quickly becoming one of the largest in the country.

That growth has been furthered by the continuing influx of Hispanic and Oriental immigrants. The city council doesn't like to admit it, but Houston hasn't been able to keep up with the growth and Homelessness is becoming a serious problem. As such, Houston has become a playground for the Kin.

The boy hung from the chains, in the darkness. He gibbered, but silently, oh so silently. The stump of his tongue moved futilely.

He had been sane. Growing up on the streets of Houston had made him tough. His sanity wasn't threatened when the gringo in the cowboy hat picked him up like he was a baby and threw him into his car. His sanity wasn't threatened when the gringo took the boy to his house and chained him up in his closet, in the

darkness. This he could survive. His sanity had only felt the slightest pressure when the gringo pulled his mouth open and reached in with the scissors. He had survived.

When the chainsaw had taken his leg off at the knee... that had been a hammer blow to his mind. He had tried to scream, but any sound his mangled voice could give birth to was lost in the RRRRRRR of the chainsaw. The gringo had smiled to see the spray of the chewed meat and bone. His sanity survived, even though the bandaged leg sent urgent telegrams of agony to his brain.

The gringo returned two hours later, eating what the boy actually fooled himself for a second into believing was a turkey leg. He had looked at the Gringo, with the Gringo looking back. The Gringo had smiled. A smile that went beyond evil, beyond madness, and nodded silent, gleeful confirmation of the boy's thoughts. It was then that the boy's sanity had broken, had fallen to little gray pieces until that second hammer blow.

The boy hung from the chains, in the darkness. He gibbered, but silently, oh so silently. The stump of his tongue moved futilely, but there was nothing left to say.

Population: 2,295,253

HISTORY

The city we now know as Houston began as Harrisburg in 1826. It was destroyed by Santa Anna ten years later in 1836, but was quickly rebuilt. The new residents renamed the city in honor of Sam Houston, the general who defeated Santa Anna. The city of Houston served as the capitol of Texas until 1839, when the

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government was moved to Austin. Its modern growth began in 1901, when oil was discovered.

The ship channel was opened in 1914, which allowed freighters to sail into the industrial center twenty-two miles inland. Houston's role as a port city has yet to diminish. World War I's need for oil brought a business boom, as did World War II.

Today, Houston produces eighty percent of the country's synthetic rubber and about half of its insecticides and fertilizer.

Crime has played a large part in Houston's political life for the past twenty years. Unknown to all but a few in the city's government, Houston has almost been bought lock, stock, and barrel. A criminal mastermind known only as Mister Adonis now owns the city. Very little of Houston's underworld has escaped his control. Mister Adonis also has strong ties with the Kin, a fact that has helped keep him in power for so long.

A NOTE ON FIREARMS

Shortly after a crazy herd drove his truck through the front of a Kileen, Texas cafeteria and systematically killed more than 22 people, an article on gun ownership sizzled over the news wires from Houston. It reported that 52% of the residents of the state of Texas owned at least one gun.

Another interesting point was brought up by the Chicago Tribune, they reported that Houston has more gun shops listed in its phone directory than any other city in the United States. There are 112 gun shops listed, that doesn't count back street dealers and private sales between individuals. To help put this in perspective, Dallas has 101 gun shops listed, while Atlanta, Georgia, the city with the next highest listing of gun shops in its phone book, has only 75 shops listed.

It would pay both Herd and Kin alike to be extra polite while visiting The Lone Star State. In any encounter, there is a 52% chance that the other individual is armed, 90-100% in some parts of the cities.

ATMOSPHERE

Houston may be all fired up about getting into the future, but in many ways, it remains a Southern city with Southern attitudes. Don't bother to hurry, because the average Houstonian doesn't. Life here may get hectic in the big offices, but down at street level, things are still pretty laid back.

WEATHER

Stand-up comedians working the tourist crowd like to joke that Houston only has three seasons, Early Summer, Summer, and Late Summer. While a bit of an exaggeration, Winters do tend to be pathetic affairs, the average snowfall of five inches more a novelty than a concern. The fierce heat in Summer, however, makes life unbearable without air conditioning.

Average Temperature, January: 44 F

April: 68 F

July: 83 F

October: 70 F

Average Days with Rain: 105
Average Snowfall (Annual): 5"

ANNUAL EVENTS

Houston Festival: Held in the last two weeks of March, the Festival is a city wide party celebrating (what else?) Houston. It comes as close as the conservatism of the city will allow to a Mardi Gras.

Blue Bonnet Bowl: An annual football game on New Year's Eve that attracts spectators from all over Texas.

SPORTS

Houston can claim as its Sports Clubs the Oilers (football), Rockets (basketball), and the Astros (baseball).

THE NEWS

Houston has two major papers: the Chronicle and the Post. Houston is also home to the offices of the Chinese Daily News, the Vietnam Houston News, and the Los Diarios Americanos. The Texas Weekender, a free paper, provides news and advertisements for the entire spectrum of entertainment needs.

PUBLIC TRANSPORTATION

Houston is spread out over a distance that makes normal public transportation impractical. To this end, Bullet Trains and Helicopters have become quite popular. Houstonians using more mundane modes of transport usually rely on their own cars.

Subway: The Subway system is not very developed in comparison to cities like New York, and is limited to the downtown area.

Taxis: There are several taxi services, but the fare to get anywhere is exorbitant.

Metro Transit Authority: The MTA divides the downtown area into two block grids, but further out, limits itself to every quarter of a mile.

LOCALES

East End: Just to the East of the downtown area, East End is a collection of primarily Hispanic neighborhoods like Los Chinos. Several of these neighborhoods are controlled by the Palominos street gang.

Broad Acres: Broad Acres, like River Oaks Boulevard, is one of Houston's bastions of Old Money. It has hit hard times since the late 60's, however, and has lost much of its arrogance as its residents divvied up the mansions into apartments for students attending nearby Rice University. It is located near Montrose.

Chinatown: Near the East End and just outside the Downtown district, Chinatown is populated mostly by second and third generation Chinese immigrants. It also has a host of specialty stores, ethnic restaurants, and import companies. The Complex uses some of these import companies to smuggle contraband from the Orient into the United States.

Houston: Terror under Texas Skies

Fifth Ward: A crime-ridden ghetto made infamous by the early 90's rap group the Getto Boyz. No one in their right mind goes there. Much of the time, the Fifth Ward resembles an open war zone as gangs battle for control.

Little Saigon: Home to much of Houston's Vietnamese immigrants and a very busy part of town at any time of day or night. Large sections of Little Saigon are run by the Filthy Gaijins Street Gang.

Montrose: Montrose is one of Houston's oldest and liveliest neighborhoods. The International Strip, its main drag, has dozens of art galleries, fine restaurants, and bookstores. It also contains businesses catering to more earthy tastes. It is Houston's center for nightlife, and not all Houstonians listen to country music.

North Side: Predominantly Hispanic, this is one of Houston's fastest growing neighborhoods.

River Oaks Boulevard: Houston is home to the Super rich, and the Super rich show off their wealth in the River Oaks section of the city. Reminiscent of pre-Civil War glory, River Oaks is separated into sprawling mansions and old-fashioned plantations. Its crimewatch, expectably, is superlative. Many residents bolster the crimewatch by employing armed guards and electronic security systems.

POINTS OF INTEREST

Airports: Houston Intercontinental Airport handles the majority of Houston's international air traffic. William P. Hobby Airport, the city's first facility, handles the domestic traffic.

Downtown Underground Complex: This complex was constructed in a cooperative effort by the numerous corporations that have offices in that area. It runs under all fifty square blocks of Houston's business district. This complex, built in a bewildering array of different architectural styles, is a subterranean mall, housing restaurants, barber shops, department stores, and anything else a shopper might need to buy during a busy day. This can all be done away from the sun.

Hermann Park: A huge park area that encloses the city's zoo and premiere golf course.

Six Flags-Astro: Formerly Six Flags over Texas, Six Flags is still a popular amusement park. The Red Devil, built in 1913, is considered one of the most exciting roller coasters in the South.

Houston Astrodomain Complex: The world's first enclosed sports stadium and home to the Oilers Football Team.

Houston Ship Channel: A twenty-two mile long waterway dug from Houston to the Gulf, The Ship Channel has played a major role in turning Houston into the powerful port it is today. It snakes twenty-two miles from Houston proper to open into Galveston Bay.

NASA LBJ Space Center: Headquarters for the United States' Manned Spaceflight program. It has an aerospace museum.

Texas Medical Center: An important medical research center, and among the country's best hospitals. Texas Medical Center is a conglomerate of 40 colleges, schools and hospitals. It includes the busy Ben Taub General and a world famous cancer treatment center. Some of its administrators are members of Caduceus.

Texas Gun Supply: The place in Houston to get weapons that won't be traced. The owner is Crowley and has connections with Mister Adonis's machine to get his merchandise past customs.

NIGHTSPOTS **ROCKY ROAD CLUB**

The Rocky Road attracts some of the biggest names in rock music, so it gets the most media attention. It also boasts the highest attendance of any of Houston's clubs. As such, most of the Kin avoid it, unless they are doing some serious hunting.

FRITZ'S:

Fritz's, located on Montrose, is a favorite stopping point for those who like their music funky and lowdown. In many ways, Fritz's is nothing but an oversized bar, with appropriate musical tastes. Rhythm and Blues, New Wave, and steamroller volume Rock shake the building's exposed timbers every weekend.

MICK'S HONKY-TONK BARN

Reputedly the largest country and Western bar in the world, the Barn (as it is known locally) has become a major tourist attraction ever since the movie Concrete Cowboys was filmed there. As such, it is a popular hunting ground for the Kin.

THE CARIBBEAN

Downhome Texas is the last place most people would expect to hear the sounds of the islands. Nonetheless, The Caribbean serves up the best Reggae and Salsa to be found in the state. The house band, the Doctor Dubs, are a must-see for Reggae fans.

ELYRIA 33

Elysia 33 is something of a rarity in Kin Society: a gathering place with a high profile. This began as a backlash to the owner's attempt to create a Kin only bar, a move that forced him to turn away droves of Herds. Ironically, this only inspired the clubgoers of Houston to greater lengths to gain entry to what they perceived as a very exclusive nightspot. The numbers of customers were too great to turn away without causing undue curiosity, so the Elysia opened its doors to all. The Kin there literally hide in the glare of its neon. Unlike most Kin clubs, the Elysia plays a lot of top forty music, to satisfy the tourists more than anything else.

So far, the ploy of hiding in plain sight has worked. Though both the BattleGround and the Zombie City Club have had trouble with stakes, the Elysia remains unknown to those who hunt Kin.

The Elysia is owned by Gamma Orpheus, a beautiful Vampyre of indeterminate gender and neutral politics.

BATTLEGROUND

The BattleGround is the physical and musical antithesis of the Elysia 33.

To point, the Elysia is in a fairly new building, its walls free of graffiti. Its neon still glows brightly. The BattleGround, besides being in a far worse part of town, resides in an old building. Its walls are also graffiti free, but only because grime and grease have hidden any paint. No attractive neon announces its location, just a single painted sign, almost illegible under obscene slogans.

For music, the two are even further apart. While the Elysia might have a DJ spinning the latest from teen idols like Julie Styles or Madonna, the BattleGround would book the grungiest heavy metal or the most intense hardcore. Live music is featured Wednesday through Saturday, with DJ Pog spinning tracks the rest of the week. The members of B4D, friends with owner Riotbrain, play there no less than once every two months.

THE ZOMBIE CITY CLUB

The Zombie City Club can only be reached through The Film Freak, a movie nostalgia store in Montrose. The first sight that greets customers as they descend the stairs is the infamous poster for the movie *Zombie*, with its classic "We WILL EAT You!" Logo. Inside, The Zombie City Club is divided into a large dance floor and a couple of adjoining rooms. The walls are black, with fluorescent white paint splattered on them. Framed posters for movies ranked "B" and worse are hung in lit recesses.

Most nights, the house band, Screamplay, is up on the low stage, cranking out one of their movie-inspired originals. Songs like "Teenage Cult Film Director" or "I Was Mamie Van Doren's 3-Headed Alien Love Child" always go over big with the Club's crowd.

Zombie City is owned and run by Joe "Chainsaw" Feldstein, brother to Mort Feldstein, a Sorcerer who occasionally works with the New York Commune.

LOCAL BANDS

SAM PHILLIPS AND RODEO

A much loved Country and Western act that refused to tear up its Houston roots even after it had several national hits. Sam Phillips is also a client of RatHead, and has bought two of his hit songs from that author. They play quite regularly at Mick's Honky-Tonk Barn.

Sam Phillips and Rodeo have recorded several albums for Wunderkind Records. The following are considered his best.

Good Times, Bad Times (LP), including *Living Life on the Road* and *Five and Dime Affair*.

Songs by Sam (LP), including *Hank Williams, Sitting on the Dock of the Bay* and *Almanac of your Heart*.

BORN 4 DEATH (B4D)

From *SkatePunk, Volume II, Number 8*. November, 1992.

It was only inevitable that the heavy thrash of NY cult band Looks 2 Kill should start inspiring cover bands like Houston's Born 4 Death. B4D picks up the

viciousness of L2K's early sound quite effectively on their first album, Closing in 4 the Kill. Standout tracks are their cover of Fear No Evil (Just Fear Me) and their own cruncher, U R Meat 4 Me. Available from Microwaved Kitten Records, Houston, TX 77002, \$14.95 plus \$3 postage and handling.

The lineup of B4D consists of H-Bomb on lead vocals and guitar, RatHead on bass, and C-Red on drums.

H-BOMB

Race: Vampyre

STR: 34	PER: 23
DEX: 27	ATT: 15
FIT: 33	LUCK: 32
INT: 18	HTH: 7
WILL: 18	SP: 65

Max Humanity: 45

Humanity Damage Modifier: 0

Edges: Armor (10), Drain (Blood), Claws (80),

Mesmerize, Mistform, Photogenics

Skills: City Knowledge (Houston, Stalingrad), History (World War II, Russian Front), Language (Russian), Musical Instrument (Guitar), Musical Style (Hardcore), Singing

Faction: B4D

Description: H-Bomb is a small, wiry Vampyre who reportedly allows himself one smile a year, whether or not he has call for one. He makes a point of never wearing any color but black, usually leather jeans and sleeveless muscle shirts. H-Bomb sports tattoos of mushroom clouds and falling bombs all over his arms and back.

Possessions: Electric Guitar, Economy car

Profile: H-Bomb values his privacy almost to the point of obsession. He has repeatedly refused to talk about his past before coming to Houston. He has proven equally tight-lipped about his plans for the future. His only interests are his music and chess. The members of the band form his whole social circle, except for a 16 year old girl named Pamela. No one but Pamela knows about his extensive knowledge of Russia's history. Even when she asks, he replies that he just read about it.

RATHEAD

Race: Wererat

STR: 23 (1)	PER: 17 (37)
DEX: 25 (45)	ATT: 18 (0)
FIT: 31	LUCK: 65
INT: 28	HTH: 5(0)
WILL: 19	SP: 96

Max Humanity: 43

Humanity Damage Modifier: 0

Edges: Armor (10), Drain (pain), Claws, Animal

Control (rats), Animal Form (rat), Claws, Fear Projection (5' range), Nocturnal Vision, Photogenics, Sense Acuity

Skills: Knife (70), Pistol, Art (poetry), City Knowledge (Houston & Houston Sewers, 80), Driving, Musical Instrument (Bass), Musical Style (Thrash), Negotiation

Houston: Terror under Texas Skies

Faction: B4D/Complex

Description: As rodent-like as his name suggests, Rat Head is lean with high cheekbones and a long, aquiline nose. A drooping mustache and long ponytails that trail in front of his ears enhances the image. Rat Head is always seen wearing dark lensed granny glasses and a painter's cap. The latter is reputed to be covering an embarrassing bald spot. He always speaks in a very formal manner.

Possessions: Granny glasses, Painter's Cap, Laptop computer, Laser printer, Bass guitar, Copy of The Music Writer's Guide, 1992 Edition, Ice Pick (Damage=10), .357 Automag (Damage Potential=25) with two clips of Exploders (+5 Damage, included)

Profile: The most intellectual of the band, Rat Head writes most of their lyrics and has made a tidy fortune selling songs on the side. His clients include artists as diverse as country star Sam Phillips and Rap spokesmen Posse MLK. He is also the most actively anti-Human, having a membership in the Complex and often undertaking assignments for them. He is occasionally lovers with Queen Diamond. He is unaware that she is actually a member of the Dead Man's Hand Club.

C-RED

Race: Inuit

STR: 18	PER: 41
DEX: 15	ATT: 25
FIT: 24	LUCK: 118
INT: 30	HTH: 4
WILL: 26	SP: 142

Max Humanity: 42

Humanity Damage Modifier: 0

Edges: Drain (life force), Induce Madness, Infection, Invisibility, Photogenics

Skills: Club (40), Airplanes, City Knowledge (Houston, Juneau, San Francisco, Seattle), Driving, Fashion Sense, Musical Instrument (Drum) Musical Style (Thrash)

Faction: B4D

Description: C-Red wears his black hair in dreadlocks with feathers carefully woven into the ends of each. He is overweight, a fact he hides by wearing baggy clothes.

Possessions: Drum Kit, Economy Car, Baseball bat (Damage Potential=14), Baseball mitt, Piper Cub airplane, Bootlegs of Rolling Stones albums

Profile: The most placid of the group, C-Red is nevertheless no lover of Humanity. He does, however, love baseball. C-Red's power source is a grove of trees outside Juneau, Alaska.

PAMELA

Race: Human

STR: 12	PER: 8
DEX: 8	ATT: 15
FIT: 7	LUCK: 11
INT: 10	HTH: 2
WILL: 18	SP: 18

Max Humanity: 80

Skills: Knife, Streetfighting, City Knowledge (Houston), Scavenging, Streetwise

Faction: Neutral

Description: H-Bomb's Renfield and lover is short, with hard, boyish features and a shock of red hair. Her most memorable features are her liquid brown eyes. Her one concession to femininity is wearing a pair of earrings of which she has quite a collection. She also usually wears long-sleeved shirts to hide the disfiguring scars she collected during five years living on the streets.

Possessions: The clothes on her back, Switchblade (Damage=7)

Profile: Pamela (no last name given or revealed) ran away from home at the age of eleven. For four years, she survived on the streets of Houston before being abducted by H-Bomb. Something in her fiery personality touched a chord in him, and he decided to free her. Instead of fleeing, she stayed and the two have become friends, lovers, and confidantes.

GANGS THE PALOMINOS

Membership: Human, approximately 80

Orientation: Neutral

Colors: Tattoo of a Palomino horse on right biceps

Current Face: 70

Turf: Thirty blocks in the East End

Base: Wild Horses Games, an arcade owned by a former Palomino

Initiation: Accomplish a task given by the current leader

Description: The Palominos were established in the early 1970's. They control a good portion of the drug trade to students attending nearby University of Houston.

EMILIO JUAREZ

Race: Human

STR: 18	PER: 9
DEX: 13	ATT: 23
FIT: 12	LUCK: 26
INT: 12	HTH: 4
WILL: 13	SP: 38

Magic Ability: 13

Max Humanity: 68

Skills: Knife (80), Martial Arts (Hard), City Knowledge (Houston), History (Mexico), Language (Spanish), Seduction, Streetwise

Faction: The Palominos, Leader of

Description: A good looking Hispanic youth with long black hair, Emilio's ready smile has been known to melt the hearts of everyone he meets. Especially the girls' hearts.

Possessions: Leather jacket with painting of a galloping horse on back, Motorcycle, Jeans, Cowboy boots, Switchblade (Damage=7)

Profile: Mister Adonis maintains a tight grip over Houston, but even the tightest fist can't hold everything. The Palominos and their leader pick up any droppings. Emilio is basically a good person in a bad situation, and fiercely proud of his Latino heritage. He is unaware of the existence of the Kin.

THE COYOTES

Membership: Mixed Humans and Werecoyotes, approximately 80

Orientation: Neutral to Anti-Human

Colors: Brown bandanna worn around neck

Current Face: 60

Turf: 40 Blocks in Montrose

Base: An old house in Montrose

Initiation: Last at least 2 minutes in a fight with Trickster. Edges and weapons are not allowed.

Description: A gang constructed solely around the power of its leader, Trickster, the Coyotes consist of about sixty humans and twenty Werecoyotes. They are allies with Mister Adonis, who uses his clout to keep the police off their backs. In return, he gets a cut of their revenues. The Coyotes' main income comes from sales of drugs, gun running (an activity that causes friction with the Complex), and extortion of the local shopkeepers.

TRICKSTER

Race: Werecoyote

STR: 27 (37)

PER: 25 (35)

DEX: 25 (35)

ATT: 10 (0)

FIT: 26

LUCK: 56

INT: 25

HTH: 5 (7)

WILL: 24(29)

SP: 82

Max Humanity: 17

Humanity Damage Modifier: +6

Special: -20 modifier to all LUCK Rolls

Edges: Armor (10), Drain (Pain), Claws (80), Animal Form (Coyote), Animal Control (Coyotes), Animal Control (Dogs), Nocturnal Vision, Sense Acuity

Skills: Pistol, City Knowledge (Houston and surrounding area), Cooking, Driving, Intimidation, Language (Spanish, 30), Streetwise

Faction: Coyotes, Leader of

Description: Trickster, one of the rare breed of Werecoyotes, is of Mexican-American background. He shares the dark hair and swarthy complexion of his Southern heritage. A bad case of measles when he was young left deep and unsightly scars. Combined with a large nose, they made Trickster an unusually disreputable looking character.

Possessions: Saturday Night Special (Damage Potential=15), Poncho, Cowboy hat, Raggedy jeans

Profile: Trickster admits that teasing caused him to learn the array of pranks that earned him his current nickname. Trickster truly qualifies as a monster in human form. Even when not driven by his lycanthropic urges, he is a cannibal by preference.

KNIGHTS OF LIVING DEAD

Membership: Various: Wyights, Ghosts, etc., approximately 30

Orientation: Violently Pro Human

Colors: Off-White Painters

Current Face: 55

Turf: none

Base: Zombie City Club

Initiation: Scatter an Anti-Human Kin

Description: The Houston Knights are an offshoot of the NYC KOLD. They live up to the New York group's reputation. They have allied themselves with the Houston Commune, but do not concern themselves much with the Complex or Morningstar Corporation. They are most concerned with dealing with the Coyotes, the gang responsible for the first death of the Houston KOLD's leader.



STORMBRINGER

Race: Zuvembae

STR: 34

PER: 26

DEX: 28

ATT: 10

FIT: 21

LUCK: 34

INT: 10

HTH: 7

WILL: 13

SP: 55

Max Humanity: 60

Humanity Damage Modifier: -1

Edges: Armor (20), Drain (life force), Claws (90)

Skills: Automatic Rifle, Knife, Throwing (Grenade), City Knowledge (Houston), Driving, Law, Streetwise, Trivia (fantasy literature)

Faction: KOLD, Leader of

Description: A tall, lanky Zuvembae sporting a silver mohawk, StormBringer favors a wardrobe of jeans and T-Shirts advertising the 1980's Gothic Rock group the Misfits.

Possessions: Uzi (Damage Potential=30), 2 Concussion grenades, DP: 50, Switchblade (Damage=12), Jeans, T-shirt

Profile: Like most members of his race, StormBringer was brought back to life as a tool of vengeance. Unfortunately for StormBringer, his master died before he could complete his mission and return to his rest. A former policeman killed by members of the Coyotes gang, StormBringer now concerns himself with justice, not the law. During the few times he isn't out hunting Coyotes, StormBringer amuses himself by reading fantasy novels of marginal taste.

IMPORTANT NON-PLAYER CHARACTERS

SAN JACINTO

Race: Concrete

STR: 37

PER: 50

DEX: 50

ATT: 42

FIT: 42

LUCK: 19

INT: 56

HTH: 7

WILL: 54

SP: 61

Max Humanity: 70

Humanity Damage Modifier: n/a

Edges: Armor (50), Alter Form, Event Manipulation

(125), Instantaneous Travel within downtown

Houston (300), Omnipotence within downtown

Houston (100), Weapons Immunity (150)

Skills: City Knowledge (Houston, 100), Kin Etiquette, Kin Lore

Faction: Neutral

Description: San Jacinto appears as a handsome, if wind-burnt, Hispanic man in his late forties. He wears a suit that shimmers silver-gray, like sunlight off an office window. His eyes are blank and both they and his hair are the same color as his suit.

Possessions: Briefcase

Profile: The primary Concrete in Houston, San Jacinto has come to be an embodiment of the city's forceful advance into the future. His concern for the city's destiny has made him a strong enemy of the resident Red Moonrise cell and, ironically, friends with both Dr. Hadean of the Morningstar Corporation and Mister Adonis, the city's crimelord.

MISTER ADONIS

Race: Human

STR: 9

PER: 27

DEX: 11

ATT: 8

FIT: 15

LUCK: 71

INT: 37

HTH: 2

WILL: 32

SP: 86

Magic Ability: 13

Max Humanity: 37

Skills: Pistol, Business (Criminal), City Knowledge (Houston, San Antonio, Austin, Dallas, 90), Computer Operations, Diplomacy (90), Driving, Intimidation, Kin Lore, Law, Lying (80), Language (Spanish), Occult Knowledge (40), Persuasion (80)

Description: The Kin who know him speculate the derision over Mister Adonis's appearance helped to turn him against Humanity. Certainly, at 4' 6" and three hundred pounds, he is not a figure to inspire respect. He always dresses in suits from the best tailors in the city. On his dumpy form, they just look bad. His greasy skin and thin, wheezy voice all belie the cruel sense of purpose that made Mister Adonis the crime lord of Houston. Mister Adonis has the particularly repulsive habit of constantly licking his lips.

Possessions: .38 Special (Damage Potential=15), Tailormade silk suit, gold bracelet, gold chronometer,

Luxury Automobile (1992 Chrysler Windsor), Laptop computer with Datalens Monitor, \$500 in cash

Profile: Though he rarely stirs from his office, Mister Adonis knows everything that happens in Houston. He virtually owns both the Police and the Mayor, insuring that whatever plots he hatches will go unopposed. At present, Mister Adonis plans to expand his little empire to the rest of Texas. He is negotiating treaties with the Mafia, The Complex, and Morningstar Corporation to this end.



O TWISTED

Race: Threel

STR: 61

PER: 36

DEX: 11

ATT: 0(15)

FIT: 54

LUCK: 83

INT: 10

HTH: 12

WILL: 18

SP: 137

Max Humanity: 0

Humanity Damage Modifier: n/a

Edges: Armor (20), Drain (Kin or human life force),

Alter Form (100), Body Control, Flight (50),

Possession, Sense Acuity, Travel

Skills: Wrestling, Acting, City Knowledge (Houston), Driving

Faction: none

Description: O Twisted's true form is that of a normal Threel: a black, amorphous mass. Its favorite form, and the one it usually wears when interacting with Humanity, however, is that of a tow-headed adolescent.

Possessions: Clothing appropriate for a ten-year old child. Wardrobe of clothing for other forms taken.

Profile: O Twisted and its Deed were gifts to Mister Adonis from Black Solstice. Several years ago, he helped DuLac find sacrifices for one of the Sorcerer's rituals. The specifications of the Deed are that O Twisted should protect Mister Adonis and act as his bodyguard for the rest of Mister Adonis's life. Over the past few years, the two have actually come to be close friends. It is likely Twisted would stay on as his bodyguard even if Mister Adonis lost the Deed. In a more mature form, he also acts as Mister Adonis's chauffeur. Some have suggested that in other forms, O Twisted also serves Mister Adonis in other capacities.

QUEEN DIAMOND

Race: Rakshasa

STR: 17	PER: 31
DEX: 23	ATT: 38
FIT: 18	LUCK: 25
INT: 28	HTH: 3
WILL: 19	SP: 43

Max Humanity: 60

Humanity Damage Modifier: -3

Edges: Armor (10), Drain (Blood), Claws, Aura Sight, Mesmerize, Photogenics, Poison (Class II)

Skills: Pistol, City Knowledge (Houston & Citrusville), Fashion Sense (90), Kin Lore, 19th Century French Literature, Seduction, Trade (Modelling)

Faction: Dead Man Hand's Club, but poses as Complex member

Description: Elise Drummond was an up-and-coming model and looked it: luxurious brown hair, green eyes, and a figure as sleek as a racing sloop. That beauty cost her her life.

Possessions: Diamond necklace, Diamond earrings, Wardrobe of fashionable clothes, Sports Car, .38 Special (Damage Potential=15) with Attunement (Vampyres, Werewolves, Wyghts) and 2 clips of Silver bullets.

Profile: Elise's beauty has served her well in her post-mortem existence as a member of the Dead Man's Hand Club. She pretends to be a member of the Complex, feeling out its weak spots before she brings its Houston branch to its knees. She became RatHead's lover as part of her scheme to destroy the Complex, but is now realizing that Mister Adonis is the far greater threat. As far as her personality goes, Queen Diamond presents herself as very easygoing, but has a mean streak a mile wide. She never forgives a person once they get on her bad side. When not plotting, she likes to read nineteenth century French Literature, especially the works of Feminist writer Colette.

THE COMMUNE

The Houston Commune's role has gone beyond merely counteracting the more extravagant plots of its rival factions. At the prompting of Galveston, one of its members, they have started moving actively against the Complex and Mister Adonis. However, Mister Adonis's political clout eliminates any chance of successful legal action. His connections with the Coyotes, the Complex,

and the Morningstar Corporation also eliminate any chance of direct action.

JOE "CHAINSAW" FELDSTEIN

Race: Sorcerer

STR: 15	PER: 14
DEX: 19	ATT: 12
FIT: 25	LUCK: 36
INT: 20	HTH: 3
WILL: 33	SP: 61

Magic Ability: 35

Max Humanity: 72

Humanity Damage Modifier: +2 SP cost when using Black Magic, -2 SP Cost when using White Magic

Edges: Drain (life force)

Spells: *Street:* Crank It Up (5), Deflection (5), Grabber (2), Meathooks (1). *Black:* Binding (3), Circle of Imprisonment (3), Chopper (3), Con-Ed (4), Summoning (3), Swarm (2). *White:* Chill Out (1), Pacify (1), Soup Kitchen (1), Vibes (1)

Skills: Pistol, Business, City Knowledge (Houston, New York), Movie Trivia, Occult Knowledge

Faction: Commune

Description: Like his brother, Mort Feldstein (see *MAGIC* from Stellar Games), Chainsaw is a tall, sallow-skinned fellow with a large nose. He habitually wears jeans and T-shirts with posters from movies screened onto their front.

Possessions: VCR, Hundreds of tapes of B Movies, .44 Automag (Damage Potential=20) with Invisibility and Protection enchantments

Profile: The owner of the Zombie City Club and its attached movie store is a laidback fellow whose mild manners are in direct contrast to his love of horror movies. As his nickname suggests, he is especially fond of "Texas Chainsaw Massacre." What Chainsaw has never had the courage to reveal to his friends is that he is a former member of Black Solstice and on the run from them. This is where he learned his Demon summoning skills. Chainsaw is terrified that he may still be subject to the Cult's power of Omerta (pg.28, Magic).

GALVESTON

Race: Ghost

STR: 28	PER: 28
DEX: 21	ATT: 14
FIT: 20	LUCK: 119
INT: 31	HTH: 6
WILL: 30	SP: 139

Max Humanity: 70

Humanity Damage Modifier: -2

Edges: Armor (20), Drain (fear), Corporeality, Touch of Ice, Weapons Immunity (90)

Skills: Pistol, Rifle, Alertness, Ambidexterity (90), City Knowledge (Houston), Horsemanship, Law

Faction: Commune

Description: Showing much his original existence as a high plains sheriff, Galveston is tall and rawboned with sparse blonde hair and an easy smile.

Houston: Terror under Texas Skies

Possessions: Colt .45 Single Action Revolver (Damage Potential=20)

Profile: Galveston is the spectre of a deputy sheriff that got killed foiling a bank robbery in the 1890's. He is a rather easygoing person and only the thought of the anti-human factions getting control of the world gets him uptight. Most people take his easygoing manner for a lack of brains; Galveston is smart enough to foster this illusion. During the late 1980's, Dr. Hadean of the Morningstar Corporation exorcized Galveston to the Twisted Dimensions until Chainsaw found a new relic for him. That relic, his old Colt revolver, is buried under the floorboards of the Zombie City Club. He can be found hanging out there most nights.

THE COMPLEX

The Complex wants to secure Houston as a channel from the Orient for shipping in contraband like illegal guns and drugs. They would like to take over Mister Adonis's place in Houston, but have been unsuccessful in every attempt to persuade him to join them. The guardianship provided by O Twisted counters every attempt to eliminate Mister Adonis.

CHINA FLIGHT

Race: Ubo

STR: 43

DEX: 23

FIT: 35

INT: 26

WILL: 31

Max Humanity: 50

Humanity Damage Modifier: 0

Edges: Armor (10), Drain (blood), Claws, Mesmerize (80), Shapeshift (white butterfly)

Skills: City Knowledge (San Francisco, Houston), Business (Criminal), Fashion Sense, Folklore (Chinese), Forgery, Smuggling

Faction: Complex, Bishop

Description: China Flight is of medium height with black hair trimmed in a shag cut. He often uses white makeup to decorate his face in a butterfly pattern. His favorite outfit consists of a white leather jacket, gray leather jeans, and a white silk shirt. The shirt, of course, is carefully shredded.

Possessions: White Leather Jacket, Gray Leather Jeans, White Silk Shirt, Boots

Profile: An acquaintance of Amy "Purple" Hays way back in 1968, China Flight shared rooms with her in Haight-Ashbury. They became infected within a year of each other. He weathered the change better than she did and ended up with the Complex rather than the Laughter Factory. He now holds the rank of Bishop and controls the Complex's smuggling business in Houston. He uses the superstitions of Chinatown's residents to keep anyone from talking to the Police.

MORNINGSTAR CORPORATION

The Corporation has invested heavily in Aerospace technology and the insecticide industry. They intend to gain as much control of Space technology as possible and support the SDI program. They are also pushing many unsafe insecticides onto the market without adequate testing. This will cause health problems and birth defects among the herd, bringing the ire of the government down on the chemical industry. In the confusion, Morningstar hopes to gain control of a significant portion of the worldwide chemical industry.

DR. JONATHAN HADEAN

Race: Sorcerer

STR: 15

DEX: 26

FIT: 13

INT: 28

WILL: 44

Magic Ability: 18

Max Humanity: 45

Humanity Damage Modifier: 0

Edges: Drain (life force)

Spells: Street: Deflection (5), Flight (5), Paralysis (2), Shrapnel (5), Toxic Cloud (1). He also knows, but rarely stores, the Black Magic spells for summoning Demons and the White Magic Spell Exorcism

Skills: Business, (High Finance, 120), City Knowledge (Houston), Profession (Teaching, Finance), Occult Knowledge

Faction: Morningstar Corporation

Description: Tall and dignified with deep set eyes and a receding hairline, Dr. Hadean looks every inch the professor he really is. He is a conservative, but very fashionable dresser with a distinct preference for charcoal and scarlet.

Possessions: Personal Computer with Modem and Laser printer, 1991 Mercedes Benz, \$200 carried at all times

Profile: Dr. Hadean is a professor of Financing at Rice University. He really knows very little about the nuts and bolts of astrophysics or the manufacture of insecticides, only enough to accomplish the Corporation's goals. Officially, he is the scion of the Hadean Oil fortune, from which he draws the funds for his projects. An average Sorcerer, Hadean rarely uses magic. If forced to, he relies strictly on Street Magic.

RED MOONRISE

Red Moonrise's members can't stand to see herd progress. So the LBJ Space Center grates on their nerves as a pinnacle of human achievement. The Houston cell wants to blow it up, a plot that has not met with much approval from the Morningstar Corporation.

STRAIGHT EAGLE

Race: Werewolf

STR: 38•53•63

DEX: 29•39•49

FIT: 37

INT: 31

WILL: 17

Max Humanity: 30

Humanity Damage Modifier: +4

Edges: Armor (10), Drain (pain), Claws, Lupine form, Lycanthropic form

Skills: Streetfighting, Wrestling, City Knowledge (London, New York, Houston)

Faction: Red Moonrise

Description: Straight Eagle is wide and heavily built. Like most Skinheads, he shaves himself bald periodically. Before he became infected, he lost a lot of fights and his face is permanently disfigured with scars. His nose has been broken twice and never reset. A tattoo of an eagle in flight covers most of his back.

Possessions: Jackboots, Black Leather trench coat, Spiked Gloves (Damage=13 or 15)

Profile: A very rough character from Britain, Straight Eagle is a skinhead, a racist who hates the Oriental immigrants to Houston. He is a fugitive from Torquemada, a group of European Stakeholders based in Madrid. For relaxation, he likes to slamdance at the BattleGround.

MOSKVA

Race: Zombie

STR: 46

DEX: 23

FIT: 39

INT: 14

WILL: 12

Max Humanity: 34

Humanity Damage Modifier: +1

Edges: Armor (20), Drain (life force, 100), Claws (80)

Skills: Streetfighting, City Knowledge (Houston, Moscow), Farming, Language (Russian, 40), Stealth

Faction: Red Moonrise

Description: Whatever beauty Moskva had when alive has disappeared over the years. She is very tall and gaunt, with gray hair worn tangled down to her waist.

Possessions: Collection of skulls from victims, Leather trench coat with painting of Skull on back

Profile: A Zombie that has survived almost 900 years, Moskva was created in the year 1121 by a Russian Sorcerer. Accidentally freed, Moskva scattered the Hoodoo and took off on her own. She has never bothered to learn how to use weapons until recently, preferring to rely on the awful power of her claws and Drain Edges. Unknown

to Straight Eagle, she has also been working for Dimitri Yuroskini of Lenin's Ghosts since the 1920's.

TARGET ALPHA

Target Alpha is currently investigating the Complex's importing of contraband and the Morningstar Corporation's interest in the Space Center. They are aware of Mister Adonis, but his political clout with the local officials keep them from being able to do anything.

LEE XUAN-MCDOUGAL

Commander, Field Ops and Control Team

Race: Human

STR: 19

PER: 12

DEX: 24

ATT: 22

FIT: 18

LUCK: 25

INT: 20

HTH: 4

WILL: 12

SP: 43

Magic Ability: 20

Max Humanity: 100

Skills: Club, Knife, Martial Arts (Soft), Pistol, Rifle, Administration, City Knowledge (Houston), Computer Operation, First Aid, Kin Lore, Military Intelligence, Tailing

Faction: Target Alpha, Security Clearance 2

Description: A most unusual mix of parentage gives Lee the eyes and complexion of Chinese ancestry and a thoroughly Irish shock of red hair from his father's side. It seems to intrigue the ladies.

Possessions: Daedalus II with Microwave Link, Field Radio, Garlic Atomizer, .44 Automag (Damage Potential=20) with 3 clips of Combination Rounds

Profile: Lee is a young man, only in his early thirties. He quickly rose to his current position by planting false information implicating his superiors in a plot with the Complex to destroy Target Alpha. He then informed Washington of his "findings." Whether Lee is really a nasty person or not is open to debate; his ambition is not. On the other hand, he has been a very effective operative, willing to play dirty pool to keep the anti-human factions from their goals. He has also been responsible for recruiting some of the agency's best ExtraNatural operatives.

HEXENBANNER

Hexenbanner's Houston pentagon is on the trail of Dr. Hadean. Hadean, in response, uses his influence with Mister Adonis to throw as many stumbling blocks as possible in their path. They are also aware that a Sorcerer works for the Houston Commune, but have thus far been unable to identify Chainsaw.

AFTERWORD

Samantha, much more in tune with the streets, had heard about a new club opening up in a loft over a streetfront church. It was called Grandma's Attic, and specialized in New Beat. The owners were having its grand opening tonight and she and Tyler were in line to get in.

That line extended out past the stairs and onto the street below. They had been standing in line for almost forty-five minutes, but were at the top of the stairs. A pretty girl took their money. She had purple hair and was wearing a black sack dress.

"Just go on in. There are party favors in the bowl on your right." Tyler noticed she was wearing black lipstick.

Inside the door, there was an alcove where visitors could stow their jackets. Samantha kept hers. Tyler shrugged out of his and handed it to the attendant. "So what are these party favors the girl mentioned?"

Samantha nodded toward a cut glass bowl. It had just been refilled by an acne-ridden youth who was walking away.

Tyler glanced in the bowl. It was full of tiny bubble packs of pills, strips of paper printed with microdots, and vials of crystals. The crystals reflected the light from the dance floor, making them sparkle.

CITY INFORMATION AT A GLANCE

Locale	Ethnic makeup	Crimewatch?	Gangs
Bowery	Various	No	None major
Broadway	n/a	Until 11 PM	None
Central Park	n/a	Patrolled	Various
Chinatown	Chinese	Yes	Katanas Beijings
Deadlight District	Kin	No	Goreboys
East Harlem	Hispanic	No	Muertes MirrorShades Zeroes
Financial District	n/a	Yes	No
Garment District	Jewish	No	No
Gramercy	White	Yes	No
Greenwich Village	Various	No	Skullbenders Slay-Riders
Harlem	Afro-American	No	Reds Bubonics Crips Bloods
Little Italy	Italian-American	No	Black Hands
Little Moscow	Russian immigrant	No	Czars
Morningside Heights	White	Yes*	No
SoHo	White	Yes	No
Times Square	n/a	No	No
Warsaw Square	Polish immigrant	Yes	Chargers
Stuyvesant	White	Yes	Kings
Yorkville	German/East European	No	Helmets

Locale	Ethnic makeup	Crimewatch?	Gangs
Atlantic Avenue	Middle-Eastern	No	Death Jihad
Bay Ridge	Scandinavian	Yes	Vikings
Bedford-Stuyvesant	Afro-American	Yes	Bloods Crips
Benson-Hurst	Italian-American	Yes	Silvers
Brighton Beach	Russian-Jewish	Yes	Bolsheviks OverDrives Sabres
Brooklyn Heights	High income	Yes*	None
Brownsville	Low income	No	Scientists X-Skulls
Coney Island	n/a	No	Cyclones
Manhattan Beach	n/a	No	No
Prospect Park	n/a	Yes	No
Sheepshead Bay	White	Yes	No
Park Slope	White	Yes	No

City Information at a Glance

Locale	Ethnic makeup	Crimewatch?	Gangs	
Riverside	White	Yes	No	
South Bronx	Various	No	Dead-End Kids Bloods Crips Egyptians	
				BRONX
Locale	Ethnic makeup	Crimewatch?	Gangs	
Astoria	Greek/Italian	Yes	Olympix	
Flushing	Far Eastern	Yes	Beijings Dragons	
Jackson Heights	Hispanic	No	Muertes Homicides	
Long Island City	n/a	Yes	None	
				QUEENS
Locale	Ethnic makeup	Crimewatch?	Gangs	
Snug Harbor	White	Yes	None	
Brighton Heights	White	Yes	None	
				STATEN ISLAND
Locale	Ethnic makeup	Crimewatch?	Gangs	
Alexandria	White	Yes	Buttons	
Foggy Bottom	Kin	Yes	CueBalls	
Georgetown	n/a	Yes	No	
Logan Circle	Mixed	No	Phoenixes	
Northeastern	Mixed	No	Brothers	
Southeastern	Afro-American	No**	Bloods Crips Tigers Bloody Democrats	
				WASHINGTON
Locale	Ethnic makeup	Crimewatch?	Gangs	
Watteau Street	White	No	Frenchies	
Student Housing	Various	No	No	
Smithson Hills	White	Yes	No	
Downtown	n/a	No	No	
				Olds-Camp
Locale	Ethnic makeup	Crimewatch?	Gangs	
East Cleveland	Various	No	Limbo Wolves	
Chinatown	Chinese	Yes	Limbo Wolves	
Coventry Road	Mixed	No	Limbo Wolves	
The Flats	n/a	No	Limbo Wolves	
Little Italy	Italian	Yes	Limbo Wolves Dread Kills	
Lakewood	Mixed	No	Stranglers	
Prospect Avenue	Various	No	Things	
Public Square	n/a	Yes	No	
Seven Hills	Mixed	No	Limbo Wolves ManHandlers	
Shaker Heights	White	Yes*	None	
Tremont	Various	Yes	Limbo Wolves	
				CLEVELAND

* The Crimewatch program is considered one of the best in the nation. These areas are also heavily patrolled by Police. A witnessed crime has about a 75% chance of being reported and the Police will usually be on the scene within 1d10 minutes.

** Not only is there no crimewatch in these neighborhoods, but people don't even report crimes being committed against them, usually for fear of reprisals. The Police usually avoid these neighborhoods altogether. If a crime is reported, look for the Heat to show up sometime during the next phase of the Moon. In the case of Chicago's West Loop area, there is a crimewatch, but more in theory than reality.

CHICAGO

City Information at a Glance

Locale	Ethnic makeup	Crimewatch?	Gangs
Bridgeport	Irish	Yes	Greens
Calumet	Various	Yes	Steels
Chinatown	Chinese	Yes	Mutants
Chicago Heights	White	Yes	Ninjas
Gold Coast	White	Yes*	Mechanics
Halstead	Afro-American	Yes	None
Koreatown	Korean	Yes	Cajunz
Lakeshore Drive	White	Yes	Soldiers
The Loop	n/a	Yes	None
Pilsen	Hispanic	Yes	None
Polonia	Polish	Yes	Tattoos
River North	White	Yes	None
South Side	Various	Yes**	Privileged
			Bloods
			Captains
Vietnamtown	Vietnamese	Yes	Shadow Kings
West Chicago	Afro-American	Yes	Burners
West Loop	Ukrainian/Sicilian Various	Yes**	Dog-Charlies
			Turks
			Princes
			Suicides
			Limbo Wolves

HOUSTON

Locale	Ethnic makeup	Crimewatch?	Gangs
East End	Hispanic	No	Palominos
Chinatown	Chinese	No	Beijings
Fifth Ward	Afro-American	No**	Bad Generals
			Bloods
			Crips
			Reds
Little Saigon	Vietnamese	No	Filthy Gaijins
Montrose	Various	No	Europes
North Side	Hispanic	No	Bad Honeyes
River Oaks	White	Yes*	None

* The Crimewatch program is considered one of the best in the nation. These areas are also heavily patrolled by Police. A witnessed crime has about a 75% chance of being reported and the Police will usually be on the scene within 1d10 minutes.

** Not only is there no Crimewatch in these neighborhoods, but people don't even report crimes being committed against them, usually for fear of reprisals. The Police usually avoid these neighborhoods altogether. If a crime is reported, look for the Heat to show up sometime during the next phase of the Moon. In the case of Chicago's West Loop area, there is a Crimewatch, but more in theory than reality.

CRIME STATISTICS

from the 1997 *New World Almanac*.

Crime has continued its meteoric rise since 1980's statistics, increasing steadily by 21% a decade since 1970. Crimes committed while the offender was under the influence of drugs remained steady from 1990 estimates of 35%.

NEW YORK CITY

Violent Crime
Murder: 2,556
Robbery: 115,553
Aggravated Assault: 94,775
Property Crime
Theft (B&E): 169,655
Grand Theft: 411,544
Motor Vehicle Theft: 160,050

WASHINGTON D.C.

Violent Crime
Murder: 515
Robbery: 7887
Aggravated Assault: 7887

Property Crime
Theft (B&E): 17035
Grand Theft: 39604
Motor Vehicle Theft: 11958

OLDS-CAMP

Individual statistics for Olds-Camp, Pennsylvania were not made available. the following numbers were calculated from the town's population and national averages for crime.

Violent Crime
Murder: 2
Robbery: 33
Aggravated Assault: 173
Property Crime
Theft (B&E): 794
Grand Theft: 2,513
Motor Vehicle Theft: 159

CLEVELAND

Violent Crime
Murder: 66
Robbery: 2,052

Aggravated Assault: 3,114
Property Crime
Theft (B&E): 10,753
Grand Theft: 25,877
Motor Vehicle Theft: 5,262

CHICAGO

Violent Crime
Murder: 907
Robbery: 39,939
Aggravated Assault: 49,595
Property Crime
Theft (B&E): 71,752
Grand Theft: 201,415
Motor Vehicle Theft: 62,015

HOUSTON

Violent Crime
Murder: 720
Robbery: 16,126
Aggravated Assault: 13,039
Property Crime
Theft (B&E): 80,577
Grand Theft: 124,441
Motor Vehicle Theft: 48,851

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DEADLY SPARKLE



FORMAT GUIDELINES

Bold Text is meant to be read to Players verbatim.

When you need to have the Players respond to an action in the text, this section is marked with underlined text.

SPARKLE

Sparkle comes in small plastic vials with brightly colored stoppers containing one hit each. Each hit lasts three hours. A vial costs about eight dollars. The drug itself is crystalline, with each granule being highly reflective. Sparkle is usually introduced to the bloodstream after being dissolved in pure water and injected intravenously. Second generation Sparkle is an aerosol and can be inhaled. The PCs will encounter this at the very end of the module.

Sparkle is the result of some experimentation by Black Solstice. This group of Sorcerers knows that once Humanity at large becomes aware of the Kin, a war will be incited from which few Kin will emerge alive. Thus there would be one less obstacle between Black Solstice and their ultimate control of the world.

EFFECTS

Sparkle is a wonder of a designer drug. Conroy, a skilled pharmaceutical chemist and occultist, has managed to synthesize a drug that gives the user non-specific Aura Sight. Anyone under Sparkle's influence will see the Kin by their distinctly inhuman auras. Sparkle also causes the user to attack anything so obviously threatening by unbalancing the fight or flight instinct. The adrenal surge displayed by attacking users was not intentional (The

designer knows that even a strong human stands no chance against a Kin), but does add +5 to the user's Strength.

SIDE EFFECTS

What most of its users haven't had time to learn is that Sparkle, besides being addictive, has a few negative properties its makers neglected to mention. Over a number of months equal to the user's FIT+2, Sparkle use induces stress in the Vitreous humor of the human eye. This causes first eye pains, then severe headaches. If the person continues to use, the pressure eventually increases to the point that the sclera ruptures violently, causing the eye to collapse in its socket.

SIDE EFFECTS ON KIN

Since its designers didn't have much biological information on the Kin, their attempts to tailor Sparkle to affect the Kin were somewhat flawed. Tests upon captured Kin, however, had interesting results. Even when they made their FIT Roll and didn't blow up, Sparkle caused Kin to lose Aura Sight if they had it. In a further inversion of its normal effects, Sparkle caused serious fear reactions in the subjects. Treat this as needing a Fear Roll, pg. 44, *NightLife*.

CHEMICAL ANALYSIS

Sparkle, Chemical Analysis If at any time during the module the PCs take some Sparkle to a chemist or do an analysis on it themselves, it will turn out to have Crystal Metheline as its base. The rest of its component makeup are chemicals so rare that it will take the working chemist several days of analysis to identify their makeup.

These rare chemicals could be the conspiracy's undoing. Such rare and little used chemicals aren't manufactured in many places. Most of the compounds in Sparkle aren't even produced in the United States.

It will take a Skill Roll against Profession (Chemist) or Research (with a +20 modifier) to find the single firm that imports most of the chemicals to these shores: Oxydine Chemical Supplies, Houston Texas.

SPARKLER (SPARKLE USER)

Race: Human

STR: 10 (20)

DEX: 10

FIT: 10 (15)

INT: 10

WILL: 10

Magic Ability: 10

Max Humanity: 50

Skills: City Knowledge (Home city, general), Fashion

Sense, Profession (CP's choice)

Faction: n/a

Description: Any

Possessions: Nothing significant. 10% chance of having a knife, 5% chance o small caliber pistol (25% chance in Houston)

Profile: A normal clubgoer, probably an office worker or college student during the week, who has had the misfortune to take Sparkle and see a Kin as they are. All will have significant amounts of alcohol in their systems.

OVERVIEW

A new drug, nicknamed Sparkle, has started making the rounds of the clubs. Its source at present is unknown, but its effects are most alarming to the Kin. It is also becoming very popular. This could prove to be very dangerous to the Kin.

NEW YORK

The PCs are among the first to notice Sparkle's revelatory powers. Invited by a friend to see Theory of Obsolescence in concert at the Zone-Zone, they are attacked by a handful of clubgoers who have obviously penetrated their disguise. After dispatching the clubgoers, they find out that all were under the influence of a new drug named Sparkle.

Shortly afterward, the PCs are summoned by their superiors (if PCs are members of a faction or a known Kin gang). By default of their early exposure, the PCs have been chosen to get to the bottom of the problem. Their job: Find out who is making and Distributing Sparkle and put a stop to it. They are given a time limit. Sparkle hasn't really caught on yet, but once it does, everyone under its influence will become aware of the Kin, destroying their carefully maintained anonymity.

The investigation, however the PCs want to proceed with it, leads to an uptown club called the Silver Yacht. Here they find out the Yacht is a front for Black Solstice, not where Sparkle is synthesized. It is just the place in Manhattan from which the drug is distributed. The interrogation will show the PCs why most Black Solstice

members never leave the group. They have to take an oath of silence that is fatal to break.

The lab is in an abandoned and fortified tenement building in the South Bronx. Once the PCs get to the lab, they aren't home free by any stretch of the imagination. Most of the technicians are also Black Solstice members with normal Magic Abilities and full rafts of spells to fight with. In the aftermath of the fight, the PCs will acquire information that labs are being established in Washington, Cleveland, and Chicago.

WASHINGTON

In the Southeastern Quadrant of Washington, the PCs will run afoul of the Tigers street gang. They have been hired to deal with anyone trying to find out about Sparkle or to 'muscle in' on the trade once it has started up.

CLEVELAND

After this, the leaders of Black Solstice can't help but notice that someone is going from city to city trying to destroy the labs. Unless the PCs travel by plane, by the time they can get to Cleveland, a trap will be prepared for them. Black Solstice has been in contact with notorious Werewolf FrostBite, leader of the Limbo Wolves. They have warned him that the PCs are members of a rival gang out to depose his control of the Cleveland drug trade, which will soon include Sparkle. Black Solstice has also hired members of the ManHandlers gang to act as security for the Seven Hills lab. They have been replacing members of that gang with some Skinthieves as further security.

CHICAGO

By this point, with the PCs successful in closing down three labs, Solstice's leaders will be desperate enough to do almost anything to stop them. To this end, they are setting up almost every gang in Chicago to attack the PCs on sight when they arrive in the city. Furthermore, Simon Madrigal, Black Solstice's deputy leader, is in the city to help coordinate the effort.

Chicago will be one extended gauntlet for the PCs. Madrigal is offering ten thousand apiece for their heads. Gangs with members who are Kin or Crowley have been alerted to their prey's abilities. Those who are just Herd will have to learn the hard way.

In a culture where a life can be bought for the price of a vial of Crack, ten thousand dollars is enough to mobilize an army of would-be bounty hunters. That many innocent bystanders will also be killed is of concern to neither Madrigal nor the participating gangs.

The Chicago adventure ends in a hazardous chase across the scorched barrens left by the Block Fire.

THE ROAD SOUTH

Madrigal Sees that the PCs know to go to Houston after Chicago. To intercept the PCs, he mobilizes an affiliated motorcycle gang. The Steel Gods will ambush the PCs as they head South.

Deadly Sparkle

HOUSTON

Most of the adventure set in Houston will involve a desperate Simon Madrigal throwing out his last card. He will "borrow" a Demon from Mister Adonis and have it hunt down and slay the PCs. The characters who are usually the hunters will find themselves the prey for once, in territory completely alien to them. They may find allies here, though: Chainsaw Feldstein, a former Black Solstice member and current Commune member. He may be able to throw off his terror of his former masters to aid the PCs.

It is at the warehouse where Black Solstice stores the Sparkle chemicals that the PCs will discover the identity of the man responsible for Sparkle: Dr. Henry Conroy, a researcher at Olds-Camp State University, in the small town of Olds-Camp, Pennsylvania.

OLDS-CAMP

Simon will also become aware that the PCs now have Conroy's identity. He will fly ahead to Olds-Camp and meet some Sorcerers he summoned from New York. They will attempt to spirit Conroy back to New York with them.

This, the climax of the module, will involve a frantic car chase across the campus of Olds-Camp State University as the Black Solstice members try to get to the airport ahead of the PCs.

At least, this is how it's supposed to work in theory. Your Players will find a million ways to change it.

NEW YORK

It's yet another Saturday night in Manhattan and your group has congregated at the Zone-Zone.

Theory of Obsolescence, the hottest act the herd has to offer at the moment, has returned from a national tour. The concert going on right now is their last before they return to the studio. In the wide pit in front of the stage, fans dance wildly to the harsh electronic music erupting from the speakers.

Even as you watch, lead singer Circuit Bored throws himself from the stage and is passed over the crowd on a carpet of uplifted hands.

At some break in the musical uproar, Thick Eddie, a Crowley acquaintance, approaches the PCs and asks for a conference. He gestures to one of the back rooms, pointing out that it will be quieter back there.

The room you enter is small and decorated in black with fluorescent cartoon figures spray painted on the walls. Four other people are already there, but ignore your group. Their attention is on a small container of water into which one is measuring a tiny hill of shiny crystals. The hypodermic needles and peanut butter jar full of bleach already laid out speak volumes about what they intend to do.

The PCs do not recognize what kind of drug is being brewed up. If they ask Thick Eddie, he shrugs and replies:

"You guys must be spending too much time at Club AfterDark. That stuff's been showing up the past few weeks. S'called Sparkle. Real popular with the club Yuppies. Like Ecstasy. Makes the user see things funny and feel real comfy." He shrugs noncommittally. "Now, what I wanted to talk to you about..."

At this point, Thick Eddie is interrupted by one of the Sparkle users who has evidently just injected himself. The needle is deep in his arm and a blissful grin is spreading across his face. He croons, "Everythinnnnnggggg's glowwwwiinnnnnggggg..."

The others are also in the process of shooting up.

The first user slowly withdraws the needle from his arm and sets it aside. He turns towards your group, with a smile for all the world. When he looks at you, his eyes widen in horror and the smile disappears faster than booze in the Bowery.

Decide who in the group of PCs you think would be sitting closest to the drug users.

There is a choke in his voice as he points at you. "You, you, you're not human!" With a scream of animal ferocity, he leaps at you, followed by the other Sparkle users, who are also screaming.



4 Sparklers	
Race: Human	
STR: 10 (20)	PER: 10
DEX: 10 (15)	ATT: 10
FIT: 10	LUCK: 10
INT: 10	HTH: 2 (4)
WILL: 10	SP: 20
Magic Ability: 10	
Max Humanity: 50	
Combat Skills: Basic Hand-To-Hand (15)	
Damage: 4	

None of these characters should be any problem for the PCs to do deal with, but the aftermath of such a fight will be much more problematical. Remember, this just happened in one of New York's most prominent rock clubs and the Sparklers were screaming at the tops of their lungs. When the Sparklers have been eliminated, to whatever extent the PCs want to eliminate them, they'll have at most 3-4 BT before people come to see who was making all that noise.

At this point, the PCs will have to decide whether they want to talk to any of their Kin friends about the incident. Thick Eddie sure thinks you should.

"Ya know, if I didn't know better, the way that one dude was talkin' about everything glowing, I'd swear he was talkin' about having Aura Sight."

PCS TALK TO OTHER KIN ABOUT THIS INCIDENT

Unless the person they talk to is in the terminal stages of Nerve Rot, they will realize the implications of this incident. Depending on who they talk to, the summons (the next section) may happen within a matter of hours. At any rate, the summons will come no more than 24-36 hours after the incident at the Zone-Zone.

PCS DON'T TALK TO OTHER KIN THIS INCIDENT

Several days will pass before the PCs hear about another incident, this time at the Unified Church of Industrial Chaos. The news report will read that "Six persons under the influence of a new designer drug called Sparkle were killed by persons unknown at approximately 11:45 pm."

After this, if the PCs still don't do anything, Thick Eddie will take matters into his own hands and contact some other Kin he knows.

THE SUMMONS

The PCs receive phone calls, depending on their faction. These phone calls are from leaders or friends in their faction, calling them to meet to discuss the events the PCs were witness to. If this is not appropriate, figure out some way to get the PCs on the trail of the Sparkle

pushers. A reward offered may be enough, or possibly threats from some other source.

Commune: The call is from Samantha X for a conference at Club AfterDark that night.

Complex: The call is from Razor, summoning them to Death Row that night.

Morningstar Corporation: Westside Jackie wants to meet them at Tiffani's, a strip-joint he frequents, at 9:00 that night.

Red Moonrise: If the PCs are part of a Red Moonrise gang, they will be contacted by their gang leader, who sets a rendezvous wherever the PCs hang out most often. If they have formed their own Red Moonrise cell, they will be contacted by Wally Ash Wits, asking them to meet him at Zee Skream Klub that night.

Other Faction: Whoever would be most appropriate.

Independent pro-human gang: See Commune.

Independent anti-human gang: Appropriate anti-human faction.

THE CONFERENCE

If the PCs hadn't talked to anyone, the first part of the conference will be a severe dressing down for negligence that endangered the Kin's precious anonymity. Adjust the severity of the reprimand to whoever is talking: Wally Ash Wits will be harsher than a smooth operator like Razor. If it's Samantha doing the talking, though, go ahead and let loose. She has little patience for idiots.

The short and sweet of the situation is as follows: the PCs were among the first to notice Sparkle. It becomes by default their responsibility to find out where this stuff is coming from and shut down the operation.

If the PCs had talked to someone, they are promised some reward for their participation. If they had not talked, this operation is considered expiation for that oversight.

INVESTIGATING SPARKLE CHECKING THE CLUBS

Now that your eyes have been opened about Sparkle, it seems you can't get away from it. In every club you've ever been in, there has always been at least one person who was a dealer. Looked like a dealer, felt like a dealer. Smelt like a dealer. In a sleazier than usual dance joint called Shake It!, Tyrone "the Peacock" is that person. He might as well have a neon sign pointing at his head saying "this dude sells drugs."

TALKING TO TYRONE

Tyrone will be more than willing to sell to the PCs, but will be less willing to talk about his supplier. Not that this should be any problem for the PCs, but Tyrone has a couple of friends around in case any buyers ever try to roust him.

Deadly Sparkle

Tyrone "the Peacock" Lewis

Race: Human

STR: 14	PER: 17
DEX: 11	ATT: 16
FIT: 23	LUCK: 18
INT: 15	HTH: 3
WILL: 32	SP: 41

Magic Ability: 23

Max Humanity: 55

Combat Skills: Pistol (60), Damage Potential=15

2 Friends of Tyrone's

Race: Human

STR: 13	PER: 10
DEX: 10	ATT: 10
FIT: 13	LUCK: 10
INT: 8	HTH: 3
WILL: 8	SP: 23

Magic Ability: 10

Max Humanity: 50

Combat Skills: Knife, Streetfighting (60), Switchblade, Damage Potential=8

FRONTAL APPROACH

PCs will have a hard time getting past the front lobby: the guard (in patent Rent-A-Cop uniform) will ask for their passes. If they don't have any to show, he will point at the door and tell them to close it on their way out.

If they resist peacefully, he will retreat behind his desk. There, he will check them out with the video cameras mounted on the walls. Unless prepared, Kin will not show up on the monitors. This is one guard who is in the know, as the Uzi he pulls out from under the table attests.

He has already hit the panic button and is expecting support within 2d10 BT.

1 Guard

Race: Human

STR: 15	PER: 10
DEX: 13	ATT: 9
FIT: 12	LUCK: 15
INT: 15	HTH: 3
WILL: 20	SP: 27

Magic Ability: 12

Max Humanity: 50

Combat Skills: Automatic Rifle (80), Uzi with Combination load, Damage Potential=30 (15 to Kin with appropriate Flaws and ignore Armor Edge).

INTERROGATING TYRONE

Tyrone will soon be initiated into Black Solstice. He has not yet taken the vow of Omerta or learned any spells. He doesn't know what he is about to get himself into. Tyrone does have an idea of the consequences of letting out where he gets his Sparkle. He has no idea of the consequences of resisting the Kin. When he finally breaks, he will have this information to offer:

"Gets it at this joint uptown. You know, way up Broadway. Call the Silver Yacht. Real high class, but I see lots a dealers comin' and goin' alla time."

After this, if the PCs let Tyrone go, he will jump in his car and be out the Lincoln Tunnel as fast as his cowboy boots can carry him.

PCS DO NOT GO TO THE SILVER YACHT

In the unlikely case that the PCs do not pursue this avenue, you can have them hunt around for as long as you want. This will be wasting time and increasing the odds that some of the people they talk to will take violent offense to their inquiries.

PCS GO TO THE SILVER YACHT

The Silver Yacht is on the top floor of a highrise apartment complex. The only indication there is a club here is a small brass sign in the front lobby inscribed with a picture of a sailing boat at full sail, with the words "The Silver Yacht, Floor Fifteen" below in flowing cursive. Below that, in much less friendly block letters is the inscription "Members Only."

The guard won't hesitate to start blasting. He knows he only has to hold the PCs off for, at most, two minutes before help shows up. That he probably won't survive the next two minutes has not occurred to him. A very low-level member with access to only the smallest fraction of the organization's secrets. He doesn't even know any spells.

BACK DOOR

The Silver Yacht can be approached by a service elevator located around the back of the building. This is watched by hidden video cameras. If they use the elevator, it will take 6 BT to ascend to the top floor. There is a cumulative 60% chance that the guard on monitor duty will notice that the elevator seems to have activated and is ascending by itself.

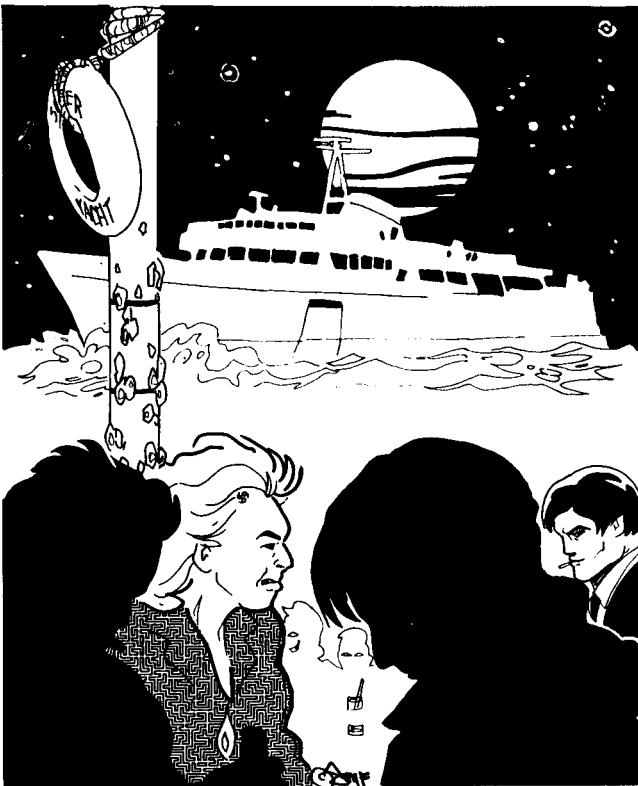
STAIRS

PCs, unless there is a human character with them, will be able to get almost to the top of the stairs before they are noticed or intercepted. There is an armed guard, half asleep and leaned back in a chair, on the top landing. Check initiative using the Guard's Alertness Skill of 60. He will hit the alarm if he wins, then try to fight. The door itself is locked and will need an Electronics Skill Roll to be opened without setting off an alarm. This door opens into the lobby at the end of the hall from the actual front door of the club.

OTHER

If PCs fly in or enter by some other arcane method, assume that any guards they meet will be appropriately surprised.

INSIDE THE SILVER YACHT



The Silver Yacht reeks of money. The lighting here is fashionably low and from recessed sections of the ceiling. The walls are done in a cool felt gray, cordoned off between columns of rose marble shot with silver filigrees. A nautical theme dominates the room, the tone being set by a breathtaking mural on the wall opposite the front door. The subject matter is a yacht in the middle of the ocean, a full moon overhead with clouds scudding across its face.

Depending on the hour, the club could be anything from jam-packed with rich clubgoers to deserted. During its peak business hours, it will be strictly standing room only.

If the PCs enter unnoticed and while the club is busy, they will receive sneers of contempt from the Wall Street refugees up here. What happens next is up to how they behave.

If they simply ask around about "anything good for sale," the bartender or waiter won't even blink an eye before getting whatever they ask for, presumably Sparkle. He will probably need an inducement (either monetary or threatening) before he introduces the PCs to the manager, who provides the drugs.

If they are rude, no one will know anything, and whoever they accost will demand to see their membership card. When no such card is forthcoming, they will be told to leave very fast or to hang around for the Police.

If they arrive after 4:00 AM or before 4:00 PM, the club will be deserted except for a janitor (until noon) or the manager (noon to 4:00). In either case, there seems to be awfully tight security for a dance club. There are three armed guards roaming at all times and another watching a bank of monitors.

THE MANAGER'S OFFICE

There is nothing out of the ordinary about most of the club. Any information the PCs want to find will be in the manager's cubicle.

IF MANAGER IS THERE:

The manager is of a type seemingly bred from countless generations of CPAs: short, scrawny, lank-haired and with a permanent squint from checking ledgers.

He will deny knowing anything about Sparkle, but anyone with eyes can tell that he knows what, if not who, the PCs are. He's sweating fear bullets.

If PCs Force the Manager to Talk

His already pale face turns the color of old glue. "Please don't make me talk. Please... They..." His voice breaks in despair and terror beyond anything you have induced.

Questioned who "They" are, he will admit that he is a member of Black Solstice. Even with that announcement, he looks like he's ready to die from pure fear. If the PCs continue the interrogation, the manager talks, but his words come out in a fear-propelled tumble.

"The lab where it's made isn't here. This front is too valuable. It's across the River." Unhealthy red blotches are climbing his neck as you watch. "In the Bronx. The address is 1207 West El..."

He never finishes the sentence. His face turns bright red and he grasps his chest in agony. A froth of black blood spews forth from his mouth.

If the PCs check him, he's as dead as the proverbial doornail. Anyone attempting to use Necropathy on the manager will now find him less willing to talk. They have already caused his death. Threats of causing his True Death, however, will work, and he will divulge to the PCs that the lab is guarded by both several Black Solstice members and some moonlighting policemen.

IF MANAGER IS NOT THERE

The only items of interest here are the manager's desk, a file cabinet, and a calendar from a well-known Men's magazine.

Deadly Sparkle

The file cabinet

In the file cabinet is lots of stuff, and some of it very weird, especially the stuff you find in the bottom-most drawer. You can see why he keeps this stuff hidden. There are black candles, a human skull with a pentagram carved into the forehead, daggers with wavy blades and enough different herbs to supply a Gourmet chef's kitchen in here. The telltale stench of garlic rises to meet you. There is no Sparkle.

If any Sorcerers are present, they will recognize the candles and herbs as essential parts of Ritual preparations for White and Black Magic.

The desk

Sorting through the debris of dried-up pens, paper clips and long forgotten business cards, you find \$2129 and eight grams of cocaine wrapped in clear cellophane. There is no evidence of Sparkle.

If sold on the streets, the cocaine will net fifteen hundred dollars.

The calendar

If you can tear your gaze away from Miss February's endowments, you will notice that this also doubles as the manager's appointment calendar. Several boxes are filled in with a ballpoint pen. One block, however, has been filled in to hide whatever was written there. This looks to have been done with a magic marker.

There are a couple of different ways the PCs can find out what was eliminated from the calendar.

A good chemist could use a fluoroscope to distinguish between the two kinds of ink and thus tell what was written in. This, however, would take several hours and a competently equipped lab to accomplish.

A successful PER Roll while feeling the surface of the paper will yield an answer. There is, however, a 20% chance of the person misinterpreting the bumps and grooves. If they attempt to decipher the message visually, there is a 50% chance of getting the wrong result.

The fastest and most accurate way will be for the PCs to turn over the leaf and examine the grooves made with the ballpoint pen. A piece of white paper and a light rubbing will yield up the message:

1207 West Elm, Bronx, 9:30 AM

THE SOUTH BRONX

The PCs should get the hint and investigate the address on the paper. If they don't, you will have to give them more hints. If they still fail to check out the address, begin to attack them in retaliation for the Silver Yacht episode until they do.

THE STAFF OF 1207 WEST ELM

12 Off-duty policemen

Race: Human
STR: 10 PER: 10
DEX: 15 ATT: 10
FIT: 8 LUCK: 10
INT: 10 HTH: 2
WILL: 15 SP: 18

Magic Ability: 10

Combat Skills: Automatic Rifle (60), Pistol (60), Rifle (60), Unarmed Combat (60). They are armed as follows: Six with .38s (Damage Potential=15). Two are carrying sawed-off Shotguns (Damage Potential=20). Two more are carrying Mini-Uzis (Damage Potential=30). The last two are carrying AK-47s (Damage Potential=30).

6 Lab technicians

Race: Human
STR: 8 PER: 15
DEX: 10 ATT: 15
FIT: 8 LUCK: 10
INT: 20 HTH: 2
WILL: 15 SP: 18

Magic Ability: 10

Max Humanity: 50

Combat Skills: Basic Hand-to-Hand (10). Damage Potential=2

3 Black Solstice members

Race: Sorcerer
STR: 20 PER: 20
DEX: 20 ATT: 20
FIT: 20 LUCK: 20
INT: 25 HTH: 4
WILL: 30 SP: 40

Magic Ability: 23

Max Humanity: 50

Humanity Damage Modifier: 0

Edges: Drain (life force)

Spells: See Module Appendix One

Combat Skills: Pistol (60), .38 Special (Damage Potential=15).

Crossing the Brooklyn Bridge is like crossing into another world. In your case, whose destination is the South Bronx, it is like crossing over into hell on earth. The part of town called Fort Apache by the police sprawls before you in darkness. There isn't a working streetlight as far as you can see and the only illumination is the lurid glow from fires lit in trash cans. Lights show from only a few windows in the dilapidated tenements lining the streets. Abandoned cars, stripped like carcasses of strange animals, crouch on cement blocks. The streets are thronged with homeless, who will later retreat to the dubious comfort of the abandoned tenements and cars.

Your destination, 1207 West Elm, is deep in the heart of this area, in a section abandoned even by the homeless. Some fire has razed many of the buildings here, and no one ever bothered to tear down the husks left by the blaze. 1207 is relatively untouched, but you can see where someone has nailed boards over gaping windows. All seems to be dark within.

If the PCs have the headlights of their car on, have the people in the front seat make either PER or Alertness Skill Rolls. If the rolls are successful, read the following:

You notice, from a gap in the boards, the distinctive glint of your headlights off of curved glass. Curved like the lens on a pair of binoculars.

FRONTAL APPROACH

If the PCs are foolish enough to pull up in front of 1207, their car will be approached by, amazingly, a policeman. Behind him will be three more policemen. These are some policemen that Black Solstice has hired for their off hours. The policemen are aware that what they are doing is very wrong, but for the amount of money they're getting paid, they are willing to guard just about anything. Black Solstice knows that if anything were to happen to these policemen, a city wide dragnet for the killers will result. They are gambling that the PCs know it, too.

The Black Solstice members at the lab are made from sterner stuff than the manager at the Silver Yacht. They recognize the PCs as Kin and know that they are in a kill or be killed situation. Neither the policemen nor the lab technicians will know what they are fighting until too late.

IF PCS ARE DEFEATED

They will resurrect normally, but find the lab has been emptied out during the interim.

Presumably, the PCs will search the place before leaving. If they do so, a normal Alertness Roll will reveal info about labs in other cities, specifically Washington, Cleveland, and Chicago. The information indicates that none of these labs are quite ready to start production yet. The Washington lab is closest and will be putting out Sparkle within the week.

A computer is also there, but with its hard drive empty. A Computer Programming Roll made with a +20 modifier will yield up information on the formula for Sparkle, along with data on its creation, in the small University town of Olds-Camp, Pennsylvania.

IF BLACK SOLSTICE MEMBERS ARE DEFEATED

Any of the members left alive will refuse to talk, not from fear of Omerta, but from hatred of the Kin. They will also threaten any of the technicians and gang members with the consequences of their talking.

The gang members won't know anything valuable anyhow. They are just hired muscle.

One of the lab technicians is willing to talk, however. The computer whiz will offer to help the PCs if they can give him protection from Black Solstice. Any members present will express surprise that the programmer had discovered his employer's identity. The programmer sneers at that person and points out that Black Solstice's existence isn't exactly a major secret.

He will then, if freed, rev up the computer and give the PCs the addresses of places where shipments had been sent to Washington, Cleveland, and Chicago. However:

"Just for curiosity's sake, I looked up those addresses. The one in Washington was a parking lot. Cleveland's a dock with nothing on it. Chicago's address is smack dab in the middle of the area destroyed by the Block Fire. Sounds to me like they were just pickup spots." He shrugs. "But this is important. The shipment for Washington was sent out first, about three weeks ago, and it took about four weeks to set up this lab."

During all of this, the Black Solstice members just glare at the programmer. If the PCs live up to their end of the bargain, Joe Fellers, the programmer may be used in future adventures if the PCs need help with computers.

When the PCs report back to their superiors with this information, they are instructed to act on it. They are to go to each city and destroy the labs. If the PCs ask why operatives in those cities can't do this task, they will be told that the operatives in those cities are engaged in other activities. Some of these activities are too sensitive to abort to take care of even this situation.

Their superiors will assign to others the task of locating and neutralizing any Sparkle left in the city. Throughout the module, if the PCs tune into any news broadcasts, they will hear about a series of vigilante murders in New York with drug dealers as the victims.

WASHINGTON

This can start when the PCs have arrived in Washington and begun their search for Sparkle.

CHECKING OUT THE STREETS

This will be unsuccessful, except to alert the Tigers that someone is inquiring about Sparkle. They will quickly locate the PCs and warn them not to stick their noses in other peoples' business.

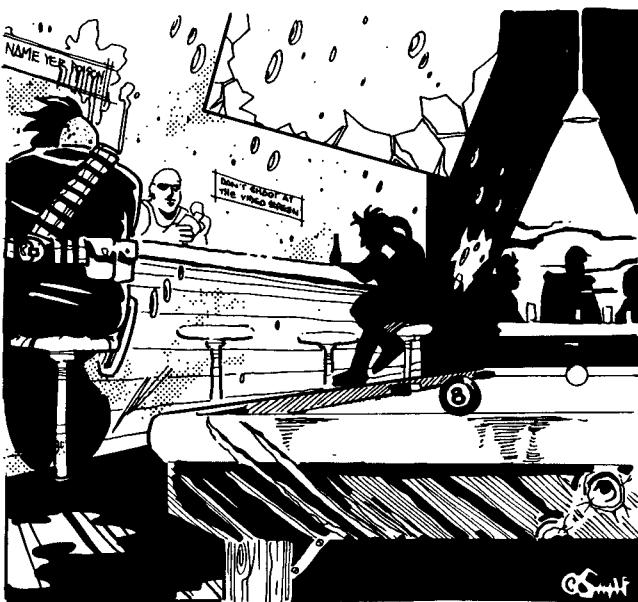
Checking out the Clubs or factional contacts in the city:

PCs will be told to contact Chinners, a local dealer who hangs out at the Stopwatch, a lower class sports bar in Georgetown.

CONTACTING CHINNERS

Chinners is a Black Solstice member and will have at least one Tigers gang member per PC as backup, lounging around the Stopwatch.

THE STOPWATCH



The Stopwatch used to be a sports bar. When you walk in, you can see that the large screen TV is permanently busted. Some one long ago put a bottle of beer through its screen. There are pieces of memorabilia on the walls, but they are dusty and stained with, at the very least, beer. A few people are sitting around nursing beers, but no one is doing much of anything. Most of the Stopwatch's patrons seem to be the wrong side of fifty, except for one group near the back.

The leader of this little group is a young man with the black thatch of hair and slanted, hazel eyes typical of Amerasians. Most notably, he is wearing thick-lensed prescription glasses and has a chin that juts out almost comically. You have found Chiners.

Chiners will be willing to talk to the PCs until he realizes what they are, then will stall for time. Have the PCs make a PER Roll. If they make the roll, they spot him making motions with one hand. About a half-dozen of Chiners's friends, all wearing tiger striped bracelets, will converge on the PCs.

COMBAT RESOLUTIONS

IF PCs ARE DEFEATED

Captured: PCs will be taken to the lab for safekeeping and interrogation.

Killed: Will resurrect normally, but in custody at the lab.

From this point, they will have to free themselves or be forced to inform the Black Solstice members of everything they know about Sparkle. Their interrogators will also get any tidbits they feel might be useful in the future in its war against the Kin.

IF CHINNERS AND HIS FRIENDS DEFEATED

Captured: Chiners will not reveal the lab's location. If the PCs force him to, he will die due to his Omerta Oath.

Chiners Killed: Use Necropathy on him (if any of the PCs have it) or force one of the gang members to lead them to the lab.

Chiners

Race: Sorcerer

STR: 13

DEX: 20

FIT: 30

INT: 24

WILL: 31

PER: 9

ATT: 27

LUCK: 29

HTH: 3

SP: 59

Magic Ability: 42

Max Humanity: 30

Humanity Damage Modifier: +2 SP Cost when using White Magic, -2 SP Cost when using Black Magic

Edges: Drain (life force)

Spells: *Street*: Breakdance (1), Compel (5), Crank It Up (5), Deflection (5), Heavyweight (5). *Black*: Boneyard (4), Con-Ed (5), Flaming Skull (5) (WILL stored is 39, DP is 44). *White*: EMT (1), Nine Eleven (3), Shag It (3)

Combat Skills: Pistol (60), .38 Special (Damage Potential=15)

IN SOUTHEASTERN QUADRANT

There are more trees here, and the buildings don't loom quite as ominously, but the atmosphere here is one you recognize. Urban blight hits you like the stench from a ruptured garbage bag as you cross Frederick Douglass Bridge. The contrast is intensified by the clean marble beauty you just left.

At the first stoplight the PCs obey, they will be approached by either a pusher selling crack, a prostitute selling herself, or someone wanting to wash their windshield for \$ 2.00. Its your choice as to which.

The house with the lab is located deep in the quadrant. It is a gigantic old brownstone that was probably beautiful in its day. Now, all the paint has peeled back to expose the graying and punky wood underneath. Where the windows haven't been boarded up, they gape emptily. A few people sit on the sagging porch. They don't notice you, their attention focussed somewhere inside themselves. All is quiet.

THE SHOOTING GALLERY

Unless the PCs go in blasting, they should be able to check out the house before the fighting begins. In the spacious living room, they will see this dreary spectacle:

A dozen or more addicts are there, huddled in oversize coats on the couch. The minimal amount of light seeping around the boards reduces the room to almost pitch black. One addict huddles over a black and white TV. It provides the only light in the room. The floor is littered with used syringes and vials of the sort that both Crack and Sparkle come in.

One person does look up and starts shouting "Monster!" hoarsely, but is obviously too far gone in drug induced inertia to do anything.

Unfortunately, in the pervasive quiet of this house, his voice carries far. A half-dozen Tigers come running down the stairs with guns at the ready. They will be looking for the source of the disturbance and will spot the PCs, intruding onto their tightest turf.

The last Tiger in line will shout that there are people downstairs. This will bring several more Tigers into the fray, along with the Black Solstice Sorcerers to check who the intruders are.

Since this lab has just started production, there is a good chance that the PCs could get a dose of Sparkle.

Almost simultaneously with the last gang member or Black Solstice member being defeated, a phone will start ringing upstairs. Upstairs is where the Sparkle was being produced. In contrast to the squalor elsewhere in the house, this room is meticulously clean. The white marble-topped tables gleam and the hand lettered chemical containers are set in a precise line. If anyone asks, unfortunately, the chemicals are just listed by some numerical code and an amount. Presumably, the amount is how much is to be used when making a batch of Sparkle.

If the PCs answer the phone, whoever is at the other end will demand their identity. If the PCs identify themselves as Chiners or one of the lab technicians, the other person will have this to say:

"You had better be careful. I tried to get in contact with the Bronx facility earlier and it would seem that some Kin have stumbled onto the operation.

The voice will then continue with some patently fake inanities of the sort all bosses spew at employees when trying to be chummy.

If the PCs cannot identify themselves, the person will hang up abruptly.

CLEVELAND

The phone only rang once before the man snagged it from its receiver.

"Whoever this is, it'd better be good." The man's voice was thick with sleep. Out his windows, he could see

the lights of Cleveland glowing fitfully over the Cuyahoga.

"This is Frostbite?" The query was only approximately a question.

He sat up. "Who's askin'?"

"I repeat. Is this Frostbite?" the voice was pointedly polite.

"No, this is Groucho-friggin'-Marx."

The voice dropped any pretense of civility. "Very well, Mr. Marx, if you happen to see a tree-sniffing Rug by the name of Frostbite, tell him this. Someone wants to take control of Cleveland's drug trade from him."

The man sat up, almost growling into the receiver.

"I have your attention, Mr. Marx?"

"You do."

"Good. Now, as I was saying..."

CHECKING THE STREETS OR CLUBS

After several attempts, just enough to start the PCs thinking that they won't be getting any leads, direct them to Skinny Joe's. Skinny Joe's is a sleazy bar in the Flats frequented by Cleveland's gangs.

Checking with Factual Contacts: This may reveal that they are expected, if they ask contacts in the Commune, the Complex or Red Moonrise. Contacts in the Morningstar Corporation will have no information or will direct them to Fitzgerald. Fitzgerald, who is allied with Frostbite, will tell them to check out Skinny Joe's.

BACK ALLEY HORROR



At some point, PCs will be in transit between clubs when they hear the distinctively wet gurgle of someone breathing their last. If they investigate:

What you find behind the dumpster could be called a woman. To make that statement, however, you would have to overlook that all her skin has been meticulously removed. She is lying in a pool of blood that bubbles out

Deadly Sparkle

from her. She shivers spasmodically as the last heat flees her body.

Beside the body, partially in the puddle of blood, lies a wallet with its contents removed and a switchblade. A two foot length of black chain coils in and out of the puddle.

Anyone who sees her without warning should make a Fear Roll, the sight is that gruesome. There seems to be no chance of saving her: any use of the Healing Edge will find the power turned aside. Aura Sight will reveal her as a Vampyre. Only magic, in the form of EMT or Nine Eleven, will have any effect. She can be considered to be at -9 SP for this purpose. Magic Healing can restore her skin.

Horribly, she is still conscious, if incoherent. Her pain is too intense to allow the solace of oblivion and she can only mutter about a "skinless thing."

Even if the PCs can heal her body, her mind will have been shaken by the experience. As above, she will only be able to mutter about a skinless thing, unable to specify whether she refers to herself or to her attacker. This will be solved the first time she can feed, an act she will perform voraciously. When she has returned to her senses, she thanks the PCs and introduces herself as Joanna Scum, a member of the ManHandlers. All she can remember is going into this alley thinking she had seen some prey. The last she can recall is being attacked by what looked like a man that had no skin and tiny wires sticking out all over his body. Then nothing.

Joanna will insist on accompanying the PCs for as long as they are in Cleveland. During the confrontation with FrostBite, she will help them plead their case if he is looking like he might not believe them.

SKINNY JOE'S

Skinny Joe's is a trap for the PCs. FrostBite, leader of the Limbo Wolves street gang, has been fed misinformation that the PCs are members of a rival gang, new in town, who want to take control of the burgeoning Sparkle trade. In FrostBite, however, Black Solstice has chosen a risky pawn. He is too smart and willful to just kill any competitors if they can be useful to him.

As you approach Skinny Joe's, you realize it really is a dive. It looks like everybody in Cleveland who has ever got their hands on a spraycan left their initials or some other message on its front bricks. The only advertisement is a neon sign woven into the name in the single, small window. The front door is propped open with a barstool. Several youths are lounging around outside, eyeing you sullenly. All are wearing black bandanas with white snowflakes printed on them.

If PCs use Aura Sight on the loungers:

You see in the flickering light of Auras, that some of the youths around the door are human, while others are Werewolves.

CONFRONTATION WITH FROSTBITE

Inside, Skinny Joe's is empty except a few more of the youths sitting at a booth and one man leaning at the bar, staring in your direction and frowning. He is a fearsome sight, even by Kin standards. A complete albino, lurid tattoos crawl down both arms and across a bare chest decorated with a tangle of gold chains. His hair stands up in a stiff highrise and wraparound sunglasses hide his eyes from you. You notice that his fingers end in short, curved claws and that he wears a an Uzi openly in a breakaway holster on one hip. He speaks to you as soon as you enter.

"So, you the bangers wanna be takin' over the Sparkle, eh? You wanna give me a couple reasons why me and the boys don't chill you right here?"

FIGHT

PCs will be outnumbered at least two or three to one. FrostBite believes in negotiation through superior firepower. Emphasize to the Players that they are outnumbered.

PCS DEFEATED

They will resurrect to find themselves prisoners of FrostBite.

LIMBO WOLVES DEFEATED

FrostBite alive

Go to "Negotiation"

FrostBite dead

PCs can search the club to find the address of the production lab in Seven Hills. It will be found in the antique cash register, under a stack of 20's. The address will neglect to mention that the lab is safeguarded by the ManHandlers. If the PCs mention the address to Joanna, however, she will react with surprise.

"My hood was hired by some Herd from out of town. We were to guard whatever was going down inside that house. Never really asked what we were guarding. I understand it would have really shook up the drug trade here in town."

She will then put in a call to her bosses, the leaders of the gang. Go to 'Slaughter in Seven Hills' and have Joanna do the introductions.

Negotiate: FrostBite will be interested in the PCs' description of Sparkle's effects, but will need a demonstration. This won't be a problem, since there is some in the club. Once he sees what it does, he will recognize its potential threat and his role as a dupe. He will not be pleased. If there is anything he hates, it is being played for a fool.

At this point, FrostBite will agree to help the PCs shut down the Cleveland Sparkle operation. He "invites" the PCs to accompany him to the lab after making a few private phone calls. The only thing the PCs can catch of the last conversation is "... and be sure to bring the extra-sharp knife."

SLAUGHTER IN SEVEN HILLS

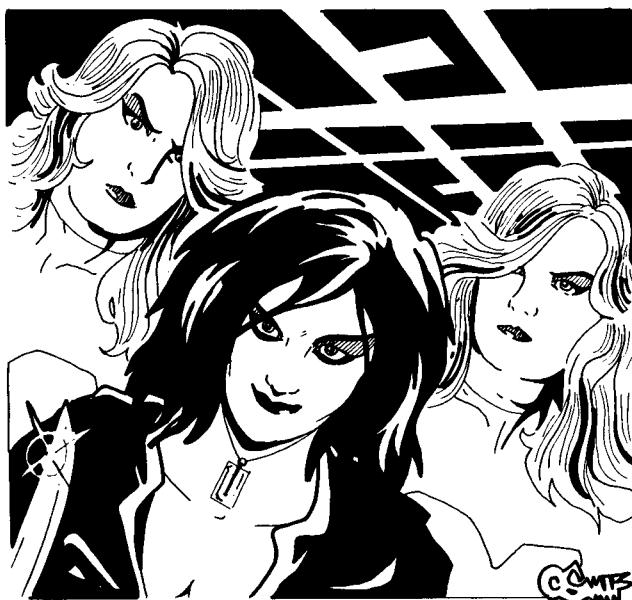
By the time you approach Seven Hills, in a severely rundown section of this formerly wealthy suburb, your car is being followed by a dozen more. Each contains three or four Limbo Wolves members. Your entire caravan is flanked by about two dozen women on motorcycles. FrostBite, who has insisted on riding with you, explains that the women are members of the ManHandlers street gang.

At a stoplight, two of the riders pull up alongside your car. They are identical twins, both blonde and flawlessly beautiful. Scalpel blade thin scars trace around their necks and wrists. They both exude menace. FrostBite introduces them as Tandi and Suzanne, the Switchblade Sisters. They are the leaders of the ManHandlers.

If PCs use Aura Sight on either, they will be revealed as Animates with abysmally low Humanity Scores.

When the PCs are introduced to Tandi and Suzanne, have the PCs make INT Rolls to notice the chains they are wearing and recognize them from Joanna. If they mention this, neither the Sisters nor FrostBite will know what to make of the mystery.

THE LAB



When you get to the building, several more women come forward to greet the Sisters and FrostBite. They quietly inform the

ManHandlers who had been working as guards of the situation. The smile that grows on their faces isn't pretty to see.

Make a PER Roll for Joanna. If it succeeds, she will scream in something between anger and horror. The creature that took her skin is in the back of the group of ManHandlers acting as guards. The creature is, in fact, wearing her skin.

What is going on is that ten Skinthieves have been brought in by Black Solstice to replace some of ManHandlers who were acting as guards. These Skinthieves planned to hold off their attack until the invading force had entered the house, then attack from behind, trying to get surprise.

If Joanna made her PER Roll and spotted them, however, they will attack in self defense, realizing that the jig is up. Since they are outnumbered ten to eighty, you can probably just inform the Players that it was a slaughter.

FrostBite courteously asks the PCs if they want to lead the attack, specifying only that a certain character, his former contact, be left alive. There isn't even a question of resistance at the lab: the people inside are still outnumbered something like seven to one. There are three Black Solstice members, but against so many, they can only offer token resistance.

The raid goes easily, since Black Solstice had been relying on the ManHandlers to provide security.

CHECKING THE HOUSE

The house is barren except for the following:

The basement has a few coffins in it. This is where the Kin ManHandlers had been staying. Another room has a few cots and evidence of feminine habitation where the other ManHandlers had been living. A room on the top floor has some more cots and evidence that the Black Solstice staff had been living here. The production lab is identical to the one in Washington.

SUZANNE DOES HER STUFF

When the slaughter is over, the Wolves drag one person away from the fray. His mouth has already been sealed with duct tape, obviously to prevent him from casting any spells. FrostBite settles into a chair and waves for you to join him.

"Tandi is a real artist at her craft."

Here, wait for anyone who has any doubts about the nature of her craft to ask what she plans to do. If they do, read the following.

FrostBite grins all teeth. "Getting answers out o'dudes what don'ts want to be giving 'em out."

Read the following after any questions have been answered.

Suzanne raises one hand. The flesh peels back from her fingertips as Claws grow out. Suzanne takes her time, manifesting her Claws

Deadly Sparkle

slowly. As if in anticipation. She approaches the captive with a smile.

It might be better if you left what follows to the Players' imaginations. He does, after all, last almost an hour and it only takes a skilled butcher about twelve minutes to skin a carcass. Even a living one.

The captive finally indicates that he can take it no longer and Tandi removes the duct tape from over his mouth. It's one of the only places on his body that still has all of its flesh. His voice is understandably weak. He has lost a lot of blood.

"No more, Frankie bitch... I'll talk. The Masters know what you want to do. Even now, one of our leaders from the Inner Circle is flying ahead to..."

At this point, he chokes, black blood spilling from his mouth as his vow of silence takes effect. He dies with hatred in his eyes.

If one of the PCs wants to participate in the torture process or even take Suzanne's place, she will step aside, but not courteously. It will take a successful Skill Roll against Torture to get the Sorcerer to talk. When he does break, he will give a version of what he said to Suzanne above.

After this announcement, FrostBite suggests you hurry for Chicago as quickly as possible, since that is the most likely destination. He says he will take care of cleaning and flossing this mess.

If the PCs catch the news the next day, it will mention a tragic fire in Cleveland, Ohio that claimed the lives of eight people. The reasons for the people's presence in the house will be as yet unknown. Police are investigating.

CHICAGO

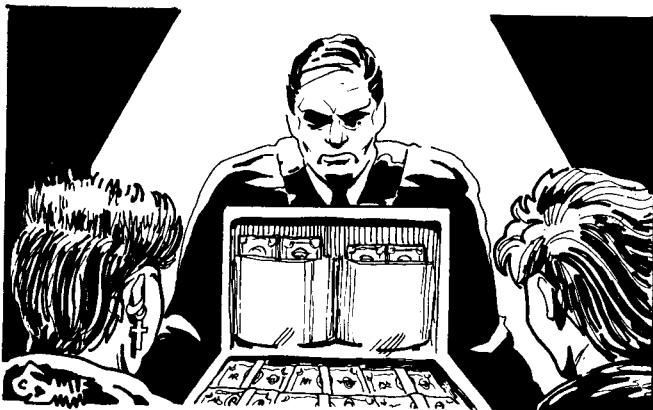
The room was bare except for the light, the card table, and the briefcase on the table. The light was a bare hundred watt bulb and it served only to illuminate the table.

The table itself was nondescript, the kind countless generations of blue-haired matrons had played gin rummy around. Even the briefcase was nondescript. It was the dozens of stacks of green-faced presidents it contained that held one's attention. A man stood behind the briefcase. His face was in shadow and the only details that could be discerned were hints of thinning hair and unhealthily sharp features. His suit was black and conservative. He radiated menace, like an undertaker gleeful of his task.

To the people across from him, he could have looked like Bozo the Clown and they wouldn't have noticed. Their attention was on the money.

His voice brought them back from dreams of Lamborghinis and cocaine. It cut sharp and had hints of English upbringing in it. "Sometime after dusk today, or tomorrow at the latest, a group of people will be arriving

in town. They will be coming from New York by way of Cleveland."



"I want them dead." Pale and exquisitely manicured hands dipped into the briefcase, came up holding wads thick as new Porsches. "Ten thousand a head."

He tossed one packet of money to a young Hispanic whose scarred mouth always grinned. "Make sure everyone knows. Everyone."

CHECKING THE STREETS OR CLUBS:

No one, but no one, is willing to talk to you. Everywhere you go, you are met with stony and fearful silences. No one seems to have even heard of Sparkle, let alone where it could be had.

When they have been met with silence in the fourth bar, have the PC with the highest Danger Sense, Perception, or Alertness Score make a roll. If the roll is successful:

As you turn to leave in defeat, you notice a young man slide off a stool and scurry to the pay phone at the end of the bar.

If the PCs talk (interrogate) to this kind customer of Ma Bell, he will deny that their presence and his phone call have anything to do with each other. He isn't a very good liar. Under the slightest pressure, he will spill the beans.

"Yesterday the call went out. Some big homeboy from New York was in town and was wantin' anyone asking 'bout Sparkle dead. Ten Gs a pop. Greased a lot of palms to make sure everyone knew it, too."

The pigeon doesn't know who put up the bounty. He has friends in the Tattoos, a local street gang. He was going to alert them in the hope that they would cut him in on the cash. For what it's worth, he promises "from the bottom of my heart" not to squeal on the PCs if they let him go.

Any PCs who fall for this line should receive the medal for Gullibility above and beyond the call of duty. The second they let him go, he'll be dropping quarters.

If the PCs do not notice the pigeon, they will be attacked by 2d10 Tattoos members within the half hour. If any of the Tattoos survive the fight, they can be made to volunteer information about the bounty.

At any rate, word will quickly get around that the PCs have hit town, so it's only a matter of time before they are assaulted.

Use the City Information Table near the back of this book to determine which gang attacks the Player Characters according to which part of town they are in. If the gang determined is either the North Branch Mutants or the Suicides, they will recognize the PCs as Kin and vice versa. Unless the PCs are strongly Commune oriented, the Suicides may be willing to talk to them. The Mutants, a more neutral gang, will be willing to give the PCs a hearing.

If it is any other gang, they will attack mercilessly. If any of the gang members are left alive, there is a 20% chance that one of the survivors will be a gang leader. With the proper persuasion, he will lead the PCs back to whoever put up the bounty.

DEATH AT 100 KPH

This can happen at anytime after the PCs have been identified and happen to be on foot, preferably leaving a club while hunting for clues.

You are just a few steps out the door when you see a battered 91 Topaz roaring down upon you.

Ask Players if they want to run, duck for cover, etc.

As it comes abreast of your position, a young man leans out the back window and lets rip with a spray of hot lead at you.

3 Drive-By Gang Members

Race: Human

SP: 20

Combat Skills: Automatic Rifle (60), AK-47, Damage Potential=30

If the PCs were caught in the line of fire and remain standing, the car will screech to a stop. It will then slam into reverse and come back. If the PCs attack, the would-be bounty hunters will be so freaked out that their attacks will be at a +20 % penalty.

Few people charge someone that is shooting at them on full auto.

If the PCs fall to the ground, either wounded or just faking it, the gang members will still come back to check the bodies. They need proof to claim their ten grand.

Once the gang members see that the PCs are still kicking after a gutful of lead, have them make a Fear Roll. Any questions asked will be answered filled with fear stricken obscenities, but will be answered truthfully.

If the PCs become allied with either the Mutants or the Suicides and have had time to explain what Sparkle does, they will be glad to lead the PCs back to either DeathClown or Blender at their headquarters.

From there, the gang leader can direct them to the lab in the Southwestern part of Chicago. this lies on the edges of the area destroyed by the Block Fire. He will refuse to accompany them, wanting to keep himself and his gang out of this situation.

And you thought the South Bronx was desolate. There, at least, there are buildings. Here, only the gutted carcasses of houses consumed by the fire stick out of the ground. One or two larger stumps, burnt the color of rotten teeth, jut at unsafe angles, their foundations cracked by the heat. Even here, however, you can see people taking shelter.

As you approach the lab, you see fewer and fewer squatters. Your destination looks not much different from the other buildings, if less damaged. You can see a few cars hidden from casual view.

If anyone asks for details, three of the four cars there are nondescript sedans. The last is a maroon Chrysler Noble with a rental sticker in the back window.

5 Lab technicians.

Race: Human

STR: 8 PER: 15

DEX: 10 ATT: 15

FIT: 8 LUCK: 10

INT: 20 HTH: 2

WILL: 15 SP: 18

Magic Ability: 10

Max Humanity: 50

Combat Skills: Basic Hand-to-Hand (10), Damage Potential=2

5 Black Solstice members

Race: Sorcerer

STR: 20 PER: 20

DEX: 20 ATT: 20

FIT: 20 LUCK: 20

INT: 25 HTH: 4

WILL: 30 SP: 40

Magic Ability: 23

Max Humanity: 50

Humanity Damage Modifier: 0

Edges: Drain (life force)

Spells: See Module Appendix One

Combat Skills: Automatic Rifle (60), Mini-Uzi, Damage Potential=30, Pistol, .38 Special, Damage Potential=15.

These Black Solstice members are, if not ready for the PCs, at least not unprepared. Madrigal is also there. Though armed, Madrigal prefers to use his considerable sorcerous might in combat. He will use his physical weapons if he runs low on SP.

Simon Madrigal

Race: Sorcerer

STR: 25

PER: 24

DEX: 33

ATT: 14

FIT: 24

LUCK: 216

INT: 32

HTH: 5

WILL: 40

SP: 240

Magic Ability: 40

Max Humanity: 40

Humanity Damage Modifier: +1 SP Cost when using White Magic; -1 SP Cost when using Black Magic

Edges: Drain (life force)

Spells: *Street*: Deflection (5), Fireworks (2), Grabber (2), Granite (5), Limo (2), Meathooks (1), Preemptive Strike (5). *Black*: Binding (3), Circle of Imprisonment (3), Summoning (3). *White*: Fade (4), Magic Sight (1), Nine Eleven (3), Switch Off (1)

Combat Skills: Knife (60), Switchblade, Damage=15. Pistol (60), 9 mm Pistol with Protection and Accuracy enchantments, Damage Potential=15.

This should be a very close fight, even if the Sorcerers don't have a chance to dose the PCs with Sparkle. If it seriously looks like the PCs may be defeated, you can possibly have the Chicago branch of the Limbo Wolves show up as a sort of rag-tag cavalry. If the Sorcerers are in a danger of defeat, or the Wolves do show up, they will cut and run. Their flight will take them onto the desolate flats left by the Block Fire. Madrigal will hastily cast Limo and escape by that method.

THE CHASE

The property values in this part of town were already depressed when the fire struck, so no one has bothered to rebuild in the past few years and the flats are now a dreary, scorched-smelling expanse of concrete and weakened wood. In this darkness, a single misstep could send a person tumbling down into one of the city's many subbasements.

The Black Solstice members know that they can't outrun the Kin. So they will try to make a fighting retreat across the barrens. It is a hopeless situation: when Madrigal fled, so did their hopes. They are only hoping to be able to escape in the barrens' darkness.

The dangerous and fragile landscape throws a wild card into any personal combat. Randomly have the Players roll against their character's LUCK. A failed roll indicates that the PC has crunched through into empty space, falling 1d10 feet into a subbasement. To be fair, have the fleeing Sorcerers roll against their LUCK, too. This shouldn't take too long. Even with the darkness and the rotten conditions of the foundations, the Sorcerers shouldn't be able to avoid the PCs' wrath for very long.

If any Black Solstice members are left alive, they will categorically refuse to talk. It is a situation the PCs should be familiar with by this point in the module.

SEARCHING THE LAB

The lab is like the ones in Washington and Cleveland. However, there is a large bin full of garbage in one corner. Over it is a sign reading "If it doesn't have to be burnt, put it here! We Recycle!"

The production crew had a small incinerator in the basement that shows signs of very recent use. Some of the ashes are still hot, but not intolerably so. If the PCs think to sift through these, there will be many clumps of partially melted plastic scattered in the pile. It looks like mostly paper and cardboard was burnt here. Among the hopelessly blackened bits of junk, they will one bit of gold.

It is a small metal container, partially blackened from the heat. A strong chemical smell rises from its interior. Its painted-on label is almost obliterated, but you can read "Trioxydelt" before a smear of heat wipes its legibility. Its manufacturer is also gone, victim to the furnace, but not the city of origin.

THE ROAD SOUTH

From this point, just getting to Houston could be a challenge. PCs will be safe if they travel by plane or bullet train. If they go by private vehicle, they will be in constant danger.

Concerning public transportation, need it be added that if they go by anything more public than a chartered flight, there will be questions asked. Inquiries into the presence of coffins in cargo can be difficult to answer. Few of the Kin use public transportation for long distances.

Madrigal, if he realizes where the PCs are headed, will attempt to make sure they have to travel by car. He will then contact the Steel Gods, a motorcycle club with ties to Black Solstice. The Steel Gods is a very large club and will have groups watching Interstates 30 and 55, the most likely routes for PCs driving south. The Gods will be aware that their prey are Kin and their weapons will be suitable, if makeshift. For this fight, have stocked up on garlic, wooden stakes, and gasoline and rags (to make torches).

PREMONITION OF AN AMBUSH

PCs are driving south when their transport is overtaken and passed by dozens of motorcyclists. Some slow down and glance in the car windows before accelerating again. PCs can see the logo "Steel Gods" stitched onto the backs of their leather and denim jackets.

Anyone who has an active Danger Sense and makes their roll will get a distinct feeling of unease, but when nothing happens... Leave it up to that Player to talk about or act on the feeling.

THE AMBUSH

Several more miles of blank Appalachian darkness pass before you see a road full of headlights coming toward you from the opposite direction. It is a number of the same riders, but not as many as before. A short while after they pass you, you can see their headlights far back in your rear view mirror. They are following you, but holding a steady distance.

At this point, the PCs will probably suspect that something is up, as well they should. Unfortunately, the Gods chose this section of highway carefully. There are no turnoffs, and the road is surrounded by a steep incline on one side and an equally steep hill on the other. Their only options are to continue and see what is ahead, stop and wait for the riders following them, or to turn and try to run back through the riders.



CONTINUE DRIVING

The PCs continue for several more minutes before a barrier of a fallen tree comes into view. Parked all along the sides of the roads are Steel Gods with torches and weapons drawn. It will remind any of the older PCs of the crowds of peasants that hunted witches and Kin in centuries past.

There are three Steel Gods per PC. They will not be willing to talk: a member of the Inner Circle has commanded the PCs' deaths. So that's what they're going to get.

The group of Steel Gods riding tail will arrive 10 BT after the PCs' vehicle reaches the barrier. There will be two Steel Gods per PC.

Combat with these people is unavoidable unless the PCs come up with some unusually clever plan.

Ramming the barrier will accomplish nothing except destroying the car, unless the driver makes a LUCK Roll. In that case, the car will simply be crunched a bit.

STOP AND WAIT

This will allow the PCs to deal with the back group of two per PC first. They will still have to deal with the barrier up ahead, but at least they won't have to be fighting on two fronts at once.

TURN BACK

Possibly the best plan of action, because the Gods wouldn't be expecting it. However, this is a narrow road and pulling a U-Turn would need a successful Driving Skill Roll or the entire car could end up rolling down into the valley below. You might want to be kind if they blow the roll and say the car just can't make it. If the PCs are travelling in a bus, there is no way to turn around. If the PCs are travelling on motorcycles themselves, there will be no problem making the turn.

The drawback of this plan is that unless they resume their previous course and deal with the Gods at the barrier, they will have to find another road going south. These are the Appalachians and the roads can be pretty dubious. PCs could lose up to 2d10 hours trying to get back on track, with the other group of Gods close on their trail.

Jimmy Skin

Race: Sorcerer

STR: 17	PER: 16
DEX: 15	ATT: 17
FIT: 30	LUCK: 22
INT: 29	HTH: 3
WILL: 25	SP: 52

Magic Ability: 29

Max Humanity: 24

Humanity Damage Modifier: +2 SP Cost when using White Magic; -2 SP Cost when using Black Magic

Edges: Drain (life force)

Spells: *Street*: Brakes (2), Fireworks (2), Grabber (2), Hotwire (1), Lighter (1), Shadowpaths (1). *Black*: Brainburn (1), Drowning (7), Heat Wave (3), Rot (5). *White*: EMT (1), Nine Eleven (3).

Combat Skills: Knife, Skinning knife, Damage Potential=8. Pistol (60), .22, Damage Potential=10. Wrestling (60), Damage=3

Brother, Steel Gods Cycle Club

Race: Human

STR: 13	PER: 8
DEX: 10	ATT: 10
FIT: 13	LUCK: 10
INT: 10	HTH: 3
WILL: 8	SP: 23

Magic Ability: 10

Max Humanity: 50

Skills: Knife, Pistol (60), .22 Pistol, Damage Potential=10. Rifle (60), Shotgun, Damage Potential=20. Streetfighting, Motorcycle Chain, Damage=8.

HOUSTON

Mister Adonis was in his office when the phone rang. He picked it up, wondering who would dare call him like this.

He recognized the voice. "Mister Adonis."

"Simon. What a pleasant surprise. Wherever are you calling from?"

"The airport. My plane just got in. I'm afraid I need a favor." His voice indicated that refusing the favor was not an option. Mister Adonis frowned.

"What do you need?"

"O Twisted back for a job."

"How about I let you talk to him. He's right here in the office."

"Very well."

Mister Adonis proffered the phone. "It's for you."

A black mass flowed off a spread of newspapers. Where it had been, there was a dried shape that had once been human. It flowed up into an office chair and extruded a tentacle, taking the receiver from Mister Adonis.

It spoke with a tabernacle choir purity only found in the voices of the young.

"Yes, this is O Twisted."

ASKING ABOUT CHEMICALS:

Obviously, the average person on the street won't help with this line of inquiry. A chemist, however, will be able to identify and trace Trioxydelt-whatever-the-rest-of-it-is. He will, unfortunately demand a great deal of money (\$ 200) for the research time. He also informs the PCs that identification will probably take overnight.

If the PCs did do this though, they will have struck pay dirt. The chemist will inform them that only one firm in Houston uses Trioxydeltaphosphate. It is a chemical used in the manufacture of insecticides. Exposure causes eye problems, so it isn't used much. It is manufactured in Thailand and imported by Oxydine Chemical Imports.

They are as far away as the nearest White Pages.

ASKING ABOUT SPARKLE:

No one here has heard of Sparkle, and you can feel in your guts that they aren't faking their ignorance. It's still a Northeastern phenomena. In fact, the only person who has heard of it is a dark eyed fellow whose over-animated style suggests one permanently wired on Uppers. He has a subscription to the Village Voice and has heard of Sparkle. He tries to get some from you.

O TWISTED ON THEIR TRAIL

Have the PCs make LUCK Rolls. If the roll is successful, one person they talk to will have this mystifying tale to tell:

"Listen, Ah guess Ah'm just doin' this cause Ah'm a nice guy. Some kid was round asking bout people who were gone be asking questions."

If PCs ask him what the fellow looked like, read this:

"Just a kid. 'Musta bin 'bout tain yeahs old. But, ya'll know, he kinda gave me the creeps. Ah told him no one'd been round and Ah swear he hisst at me, asking me if Ah was sure. Then he just turns on heel and stalks out. But hair's the weird thang. Cuz unless mah eyes ah goin, he just got to the front door and vanished, just lahk that." He snaps his finger for emphasis. "Weird, heh?"

IF THE PCS DECIDE TO HUNT FOR THEIR MYSTERIOUS PURSUER

Barring some unusual piece of strategy on their part, the PCs should not be able to catch up with O Twisted, the mysterious tyke the fellow was talking about. After all, it is a creature that can change its appearance at will and which the PCs' Edges are useless for locating. It also doesn't want to be found until its good and ready. Just to heighten the suspense, you might want to have the scene above repeated a couple of times, having O Twisted look different a couple of times.

CHECKING THE CLUBS

Sooner or later, the PCs will run across a Tuh-Tuh Tim, a Vampyre that affects a terrible stutter. He will be heading for the Zombie City Club, the informal headquarters for Houston's Commune cell. If the PCs approach him or follow him, he will gladly lead them to the club. Tuh-Tuh Tim knows nothing by himself.

THE ZOMBIE CITY CLUB

Tuh-Tuh Tim leads you into the Film Freak, a storefront nostalgia shop. Its windows are virtually blanked out by posters for B movies and gigs for local bands. He turns to you. "The Club is in the basement."

Inside, the store is a frozen hurricane of poster racks, shelves full of videos, tattered paperback collectibles and other detritus of movie culture. Prominently displayed on one wall is a poster for the slasher classic *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. Directly to the poster's right is a closed door marked "private." Morbid nods familiarly at the clerk (reading a comic book) and heads right for the door.

A set of stairs leads down to a turn to the right on the other side of the door. Loud music assails your ears. The door was well soundproofed. From the head of the stairs, you can see a framed poster for a movie entitled "Zombie."

Tuh-Tuh Tim scurries away from the PCs for a few moments and returns with a tall man wearing a tie-dye shirt in tow. The T-shirt has a picture of Leatherface printed over the array of colors. Tim introduces him as Chainsaw Feldstein, the club's owner and a Sorcerer.

Have the Players make INT Rolls. If they are successful, or remember on their own, they will recall that there is a New York Sorcerer who also owns a video store

and is named Feldstein (Magic, pp. 49). This Feldstein is the New Yorker's brother.

Chainsaw, who retains traces of a Brooklyn accent and talks like it was still 1969, is a likable burnout. He will listen sympathetically to the PCs and be agreeing that something should be done until Black Solstice comes up. From that point on, he will start acting scared and try to back out of the situation. If pressed to help, he will only have this to reply:

"I won't. Like, I can't. Sorry, dudes, but I just can't, y'know?"

He falls silent for a moment, then speaks again.

"Listen, I know who you can talk to who can help you. He's slime, but Mister Adonis, he's the local crimelord. If anyone can tell you where Black Solstice is bringing stuff into the country here, it'll be him. Just be careful. He's as evil as they come."

MEETING MISTER ADONIS

It will take a bit of talk talking to get in to see Mister Adonis himself. He doesn't seem to respond well to someone else selling drugs in his city and asks you to step out of the room for a moment while he makes a few phone calls.

While the PCs are out of the room, Mister Adonis will call Madrigal and inform him that the PCs are right there in his office. Both find their quarry having come to them terribly amusing. Mister Adonis will then ask for the PCs to come back in the office. He will try to stall them until either Madrigal or O Twisted can return.

Mister Adonis, however, is cagey and is aware of the telepathic powers of some Kin. He will keep his mind on other matters. Anyone trying to read his mind will only get an image of either a young boy (for whom Mister Adonis seems to have a grotesque fondness) or a grim-faced man in a dark suit. He will question the PCs about what has already happened under the pretense that if he is to help, he needs to know as much as possible.

The phone rings abruptly. Mister Adonis picks it up—perhaps a little too quickly—and responds with a curt "I understand. Your packages arrived here." He then struggles to his feet and asks to be excused, he has an important business matter that came up abruptly and must be dealt with immediately. He gestures towards a cabinet and says there are standard beverages for those who wish to partake, and a small decanter of blood for any visiting Vampyres in a refrigerator below that.

He will only be out a few moments when the door opens and in strolls a young boy. Any mind readers will recognize him from Mister Adonis's memories. If anyone does an Aura Sight on the boy, they must make a Fear

Roll as they penetrate the illusion and see O Twisted in its natural form (or lack thereof). If this happens with appropriate responses, O Twisted will revert to its natural form (requiring Fear Rolls for the rest of the group) and attack.

If this doesn't happen, O Twisted will pass himself off as Mister Adonis's nephew, Oliver. He then assaults the PCs with the kind of chatter it thinks ten year old children indulge in. Have it make an Acting Skill Roll to pull this off, otherwise it might slip into talking about the drive-by shooting it saw earlier and how someone got the top of his skull blown off and how his brains splattered all over the sidewalk and how...

When the PCs have stopped paying attention to its chatter, O Twisted will position itself near the window. He will call one of the PCs over, saying excitedly "Hey, look down on the street!"

To whoever goes over:

You really don't see anything out on the street other than the normal indigents and passers-by. Then you feel Oliver touch you on the arm. You feel the very life being sucked out of you through that delicate contact!

At this point, O Twisted will drop any pretense of Humanity.

The charming tyke is disintegrating before your very eyes into a stinking blob of tarry black matter."

Call for a Fear Roll. While the PCs are dealing with this surprise transformation, O Twisted will attack whoever is nearest.

PCS IN DANGER OF BEING DEFEATED

You can have Chainsaw show up with Galveston as backup. An explanation can be forthcoming after O Twisted is destroyed.

O TWISTED DEFEATED

In the moments after it falls at your feet, the Threel's body fades from view leaving only a stain on the carpet and a stench that makes you want to gag. The door opens and Mister Adonis starts to enter before seeing you standing there.

What happens next is up to the PCs. The first option that will likely spring to mind will be killing Mister Adonis for setting them up like this. If they don't kill him immediately, however, Mister Adonis will offer to cut a deal with them, in return for his life. He will offer the services of his intelligence gathering network.

If any Animate are in the party, he will try to withdraw a Vow of protection from them.

It will only take Mister Adonis a little while to find Oxydine Chemical Imports.

Deadly Sparkle

IF CHAINSAW SHOWED UP

He will explain that O Twisted came into the Club shortly after the PCs left, demanding to know if he had seen them. He innocently informed it that the PCs were on their way to see Mister Adonis. After it left, Chainsaw concludes, he became suspicious about its knowledge of the PCs' presence and decided to follow it.

Chainsaw will then reveal why he refused to help them earlier. He had been a member of Black Solstice and repented, but was still bound by oaths of secrecy. If any of the PCs show an inclination to attack the Sorcerer, Galveston will intervene. He will point out in his extended Texas drawl that no less a hombre than Samantha X encouraged Chainsaw to come to Houston to form a Commune cell.

"Ya'll need a confuhmation? Thar's the phone. I reckon Mister Adonis won't mind you making a few long distance calls."

If the PCs do contact Samantha or Mort Feldstein, either will vouch for Chainsaw.

If Mister Adonis has been killed, Chainsaw will try to reveal the location of the smuggling operation to the PCs, even though he is risking his life by doing so. He will have to make a roll against FIT or die while saying the words "Oxydine Chemical Imports."

OXYDINE CHEMICAL IMPORTS

The warehouse that serves as headquarters for Black Solstice's shipping operation, Oxydine Chemical Imports, is located by the Ship Channel. It is heavily guarded. Whether Black Solstice knows or not that the PCs are aware of Oxydine, they will have extra guards posted.

The Oxydine Complex consists of three large sheet metal buildings overlooking the Ship Channel. There is nothing in the least bit suspicious looking about it, in fact, nothing to distinguish it from the dozens of other warehouse complexes that line this street. You can see trucks lined up in the shadow of one of the buildings. Two buildings are in complete darkness. Only in one is there any light or indication of movement within.

If PCs check the darkened buildings, they will find nothing of interest.

Each building consists of a single large room stacked to the ceiling with wooden crates marked FRAGILE, THIS END UP, and a dozen other warning labels. Each has some chemical name about a dozen syllables long printed on the side. Each building is maybe seventy-five by a hundred feet long. The ceiling is probably fifty feet from the ground. In a small office by the door, a guard watches TV with his feet up on the desk and his shoes off. He is only partially awake, but his gun lies on the desk and within a second's reach.

Oxydine is not only a front for Black Solstice, it is also a legitimate and respected importer of chemicals. All

that is to be uncovered are some of the chemicals used in making Sparkle. There are also chemicals for the manufacture of hundreds of other medical drugs.

The doors to these buildings are alarmed. Unless the PCs make successful Electronics or Security Systems Skill Rolls, they will set off a silent alarm in the main building. Within 4d10 BT, guards will come to investigate, accompanied by one of the four actual Black Solstice members.

THE MAIN BUILDING

This building is laid out the same as the others, but the office area has three rooms and the people there aren't nodding off.

Present will be 8 guards who are low level members, 4 full members and about another half-dozen Rent-A-Cops on loan from Bradford Security Arrangements.

Guard

Race: Human	
STR: 15	PER: 10
DEX: 13	ATT: 9
FIT: 12	LUCK: 15
INT: 15	HTH: 3
WILL: 10	SP: 27
Magic Ability: 12	
Max Humanity: 50	
Combat Skills: Automatic Rifle (80), Uzi, Damage Potential=30	

Rent-A-Cop

Race: Human	
STR: 14	PER: 14
DEX: 12	ATT: 11
FIT: 12	LUCK: 23
INT: 12	HTH: 3
WILL: 11	SP: 35
Magic Ability: 11	
Max Humanity: 70	
Combat Skills: Club (60), Police Baton, Damage Potential=13, Pistol (60), .38 Special, Damage Potential=15.	

There is a good chance that Madrigal will be here with the rest of the Black Solstice members that make up the warehouse's staff. He will not show himself until absolutely necessary.

He has a pretty good idea that the PCs will be coming. He has already consulted with DuLac over the phone and the two have agreed that Sparkle is a bust. When the staff hasn't been looking, Madrigal has been setting about ten kilograms of C-4 Plastique at strategic points around the compound. He has a small radio detonator. If the fight starts going against his forces at all, he will spirit himself away and blow the compound from a position of safety.

SEARCHING THE OFFICE:

Looking at the office reminds you Oxydine was a legitimate company, no matter who owns it. In many ways, this office looks like that of any small company. The desks are painted a standard overstock Olive Drab, the swivel chairs have stuffing coming out the sides, and the walls are covered with everything from important memos to cartoons received over the Fax machine. A PDS 386-20 PC is on one desk, diskettes in a pile beside it.

If the PCs hunt through the contents of the disks, they will find several marked "Current Accounts." There will be no file for Black Solstice, they will have to look under the file for "Inner Circle Medical Supplies, New York."

In this file, they will find shipping and sales records for many chemicals, Trioxyldephosphate among them. There are records of shipments to 1207 West Elm, Bronx, New York. There are also records, several months older, to the College of Chemistry, Olds-Camp State University, Olds-Camp, Pennsylvania. They were "Care of" Dr. Henry Conroy.

It will be a healthy trek back across country to get to Olds-Camp. Unless they fly or take the train, the PCs will be harried by any remaining Steel Gods. they are doing it as much for pure revenge as for any orders from Black Solstice. Quite possibly, the Gods will have also called up some friendly cycle clubs to help them take out the PCs.

OLDS-CAMP



Coming into Olds-Camp is a strange experience for any of you who have never been outside a city in your undead lives. Here, life moves at a leisurely pace, trees line the streets

even on the main drag, and the tallest building in sight is less than ten stories. That strange scent on the wind is fresh air.

If the PCs run around in the punk garb so common to their New York lifestyle, they will collect a fair share of raised eyebrows at their appearance. Few people will be willing to converse with them for more than a moment or two. Furthermore, if any Wygts or members of the less humanoid races are present, they will become the center of much unwanted attention.

FINDING CONROY

The easiest way to find Dr. Conroy is so obvious the Players may not think of it. He is listed in the phone book.

CHECKING THE CLUBS

This will really confuse the people they ask. There is only a 10% chance that anybody they ask will have had Conroy as a professor. They might be able to give the PCs his office number on campus.

IF PCS GO DIRECTLY TO CONROY'S OFFICE

Conroy's office door stands slightly ajar when the you get there, and the office is in a shambles. It looks like someone has left in a hurry.

On a normal PER Roll, PCs will notice that on his desk, among the garbage, is a phone and an answering machine. the message light is still blipping redly every few moments. If they rewind the tape, they will hear this message.

"Dr. Conroy, this is Simon. It appears that some of our unloved Kin have found out that you created Sparkle and are headed your way to take care of your work at its source. I am coming to collect you for an extended vacation starting now. In the meantime, be careful."

Searching Conroy's office will reveal that the hard drive for the personal computer, a Fujitaki 486-50, in the corner has been wrecked. It looks like someone poured a cup of coffee into the disk drive. It would take a technician several hours to fix it.

If the PCs got Conroy's address from the phone book, they may remember that his home address was also listed.

PCS DO NOT GO DIRECTLY TO CONROY'S OFFICE:

The next bar you see on the main drag is Tommy's, a dive that could have been transplanted wholesale from Greenwich Village. It even has fliers for some band called the Incredible Cheez Wizzes stapled all over its facade. Another banner, looking like it was

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run off from a computer, informs the reader that a pool tournament took place the night before. More curiously, it has faded posters for L2K, the Taint, and the Krypt stapled up with the local attractions.

If the PCs enter Tommy's, adjust the size and density of the crowd to the time of night. If it is during the day or early evening, Tommy's will be almost empty. Later, the bar will be standing room only with college students and Whizz fans.

You have barely got inside the doors when you notice one of the bartenders glance in your direction and almost drop the pitcher he was drawing. Handing the pitcher to another bartender, he wipes his hands and hurries around the counter to greet you. "Welcome to Tommy's. Just arrived in town? Let's talk in my office." He has a distinct Brooklyn accent.

If any of the PCs do Aura Sight on this fellow, he will be revealed as a Wildeyes. If they follow him:

He shuts the door behind you and drops into a battered chair, gesturing for you to do the same. "So what gives that a whole posse of Kin should sweep into town?"

If the PCs have not yet figured out that Tommy is Kin and need convincing, he'll pop his eyes out and have them do a few orbits around the room. He'll then press them for an explanation, which should prompt the PCs to explain the situation.

Tommy knows of Conroy, and even had him for a Continuing Education class once. He asserts that he never dreamed that the professor was anything more than a lecturer and researcher. If the PCs ask him where they can find Conroy, he says he has his office number around here somewhere, but:

Before you go around shootin' up the town, there's somebody you'd better meet." He leans back for effect and shouts, seemingly into empty air, "All right, Coalshute, ya motherless excuse for an Elemental, I know you know what's goin' on. So get yer butt in here!"

The air shimmers for only half a moment before a man appears before you. He is dressed like a miner of the nineteenth century and his entire body is covered in a dusting of coal. His speech is, however, curiously cultured. "There is no need for raising your voice, Tommy. I was preparing to manifest myself to your guests."

Tommy turns back to you. "Ok, guys, explain to the local Concrete why he should let you take out Conroy. Coalshute don't like Kin stirring up trouble in his town.

It will take a successful Skill Roll against Persuasion or Diplomacy to convince the Concrete to let the PCs deal with Conroy. Once he is convinced, however, Coalshute will inform the PCs that Conroy is not alone. There are several of his breed on his way even as he speaks. Coalshute will not take part in this conflict, feeling it is not his concern, but will step in if it threatens other people in the town. With that warning, he vanishes.

Tommy finds the address in his copy of the campus phone book. He also suggests you hurry, since it's pretty obvious that the 'others of his breed' are Black Solstice Sorcerers come to perform an emergency evacuation.

GOING TO CONROY'S HOME

Madrigal and his crew have already arrived and will be hustling Conroy into a car even as the PCs pull up. They will not be interested in a fight. Have the PCs make PER Rolls. If the roll is successful, they will see a small spray bottle clenched in Conroy's hand.

The car will manage to pull out before the PCs can catch it unless they use some sort of Edge to interfere. They will head towards the campus; it lies between themselves and the airport where they have a plane waiting.

When the car hits the edge of campus, it will jump onto the wide sidewalks. It will veer through the late Friday night crowds into the part of campus reserved for fraternity houses.

There is a 20% chance that they will hit at least one pedestrian.

For once, Providence seems to be on your side. Their car just roared past a partyer who didn't appreciate sharing his drinking space with a '94 Cutlass. He throws his empty beer bottle at their car.

It misses, not surprisingly, but it does shatter under the car's back wheel. It blows out and the vehicle lurches to a halt in front of the Alpha Sigma Sigma house.

From the amount of noise and light, its obvious that a party is going on inside, and it looks like the Black Solstice crowd is about to crash it. They clamber out of the immobilized car and rush past the crowd at the front door.

PCS FOLLOW THEM INTO THE HOUSE

Inside, the house is brightly lit and crowded with young, fresh-faced collegiate types. Most are dressed in the baggy sweaters that have been the mainstay of fashion for the past decade. Its not hard to spot Madrigal and his group as they try to push through to the back door.

It's not hard for them to spot you, either. Madrigal grabs the spray bottle you saw earlier from Conroy. Where the crowd is thickest, he

discharges its contents into the air in a fine mist. Its sparkles as it settles onto the crowd.



This is second generation Sparkle, which acts on contact. It just made contact with thirty strong, healthy college students.

30 Sparklers

Race: Human

STR: 10 (20)

DEX: 10 (15)

FIT: 10

INT: 10

WILL: 10

Magic Ability: 10

Max Humanity: 50

Combat Skills: Basic Hand-To-Hand (15), Damage=4

PER: 10

ATT: 10

LUCK: 10

HTH: 2 (4)

SP: 20

Black Solstice member

Race: Sorcerer

STR: 20

PER: 20

DEX: 20

ATT: 20

FIT: 20

LUCK: 20

INT: 25

HTH: 4

WILL: 30

SP: 40

Magic Ability: 34

Max Humanity: 50

Humanity Damage Modifier: 0

Edges: Drain (life force)

Spells: *Street*: Breakdance (2), Deflection (5), Fire Hydrant (1), Flight (5), Paralysis (2), SDI (10). *Black*: Con-Ed (4), Creeping Crud (3), Evil eye (2)

Combat Skills: Pistol (60), .38 Special, Damage Potential=15.

This would be a good time to use some Edge like Crowd Control. There are too many here to just fight without killing them. It will be embarrassing for the PCs, who have fought bloodthirsty gangs and rival factions, to have to fight a roomful of drunks armed with beer mugs and chairs.

All but one of the Black Solstice members will take this opportunity to leave. This last one will stay to throw spells at the PCs and buy the others some time to get away.

PCs do not follow them into the house: If they circle around to the back of the house, they will encounter Madrigal and company just coming out the back door. Upon spotting the PCs, they will duck back inside, trying to draw the PCs after them. If the PCs follow, then Madrigal will spray the crowd.

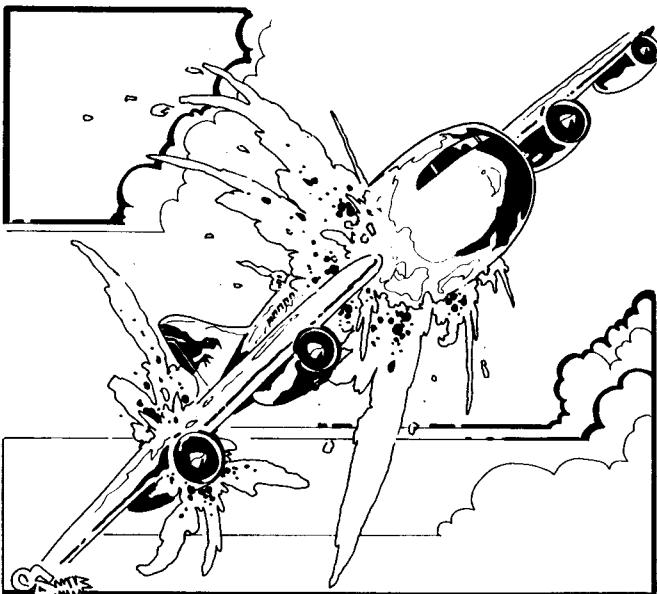
If the PCs stay out front, for whatever reason, their prey will grab a car parked behind the house and hotwire it. Have the PCs make PER Rolls to notice the theft.

CONROY AND COMPANY GET TO THE AIRPORT AHEAD OF PCs

The PCs will arrive just in time to see their plane lifting off. Unless one of the PCs can fly or has a weapon heavy enough to bring down the bird, it looks like Black Solstice has saved the day for itself. Unless...

IF PCS CAN'T BRING DOWN THE PLANE

The little jet climbs and banks over the city on its path towards New York and safety. Then its engines stop. They don't putter out, or flame out, or explode. They just stop.



In either case, when the plane lands, in one piece or several:

A plane that size weighs several tons. It drops fast. You are certain that the explosion that results from the unexpected landing (nose first) can be heard and seen for miles. Everywhere around you, shrapnel from the steel fuselage clatters to the ground. In the light of the fire, they sparkle so prettily.

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If the PCs didn't bring the plane down, the air will crackle with power for a moment and Coalshute will appear. His diamond teeth are clenched in anger as he explains to the PCs:

"It pleases me not to have to sever from this life one of my own people. Your presence has greatly disturbed this town, but you have made me perceive that he was an adder that slept upon my breast. His ill would have infected here soon enough." He pauses. "The shining dust has gone, as has Conroy. The darkest of the men with him escaped with mighty magics."

If the PCs catch them before they could get to the airport, combat can finish normally. Again, if the combat turns seriously against his side, Madrigal will use Limo to escape. Whether he has time to take Conroy with him is up to you. If he does, you can have Sparkle II happen.

Coalshute will not intervene in any of these fights until either party breaks out the heavy artillery. That is to say His primary concern is for the people of Olds-Camp.

AFTERMATH

This takes place a few days after the PCs have returned to New York and reported to their superiors.

The PCs are asked to come to Club AfterDark. When they arrive, Freddy shows them the way to Golgotha's office on the second floor. The PCs' superiors, even if they weren't working for Golgotha or the Commune, are there.

Golgotha nods to you when you enter and begins without preamble. "I must thank you for dealing with this matter of Sparkle. If it had worked, it's possible none of us would be... alive to have this conversation. Someone obviously put a lot of effort to put that plot into motion and didn't appreciate your derailing it."

He pauses and picks up a video cassette from the desk in front of him. "I received this today in the mail. I think you should see it." Without further words, he slides it into a VCR and punches "PLAY" with one cigar-sized finger.

The image that comes on screen is of a man dressed in a conservative black suit. The image has been altered to eliminate his face.

When he speaks, his voice is a computer distorted nightmare reminiscent of fingernails across a blackboard.

"Greetings, my dear Kin. My name is Malcolm DuLac. Do you recognize it? It is the name of the leader of the group whose latest endeavor you just disrupted. The Sparkle Project cost my organization many millions of dollars to set up. I hope you feel satisfaction in your ruining of it. It shall be the last good

thing you feel. Ever. Starting now, Black Solstice shall never rest until the last of your miserable kind has been served to the fire!"

With that proclamation, the image changes to one of a crescent moon, all black. Golgotha sighs and hits "STOP."

"As if we didn't have enough enemies as is." He turns and faces the room. "The war never ends."



RESOLUTIONS AND REWARDS

Besides any rewards for acting humanely, the PCs should receive the following if they accomplished their goals in this module:

Eliminating a threat to the Human Community: +6 Humanity
Eliminating a threat to the Kin Community: +10 Humanity
Dealing with the Alpha Sigmas without having to kill any: +5 Humanity

POSSIBLE CONSEQUENCES OF "DEADLY SPARKLE"

If the PCs had to kill any of the policemen Black Solstice had for security at the South Bronx lab, they will come home to a dragnet tearing up the city looking for the killers. The dragnet may even endanger the Kin's anonymity, especially if the Black Solstice decides to play informant.

The PCs are now known to Black Solstice and DuLac and Madrigal have put them at the top of their hate list. It is possible that they will at some point in the future act against them. They might summon one or more Demons to deal with the PCs. O Twisted, once it returns from the Twisted Dimensions, might also come to New York hunting for them.

Black Solstice members try to hunt down Joe Fellers for betraying their trust. Fellers is now very much a

Crowley and occasionally helps Golgotha keeping the databases clean of any mention of the Kin.

A new mayor has been elected in Houston and has proved incorruptible. Mister Adonis summons the PCs back to Houston to eliminate the mayor.

NOTABLE NPCS IN DEADLY SPARKLE

SIMON MADRIGAL

Race: Sorcerer

STR: 25	PER: 24
DEX: 33	ATT: 14
FIT: 24	LUCK: 216
INT: 32	HTH: 5
WILL: 40	SP: 240

Magic Ability: 40

Max Humanity: 40

Humanity Damage Modifier: +1 SP Cost when using White Magic; -1 SP Cost when using Black Magic

Edges: Drain (life force)

Spells: *Street*: Deflection (5), Fireworks (2), Grabber (2), Granite (5), Limo (2), Meathooks (1), Preemptive Strike (5). *Black*: Binding (3), Circle of Imprisonment (3), Summoning (3). *White*: Fade (4), Magic Sight (1), Nine Eleven (3), Switch Off (1)

Skills: Knife, Pistol, History (England), Occult Knowledge

Faction: Black Solstice

Description: Madrigal is a tall, spare man with thinning white hair, sharp features and piercing gray eyes. He habitually dresses in coal black suits, a wardrobe to fit his evil temper.

Possessions: Black Suit, 9 mm Pistol with Protection and Accuracy enchantments Damage Potential=15), Switchblade (Damage=10)

Profile: Madrigal is a Sorcerer almost five hundred years of age. He has known DuLac ever since they met while the latter was forming Black Solstice. Though DuLac is his junior by some 460 years, Madrigal has great respect for him. He serves as DuLac's right-hand man, taking care of situations that could be dangerous for DuLac to take an active hand in.

CHINNERS

Race: Sorcerer

STR: 13	PER: 9
DEX: 20	ATT: 27
FIT: 30	LUCK: 29
INT: 24	HTH: 3
WILL: 31	SP: 59

Magic Ability: 42

Max Humanity: 30

Humanity Damage Modifier: +2 SP Cost when using White Magic, -2 SP Cost when using Black Magic

Edges: Drain (life force)

Spells: *Street*: Breakdance (1), Compel (5), Crank It Up (5), Deflection (5), Heavyweight (5). *Black*: Boneyard

(4), Con-Ed (5), Flaming Skull (5) (WILL stored is 39, DP is 44). *White*: EMT (1), Nine Eleven (3), Shag It (3)

Skills: Pistol, Business (Criminal), City Knowledge (Washington DC), Streetwise

Faction: Black Solstice

Description: Darryl Chin is of Asian-American origin. His name, in conjunction with a rather prominent lower jaw, ensured his nickname. He wears thick glasses because of bad eyes.

Possessions: Prescription glasses, black satin jogging suit, .38 Special (Damage Potential=15)

Profile: Darryl Chin was a small time hood that got the lucky break when a wealthy New York business man financed his way into college. There's usually a catch with such arrangements, and this proved to be no different. The business man was a member of Black Solstice and wanted Chin to join. Chin had no problem with that stipulation and studied Magic under the member's tutelage for several years before returning to Washington.

JOANNA SCUM

Race: Vampyre

STR: 27	PER: 31
DEX: 17	ATT: 19
FIT: 22	LUCK: 37
INT: 23	HTH: 5
WILL: 21	SP: 59

Max Humanity: 40

Humanity Damage Modifier: +3

Edges: Drain (blood), Mesmerize

Skills: Knife, City Knowledge (Cleveland), Intimidation, Motorcycles

Faction: ManHandlers

Description: When she isn't missing her skin, Joanna is a tall brunette into leather riding gear.

Possessions: Chain, Switchblade (Damage=10), Wallet

Profile: One of the friendlier ManHandlers, Joanna will aid the PCs if they help her.

DR. HENRY CONROY

Race: Sorcerer

STR: 11	PER: 12
DEX: 13	ATT: 9
FIT: 11	LUCK: 19
INT: 19	HTH: 2
WILL: 35	SP: 30

Magic Ability: 9

Max Humanity: 70

Humanity Damage Modifier: -2 SP Cost for White Magic, +2 SP Cost for Black Magic

Edges: Drain (life force)

Spells: *Street*: Blackout (1), Flight (5), Paralysis (2)

Skills: Rifle (40), Chemistry (90), Kin Lore, Occult Knowledge, Profession (teaching)

Faction: Black Solstice

Description: Henry Conroy is a nondescript man with thinning brown hair worn unfashionably long. His shoulders are permanently hunched from long years spent leaning over lab equipment.

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Possessions: Lab coat

Profile: Henry Conroy had been a card carrying member of Black Solstice for several years, but had never really done anything except pay his dues. That is, until recently, when his pharmaceutical research led to the creation of Sparkle. He has no active part in the adventure, except to have invented the drug that set it in motion. Please note that Dr. Conroy is subject to the vow of Omerta that all Black Solstice members have to take.

BLACK SOLSTICE SPELL LISTS:

Rather than write out elaborate spell lists for each and every Member who can cast spells, you may want to use the following lists. Each Spell list is for a Sorcerer with a 23 Magic Ability at full storage limits. Choose Randomly by rolling a d10.

- 1 *Street:* Deflection (5), Grabber (2), Graffiti (1), Heavyweight (5), Shrapnel (5), Skywalk (2). *Black:* Chopper (3)
- 2 *Street:* Preemptive Strike (4), SDI (10), Torch (3). *Black:* Bleeding (5), Brainburn (1)
- 3 *Street:* Hotwire (1), Meathooks (1), Shadowpaths (1), Toxic Cloud (1). *Black:* Boneyard (4), Evil Eye (2). *White:* Chill Out (1), Dispel Magic (10), EMT (1), Pacify (1), Switch off (1)
- 4 Bloat (10), Brakes (2), Escape (3), Hotwire (1), Torch (3), Toxic Cloud (1). *Black:* Heat Wave (3), Open (1)
- 5 *Street:* Deflection (5), Flight (5), Shrapnel (5). *Black:* Brainburn (1), Dead Air (1), Flaming Skull* (5). *White:* EMT (1) *Stored WILL is 30, DP is 35
- 6 *Street:* Preemptive Strike (3), Shooting Star (20)
- 7 *Street:* Blackout (1), Brakes (2), Goodbye (1), Hotwire (1), Lighter (1), Paralysis (2). *Black:* Chopper (3), Con-Ed (4), Swarm (2). *White:* Chill Out (1), Flashlight (1), Pacify (1), Porcupine (1), Soup Kitchen (1), Vibes (1)
- 8 *Black:* Con-Ed (10), Drowning (7), Exploding Orbs (5), Scars (1)
- 9 *Street:* Deflection (5), Fire Hydrant (1), Flight (5), SDI (10). *Black:* Creeping Crud (3)
- 0 *Street:* Breakdance (1), Rack (1), Shadowpaths (1), *Black:* Binding (3), Circle of Imprisonment (3), Dead Air (1), Summoning (3). *White:* Ward (9)

STEEL GODS

Membership: Humans, approximately 80

Orientation: Neutral, self-interested

Colors: Jacket emblazoned with the logo "Steel Gods"

Current Face: 50

Turf: n/a

Base: Freeport, Missouri

Initiation: Blood bonding

Description: The Steel Gods have been active since the late Sixties. While not large or influential in comparison to clubs like the Hell's Angels, the Steel Gods are well known in the Midwest. Their activities include transporting guns and drugs, petty robbery and occasional murder-for-hire. In the mid-90's, several members joined Black Solstice.

JIMMY SKIN

Race: Sorcerer

STR: 17	PER: 16
DEX: 15	ATT: 17
FIT: 30	LUCK: 22
INT: 29	HTH: 3
WILL: 25	SP: 52

Magic Ability: 29

Max Humanity: 24

Humanity Damage Modifier: +2 SP Cost when using White Magic; -2 SP Cost when using Black Magic

Edges: Drain (life force)

Spells: *Street:* Brakes (2), Fireworks (2), Grabber (2), Hotwire (1), Lighter (1), Shadowpaths (1). *Black:* Brainburn (1), Drowning (7), Heat Wave (3), Rot (5). *White:* EMT (1), Nine Eleven (3).

Skills: Knife, Pistol, Wrestling, Business (Criminal), Motorcycles, Occult Knowledge

Faction: Steel Gods/Black Solstice

Description: Jimmy Skin is of Amerindian background. His skin is very dark and he shaves his head. He is considered very handsome by the "old ladies" that hang ride with the Gods.

Possessions: Motorcycle, Sunglasses, Leather Jacket with human skin lining, Skinning knife (Damage=8), .22 Pistol (Damage=10)

Profile: Jimmy Skin, aka James Proud Eagle, is truly a sick man. Destined to be incarcerated in Leavenworth for killing and skinning his sergeant, Jimmy would have languished there if not for a lucky break. While being transported to the prison, his truck crashed, killing all but himself. Jimmy adopted his new name and joined the Steel Gods. After a bloody battle, he wrested leadership of the club for himself. An avid believer in the supernatural, he was eager to join Black Solstice. He believes that the skins of defeated enemies gives him strength and will never back down in a fight as long as he has them near him.

BROTHER

Steel Gods Cycle Club

Race: Human

STR: 13	PER: 8
DEX: 10	ATT: 10
FIT: 13	LUCK: 10
INT: 10	HTH: 3
WILL: 8	SP: 23

Magic Ability: 10

Max Humanity: 50

Skills: Knife, Pistol, Streetfighting, Intimidation, Motorcycle

Faction: Steel Gods

Description: A typically large, hairy and heavily tattooed road bandit, the average Steel God is a combination of grease, beer, steroids and hard drugs.

Possessions: Motorcycle, Sunglasses, Leather Jacket, Motorcycle Chain (Damage=8), Shotgun (Damage Potential=20), .22 Pistol (Damage Potential=10)

Profile: Hardened criminals with an indepth knowledge of the trade of violence and intimidation, the only things in this world that Steel Gods hold valuable are their bikes and their "brothers" in the club. As long as a Steel God

has his brothers backing him up, he'll never back down from a fight. There is a 75% of their saddle bags containing alcohol (beer) and 25% chance of any number of hard drugs.

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AMERICA AFTER DARK

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The albino with tattoos crawling down his arms took Birdy by the elbow. "Let's go for a walk. I wanna breath a' smog."

"Sure, Boss." Birdy's pop-eyes betrayed no thoughts.

Outside, the two turned down Seville, the albino savoring the sights of all the homeless thronging the pavement. Far off, he could see the brightly lit spire of the Terminal Tower. Somewhere past that, he knew, Lake Erie lay in its dark, slow tides of sewage.

He was the one to crack the silence. "Birdy, m'man, I really impressed with the way you behavin' lately." He paused. "Real 'lectrifyin'."

Birdy was silent. Only three days before, he had led a rumble against the Lakewood Stranglers, a rumble which had ended in defeat for the Limbo Wolves. A dangerous loss of face had been involved.

He cleared his throat, his Adam's apple bobbing like a meaty yo-yo. "You're not, uh, ticked off? About the rumble?"

Hurt in the other's voice. "Me, m'man? Ticked? At you?" Then his language changed. Any trace of the street vanished, along with any pretense of humor.

"No, I do not get "ticked." Such behavior is counterproductive to my enterprises." He took off his sunglasses. Rose-pupiled eyes bored into Birdy's, now wide with fear. "Just as you have proven yourself to be counter productive."

There was a hint of electricity crackling in those red eyes. Birdy backed away. "Please, Boss... no..."

It was a clear night. That didn't change the fact of the lightning bolt that white-flared down from the sky to strike Birdy in the chest.

He died with oily smoke pouring out of his mouth, nose and the burnt sockets of his eyes. "Like I sayin, m'man, Real 'lectrifyin'."

FrostBite turned and walked away. He was smiling and whistling a tune from Wagner.

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